



3 1761 05610942 4





Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by

Mrs R. G. Dalton

Alum Nelson
tina 1866

ABOUT
IN
THE WORLD.

ESSAYS

By the Author of "*The Gentle Life*."

by
James G. Thompson

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world and see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

COWPER.

THIRD EDITION.

London:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON,
MILTON HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL.
1866.

[The Right of Translation is reserved.]

241896
10.3.30.

TO
MY BEST FRIEND AND DEAR COMPANION,
WITH WHOM,
HOWEVER IMPERFECTLY,
I HAVE ENDEAVOURED TO LEAD
THE GENTLE LIFE,
This Volume
IS DEDICATED.



CONTENTS.



	<i>Page</i>
Our First Glimpse of the World	I
On Boyhood, and Growing up	11
On the Nation one is Born unto	22
Our Neighbours in Ireland	33
Outward Adornment	44
Eating and Drinking	54
On Pump-handles	64
On Looking Back in the World	74
On Respectable People	84
On our Judgments of Others, and Other Judgments	94
On the Faces around us	104
On the Faces around us (<i>continued</i>)	114
The Poor about us	123
On a New Régime	131
A very Sad Subject—Crime	141
On Looking about us	151
On the Cultivation of Memory	160
Happiness	170
Dreams of World-happiness	179
War in the World	189

	<i>Page</i>
The Barbarities of War	199
The Barbarities of Peace	210
Gentle Words	219
Dreamland	229
Taking Heed of To-morrow	240
On the Length of our Days	249
Something Superior	259
Concerning Beauty	267
On being Cheated	276
Upon Evil Wishes and Curses	285
On One of our Last Acts	295
Good Wishes at Christmas	304





PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.



PREFACES are things difficult to write, and ungrateful because so few people read them. Yet, if we take the words of a sound scholar, they are “to be weighed and tasted,” as well as the matter of the book ; and certainly they do give timely warning of the author’s style—a very important question to all readers who are not alone captivated by the bare narration of extraordinary incidents and exciting conflicts, either bodily or mental ; most important in a book of Essays where none of these are to be found.

The Publishers of *The Gentle Life*, to whose judgment and taste the excellent printing, clear type, and presentable appearance, which added so much to the success of that work, are due, were advised by the Critics that the Public would be willing to listen further to the teachings of the writer, and they determined to take the advice so kindly proffered. Hence this volume. Its contents are more

varied than those of the former one: the Author looks out into the world, but from a peculiar standpoint, such as Montaigne has before indicated when he writes, in quaint old French, "Ainsi amy lecteur, je suis moy-mesme la matière de mon livre: ce n'est pas raison que tu employes ton loisir en un subiect si frivole et si vain."

Matter which concerns ourselves is always interesting, even if treated with but moderate skill. Whatever be the skill of the present writer, he feels convinced that he may apply to his book the first sentence of Montaigne, "C'est icy un livre de bonne foy, lecteur;" and to the charge of preaching a too cheerful philosophy he would answer, in the words of Washington Irving, "When I discover the world to be all that it has been represented by sneering critics and whining poets, I will turn to and abuse it also: in the meanwhile, worthy reader, I hope you will not think lightly of me because I cannot believe this to be so very bad a world as it is represented."

The Second Edition has been revised, and one or two very apparent errors have been corrected. It only remains for the Author to thank the Public most warmly for the favour they have shown him.



OUR FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD.



IF any one with a philosophical mind takes care to watch a young mother as she is suckling a very young baby, he will there see, perhaps, the most interesting sight in the world. Lord Byron, in some noble lines, gives us a clue to what is the next most absorbing :—

“ He who hath bent him o’er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress ;
Before decay’s effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,”

will find there that which will equally excite his pity, his wonder, and his awe. But to us, and very probably to many others, the young soul, struggling with consciousness and half-unconsciousness, with instinct as yet undeveloped into sense, with probably dimly lighted eyes, tender and untaught nerves, uneducated muscles ; a baby-animal, under influences it cannot as yet understand, and but lately divorced from its protecting half, is by far the most interesting.

The problem or problems with which it is bound up are scarcely yet stated. It may be a Cain or an Enoch. If born as the heir to the greatest throne is, it still has before it the labyrinth of life. It may be a Nero or a Titus, the dread or the delight of human kind. It may teach the world by its books, charm it by its eloquence ; it may persuade others to goodness from the pulpit, or preach its last dark sermon from the gallows. Who knows? No one ; least of all the innocent babe—its chief portion of life given to sleep ; its little brain quiescent ; its very capacities unknown ; its actual SELF undeveloped.

But he who watches will find out that one of the first duties of the baby-thing is to find out its own *Ego*, to distinguish between another and itself. It soon finds out that it has a self ; that it is different from and weaker than others ; that it has sensation ; that heat warms it, cold touches it, hunger pinches it. A close observer may have seen the pretty delicate pink fingers of the babe wander about its mother's breast, and then again to its own face, seeking, possibly, to distinguish the difference. What the amount of reasoning arrived at in its little brain is, we are unable to say. Poets have dreamt that, in the young imagination of the child, strange and glorious fancies lie ; that dim recollections of a prior existence and a grander home occupy the cranium of a child.

“ Heaven lies about us in our infancy :
Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar !”

It may be so. Our very existence is so wonderful and so strange that it is impossible to dogmatize upon this subject. Suffice it to say, that human nature, when once endued, our homely mother nurse "does all she can to make her foster child" learn the first of her laws—self-preservation, self-knowledge, and, first of all, self-existence.

As a child grows up he differs in this experience from other animals. They are soon cast off from their mothers, and set up on their own account. With them Nature is a hard teacher. The young sparrow, when it grows old enough, will, if strong, turn its father and mother out of their nest; if weak, will be driven a-field to look out for itself. The very hen of our farm-yards merely extends her love and her care for her brood up to a certain period. When they have been taught to scratch and pick for themselves, the paternal and maternal contract is at an end. The old hen, which is so careful to feed her young at first, resists as a grave insult any interference with her own domain. Upon the Thames, or on any river where swans are kept, we may watch a swan proudly sailing with arched neck, and driving away to other waters its own cygnets. The cat that tends her kittens in their blindness, and cherishes them when young, drives them away when mature enough to feed themselves. With man, education and cultivation have extended the paternal affection throughout life; and father and mother live over again in the joys of their children, become brave and bold in the triumphs of their sons, and renew youth and beauty in the bright looks of their daughters. Nay, human love endures

all shocks bravely, lives out ingratitude and misbehaviour, and, stretching far beyond the present life, reaches into the dim but not uncertain future.

When the child has passed from infancy to youth, and consciousness is fully developed, he has found his *Ego*, and has become surrounded by those impulses which bring to him every day, with increased force, the necessity for looking out for self. Left solely to themselves, we believe that in boys, and in girls too, the impulses towards the higher virtues of benevolence and generosity are very weak. Some philosophers have denied altogether that they exist, and insist that these virtues are implanted as well as cultivated by man. The "noble savage," we have been taught by experience, is altogether a fictitious person. The savage is a very base and cruel animal, ready to slay, with a stealthy cowardice, to betray, to rob, to do anything vile and bad. It used to be the fashion with philosophers such as Voltaire, and with Christians of the time of Joseph Addison, to suppose the existence of a virtuous savage, without any of the guile of civilization, and with a soul as unsullied and clear as parchment, or white as new-fallen snow. An absence of civilization they took to be an absence of vice ; and so Voltaire brings his *Ingénu*, a Huron chief, to Paris, to behold and wonder at the vices of his more civilized fellow-man. This is all very false, as false as *Uncle Tom*. It, indeed, might be true in one instance ; but to ascribe the virtues of one to a whole race is simply puerile. It would be just as true were we to assert that all Englishmen were Howards or Greenacres, or that all Scotch-

men were Sawney Beans or Mrs. Chisholms. The savage is of a lower, viler nature ; and to presume to place him on a level with, or to make him superior to the outwardly Christianized and civilized man, is as stupid and unjust as it is illogical. Alfred Tennyson, a much deeper thinker than either Addison or Voltaire, indignantly rejects the supposition, and tells us that we must not barter the magnificent birthrights which centuries of thinkers and workers in religion and art have dowered us with. No ! thunders the Laureate :—

“ I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains !
Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime ?
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.
Fool ! again the dream, the fancy ! but I know my words are wild,
But I count the grey barbarian lower than the Christian child.”

Lower, indeed, and the grey barbarian knows it well enough, and subjects himself to the Powers that be ; but equal in this at least, that grey barbarian and Christian child alike, each pays its tribute to “ Self and Company.”

Now we are not going to throw out any complaint against prevailing selfishness. We do not think that our nation deserves the reproach. Generous and confiding enough, ready to give and to work, the Englishman is not to be upbraided on that score. Nor is the Irishman, a component part of us, who is generous to a fault, who will give his money, his bread, and his sword with equal recklessness ; nor is the most reticent of money of all three, the Scot, of an ungenerous nature, his warmth of heart being of a steadier but

slower fire than either of the others, and being wisely confined to his own relations. We never were and never shall be friends to that careless and profuse giving which does so much harm, and which is too hasty to distinguish between him who is really deserving and him who merely puts on the most melancholy face. A wise selfishness, a certain adherence to our own *Ego*, would do us all good. "Self-love," says Shakspeare, always wise and true, "is not so vile a thing as self-neglecting;" and many a fine fellow has utterly ruined himself by being profuse with his money, his time, his good name, and good nature; and all merely to please a set of lazy, careless fellows who want to make him as foolish as themselves! A wise selfishness is a great thing. Let us first know ourselves, and then be true to ourselves; and it must follow, "as the night the day, we cannot then be false to any man."

But just because self is our closest companion, our best friend, and our deadliest enemy, we should be careful that he takes into his house none but the best companions. For there is always in the one EGO a double man; and this duality of self the apostles called the flesh and the spirit. Plato, Socrates, nay, even before them Confucius, and no doubt others, had perceived this; and in common parlance, for minds unable to see the true distinction, we speak of a "better self." A wretched woman, who, in a fit of passion, had committed a murder, began her confession with, "When I came to myself." Here she distinctly referred to a double consciousness, and it is by the exercise of this consciousness alone that

we are able to cultivate that self-watchfulness and self-repression which is so necessary to make a true and good man or woman.

The most terse and epigrammatic of English poets—Dr. Young—tells us that a man may be clever, skilful, learned, and able, and yet, freely speaking, a fool. “Man,” he says, “know thyself : all wisdom centres there ;” and this self-knowledge is one, not only of good, but of evil. We each of us know more good of ourselves than the world knows. We know of temptations withstood, of evil rebutted, of the little kindly thoughts and actions which never step out of the magic circle of self, but which yet make up the most valuable part of a man’s existence. Each of us also knows more evil of him or herself than the world does. When *Jacques* wishes *Orlando* to rail against the world, he says, “No ; I will rail only against myself, against whom I know most ill.” A noble sentiment ; a witness to the truth of which is borne by a story told of the celebrated Catherine de Médicis, who, when told of an author who had written a violent philippic against her, said, with a sudden touch of conscience, “Ha ! if he did but know against me half as much as I know against myself !”

Self therefore needs to be guarded. It is never quite stationary. It advances and recedes, becomes better or worse, as a man treats it. It has its enemies—self-love, self-conceit, self-opinion, self-indulgence. But on the other side it has troops of friends : there is shame which checks the conceit ; examination, the self-opinion ; and reproach, the self-indulgence. The counsels of these friends will often lead to self-

knowledge, and will defeat that very pertinacious enemy, self-love. The combat will endure the whole of a man's life ; and indeed we often see that, as one grows older, self-conceit, love, and opinion strengthen ; and an old man who, when young, was modest and retiring, becomes an opinionative, obstinate old fool, a bore to others, odious to the young and shameful to the old. Around this contemptible old man self-love has thrown a magic veil, which blinds him to the sneers of others and the strong contempt which we may be sure is openly exhibited ; for, as it has been said, self-love has always something comfortable to retire upon. The evil of the matter is this—that, however comfortable it may appear, the victim is lulled into a deep sleep, from which he seldom, if ever, awakens.

When a man is “toy-bewitched,” and “made blind by self,” as we have many instances in history that men are, self-love appears as a fatal passion indeed. When it has once been indulged in beyond a proper and natural boundary, when a man or woman continually refers every action in the world to the interest it has upon self, and self only, then that man or woman is in a state as sad and disgusting as it is dangerous. “The frame of our nature,” says Barrow, “speaketh that we are not born for ourselves alone. We shall find man, if we contemplate him, to be a nobler thing than to have been designed merely for his own single pleasure : his endowments are too excellent, his capacities too large, for so mean and narrow purposes. How pitiful a creature were man if this were all he were made for !”

Pursuing this argument further, the learned author whose words we have quoted proceeds to show that a wise selfishness will keep us to our duty, and from a too great love of self. A generous man will indulge in and cultivate large benevolent impulses, and he is undoubtedly a happier man than one who is narrow and mean. So even a true regard for our enjoyment and for our own peace will make us enlarge our views and our sympathies. As we are all born with many faculties, so the proper cultivation of those faculties will lead us away from the inner blind self. To have sublime thoughts is a noble thing : to have a cultivated taste, a fine expression, and grand imagination : all these are noble, but cannot become for a moment the property of a merely selfish fool. " He who has grand thoughts is grand at the moment of their inspiration," said Sir Egerton Brydges, when defending Lord Byron ; and he who would regard the whole must forget self. In so doing, and in subduing narrow and egotistical prejudices, in foregoing indulgences, in looking on all men as his brothers, in sharing their pleasures, and forgetting in the common good his own sorrows, a man necessarily becomes happier. True riches have been very happily defined to consist not in having much, but in being contented with little. If we are to believe the historic fables, Alexander wept because there were no more continents to conquer, and Diogenes threw away a wooden bowl which he carried when he found that he could just as well drink from the hollow of his hand. The man who narrowed his wants to the smallest limits was not only the wiser, but the happier man ; and the man who expands his sym-

pathies and narrows his egotisms is happier and wiser even than he. A miser who accumulates gold frequently starves himself after an existence of the greatest privation, after enduring fear, hunger, and cold merely for the sake of a senseless heap of gold, which can do him no good, and which upon his death passes at once to somebody else. The animal instincts of the babe teach it to know its outward self, to feel and to express its inward wants. As children grow up they are all more or less selfish, crying when they are denied anything, seeking immediate gratification, hungry for indulgence and for pleasure. Youth itself, beautiful in its force and strength, is yet vain, empty, and selfish. Even love between the sexes, the very bond of union, is too often an expression of selfishness sad to contemplate. In the rapture of love the two young people forget their parents, their friends, and the world around them. Then the fever and the ferment passes, and wisdom comes with years. The first baby teaches a great lesson : love enlarges its narrow circle, and takes in another item. Suffering, sorrow, trial, and experience, touch the woman's heart and the man's mind, and true wisdom forces them to know that they—

“ by sacred sympathy, can make
The whole one self ! self that no alien knows !
Self, far diffused as Fancy's wing can travel !
Self, spreading still ! oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing ! ”



ON BOYHOOD, AND GROWING UP.



GREAT many men, and almost all women—except hard and fossil specimens of the sex whose selfishness is of the flintiest kind—love babies.

There is something so soft, pretty, helpless, and gentle about them, something so wondrous in their pure eyes and tender hands, that we rough men really do—much to our own wonder sometimes—love them very much. A picture of a baby-face hangs above my desk as I write, and I turn to it with quiet affection, and look at the closed eyes and parted lips, whence almost a baby's softly drawn breath comes and goes. Babies render us tender and more human. Yes, we love babies ; but I do not think, in spite of much romance, that any of us quite love boys.

Nor do boys love their own state much, although some writers go on harping on the old, old string, "My boyhood's days ! Ah, happy theme !" Is it so ? We had other themes, and were not too happy. A growing boy is like a young puppy at an awkward age : the grown up men or dogs shun him ; the girls don't like him ; the women invariably despise him, for he is an animal they cannot reverence ; and there

the poor fellow is, all legs and arms ; his boots, high-lows, Balmorals, or Bluchers, protruding from beneath his trousers ; his tongue uneducated and awkward, his movements ungainly, and his brains not quite in the right place. He himself knows the inferior position he is in, and, poor hybrid animal, is always wanting to be with men when he is with boys, and feeling uncomfortable, and wanting to be with boys, when he is with men. He has only one ardent desire, and that is to grow quickly older, and settle, or else to turn pirate and revenge himself on society. He knows his own worth, if others do not know it ; and, in spite of the wonderful illusions of youth, of fresh feelings which we all regret, boyhood is, to most of us, an unhappy time.

That is, it used to be so eighteen years ago. What it is now with the boys it is hard to say ; perhaps the same ; but we have many fast boys now who shoot up into men, and put us "oldsters," as they call every man past twenty-five, into the shade.

Every generation changes. It has been said of an innovator that for the first ten years he is considered a fool, the second a promising man, and the third a hero. So men's opinions change and vary. Our best living historian lectured not long ago* on the *Science of History*, and all he could deduce from his subject was that there was no science in it. You may call it a science when you can with certainty know what is coming from what has past. When we know that

* At the Royal Institution, February, 1864.

at a certain time next year, or in fifty years, or in a hundred years, there will be an eclipse, and are absolutely beginning to calculate the return of storms, and to foretell the weather with some certainty, then astronomy and meteorology may be called sciences ; but history puzzles us. Here is the French people, once the most loyal and patient of peoples, a by-word and a scorn for the Hogarthian John Bull : then it takes to be a revolutionary, king-slaying people ; then a conquering, overrunning people. What will it take to next ? It is now quiet, and thinks more of speculation, railways, and the state of the Bourse, than of glory. But the next generation may be different. Gibbon believed that the era of conquerors was at an end ; and we, too, in 1851, we, ardent youths, full of large ideas of the congress of the nations and the palace of peace, what did we believe ? We thought that war should be no more. We were to have the peaceful rivalry of trade : nation was to vie with nation only by underselling it, and working the harder. What a wonder it was that we did not spike all our guns ! When an old warrior, with grey hair and dried laurels of Waterloo on his head, said we had better look after our fortifications, we laughed him to scorn. Even Napoleon III., that acute monarch, took his tone from the temper of the times, and called himself the “ Napoleon of Peace,” which he proved by enlarging his armies, and fighting battles ; and our peaceable youths of 1851 grew up to men and jumped into volunteer uniforms, and became a nation of riflemen.

Well may Froude say, “ The temper of each generation is a

continual surprise. The Fates delight to contradict our most confident expectations." What next, and next? "The most reasonable anticipations fail us ; antecedents the most apposite mislead us ; because the conditions of human problems never repeat themselves." We cannot be too certain about this, and we can hardly reiterate the assertion too frequently. "We live," repeated Mr. Froude, in his lecture at the Royal Institution, "in times of change, and none can say what will be after us. What opinions, what convictions, the infant of to-day will find prevailing on the earth if he and it live out together to the middle of another century, only a very bold man would undertake to conjecture."

We ourselves are not bold enough to conjecture. We cannot say whether we shall find faith or not. We seem now turning towards unfaith ; yet there are signs that the present great stirrings up of creeds will, like most of its preceding movements, only result in a stronger faith. The times succeeding infidel times have always been full of faith. Whether they will be so now again it is impossible to say. We have no science of history to guide us. Dr. Cumming, we believe, preaches up the fall of the Pope, and the great rejoicing of the nations, about the year 1868, or it may be some four years later ; but a much more thoughtful man than he thought otherwise. "The time will come," said Lichtenberg, "when the belief in God will be as a tale with which old women frighten children ; when the world will be a machine, the ether a gas, and God will be a FORCE !"

Should those days come, uncomfortable and discomfoting

days, when there will be no law, no conscience, no God, and only expediency and self-interest shall sit crowned, ruling over mortals as selfish as they may be scientific, we at least shall not be alive to see it. But should it happen, or should the often-foretold and much-misunderstood millennium happen, of one thing we are certain, that the present race of boys and young men differs very much from the boys and young men of our own time—of 1848 and 1851. This is natural enough. The England of Sir Walter Scott and George the Fourth was a very different nation from that of George the Second, Fielding, Richardson, and Hogarth. After Scott's days came the England of Theodore Hook, young Bulwer, young Disraeli, Lord George Manners, and the Eglinton Tournament, days which in regular gradation differed from each other as these differ from them. It would be impossible to recall them, as it would be impossible to recall and to resuscitate the days of monasteries and nunneries, of conventual gloom and ascetic devotion. What is past is past for ever. History does not repeat itself in modes of thought, although the occurrences of one century may resemble those of another. People make what they like out of it, but it varies. "It often seems to me," said Froude—and the officers of the Record Office and Miss Agnes Strickland will say that he himself is an adept at the art—"as if history was like a child's box of letters, with which we can spell out any word we please. We have only to pick out such letters as we want, and arrange them as we like, *and say nothing about those which do not suit our purpose.*"

But the progress of the ages forbids a servile copy. We could not now again, since we have invented six-shooting revolvers, wear thin rapiers, nor, since our muddy streets are so much thronged, walk about in thin silk stockings and red-heeled shoes. Nor could we, like Brummel, set the whole world dressing after us, and spend before our glasses three mortal hours, until we got our white cravat, wrapped half a dozen times round our neck, into a perfect tie. Those days are gone by. We have seen that women, following the dictates of milliners, dress themselves in improved hoops. And there is a modern fashion of brushing the hair up to the centre of the head, and wearing upon it a bow of ribbon, which may "eventuate," as the Yankees would say, in the drum or muff head-dress of 1770. We cannot, dare not, say that women will remain sensible, and wear their own hair naturally ; we dress our children now *à la* Gainsborough and Vandyke, and ladies follow the children : but at present we write for men. With them the age of Brummel is gone. Gone, too, the age of Scott and resuscitated chivalry ; of James, his imitator, who told very pretty stories about knights and nobles, bold cavaliers, and beautiful ladies. These creations did much good. We fancied ourselves, as boys, *preux chevaliers*, knightly men, who held ladies in high courtesy, and who swore by the Queen of Beauty and the Soul of Honour. This age culminated in a romantic Scotch nobleman half ruining his estates in holding a grand tournament, whereat Chesterfield, and Waterford, and other fast young noblemen, many now old men, and many dead,

put on real armour purchased from the Jews, and fought in the lists, jousted, and tourneyed, and had their fool, with his hauble, mounted on an ass, and full of quip and crank. It was an expected but curious phase that not one of the young noblemen, who were ready enough to be grand knights and puissant barons, dared to be the fool. An artist, who was admitted to their revels, took upon himself that part ; and, amidst the groans of Wardour Street curiosity-dealers and the laughter of the world, a week of rainy days extinguished the Eglinton Tournament, in which, after all, there were some sparks of a romantic ideal not wholly to be sneered at. Our young men of to-day would sooner set out in balloons bound for the deserts of Arabia, than undertake that tournament business ; but the fathers of our “curled darlings” had their youthful dreams. When Tennyson was a young man at college, and wrote stirring poetry ; when we believed in the forward march of all the ages, and that we were heirs to them ; when we sung about brotherhood, and universal liberty and equality ; they were glorious times. What a stir and ring were in that song, written in 1848 by E. L. Blanchard, for the *Puppet Show*, a show long since closed :—

“ We want no flag, no flaunting rag, for LIBERTY to fight ;
 We want no blaze of murderous guns to struggle for the right ;
 Our spears and swords are printed words, the mind our battle
 plain ;
 We’ve won such victories before, and so we will again ! ”

Will we indeed ? What say our young brothers ? What do we say *now* ? Why, we do not exactly believe in the force

of printed words and abstract right against armed wrong ; but we do believe in Armstrong's thousand-pounders, in armour-plated ships, rifled cannon, and Whitworth, Mount Storm, or Enfield rifles, and a dozen other devilish engines.

Consistently with this moral change in us, we find our young men more rough and manly than we were, with less soft, generous, and universal feeling ; for we hold it that, unless a man has much of the mother in him, he is but imperfect. The grand, generous, and charitable may be sustained by the man's, but they have their birth in the woman's portion of us. As, therefore, our young fellows have become neater, but less finikin, manlier and rougher in their dress, bolder in their bearing, more upright, through drilling and other matters, they have become much less observant towards women and weak persons. They are more tolerant, because they have less earnest faith ; but they are much less charitable. They unite greater shrewdness with more vain lavishness in money ; but yet they love money more, and venerate its effects more. Money has, in fact, relatively more power than it had. It buys better art and more comfort, and our young fellows know it very well.

In common out-door exercises our young men of to-day are better than they were twelve years ago. This especially applies to townsmen : the countrymen ride now as ever, well up to the hounds, are hardy and bold, ruddy and full of strength, as Englishmen have been for centuries ; but it strikes us that intellectually the general run of young men have fallen off. The students of our day have become examiners

and professors, and pretty stiff examination-papers they give their pupils ; but we are not speaking of the educated, but of the self-educating classes. How about mechanics' institutes and classes ? Do they learn as much as they used ? or have they dwindled down to mere song lectures, or joke lectures, or readings and anecdotes ? We are sadly afraid that most of these institutes are actual failures, only now and then galvanized into life. For the competitive young men we can only say that they go through a *curriculum* enough to stifle free thought. What sort of a man is he who gains the five thousand good marks, and wins the topmost place in a competitive examination ? Does he ever look at a book again in his life ? or does he, when his object is gained, sink back into a strenuous but empty idleness ?

With regard to relations—especially female relations—our young men seem to have become rougher and ruder, and, if we are to believe report, woman, with her costly and somewhat unmanageable dress, her trinkets, her prettiness, and her “little ways,” is degenerating into a “bore.” They prefer men's society, that is, the society of young men, to that of ladies, and pipes and billiards to conversation which “bores.” On the other hand they are quick enough to perceive that woman is to them not wholly what she was to their grandfathers and fathers, that the world is getting harder to live in, and that woman daily enters into competition with men, and that some women despise man, and vainly talk about equalling, if not surpassing him. The young man of to-day has a shrewd suspicion that much of this is nonsense, but

that the rest of it does not improve the women in their capacity of wives. Nor does he absolutely object that a woman should work for him, any more than an Indian chief objects to be served by his squaw. It will go hard with the young ladies in the future if by any means our young men should add the indifference of a Choctaw Indian to the supreme selfishness taught by modern civilization.

Deference for age, continuance in service, patience, and endurance, seem too to be dying out. We are becoming more hasty, impetuous, shifting, and headlong. We do not now refer to abstract principles. "The age of chivalry," said Burke, "has gone." We no longer look to the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise; and we have ourselves to blame: we have let expediency be our rule. We have bullied little nations, and have been quiet when big America or saucy France has bullied us. We have not aided, as we might have aided, oppressed nationalities; we have, it is true, done a great deal of talking, but have had but little doing; at the same time we have, through the agency of our governing classes, meddled with the Continent without mending it. A firm faith in our own good intentions, and a trust in what was right, would have helped us out of many a difficulty in which we have now got involved. Our young men have heard a great many noble words; but they have seen wrong crowned, villainy successful, spoliation triumphant, patriotism a mere farce; if successful, greeted with a momentary applause, and praised not because it was virtue, but because it was success; if defeated, sneered at and

maligned. This is not the way to breed great men ; for the young may be fired by the words, but they weigh the deeds. Before our young men is a wondrous, but a hard and puzzling future : reticent, reliant, and selfish, they are, it seems to us, fitted to solve the problem, and to give way to a better and a nobler generation.





ON THE NATION ONE IS BORN UNTO,
CALLED "JOHN BULL."



THE Saxon race has in its veins a drop of the blood of the Titans : nothing checks it, nothing terrifies it in the conquest of the physical world : it hurls haughty defiance at Nature, hollows mountains, levels rocks, and exhibits to the world the riches dragged from the bosom of the earth ; but this strong-armed race all at once becomes timid, so soon as an attempt is made to tamper with its hereditary customs. We borrow from the excellent work of a French writer, M. Alphonse Esquiros, this description of John Bull. In his papers, contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and since published under the title of *The English at Home*, our readers will find a very accurate description of our national character. We may at once start by saying that the picture is not always flattering, but that it is drawn with a masterly as well as a friendly hand. Cromwell sitting to his portrait-painter Cooper, the miniature Vandyke, said sternly, "No flattery ! paint me with my warts ;" and the picture is still to be seen, with the worn, sha-

dowy face, the strong gaze, the hair rubbed short in front by the pressure of the iron casque, and the warts upon the forehead, as he wished it. So would John wish to be painted as was his Oliver. Draw him with his warts, and he sees you are not overpraising him ; for he is, like all well-bred animals, thin-skinned, and knows where his weak points lie.

It was a happy thought of Dr. John Arbuthnot,* the friend of Swift and Pope, to give to the English nation the name of John Bull (in a pamphlet published in 1712), a name it has ever since retained. We have thus been John Bulls only 150 years ; but the fond way in which, through our caricaturists and comic writers, we have stuck to the name, and the spiteful way in which our enemies have plastered us with the dulness and stupidity of the animal—in short, the universality of the acceptance of the satire—prove how well it was deserved, and how thoroughly understood. We take John Bull, then, for the English nation, or it may be, since our more intimate alliance, for the British, the inhabitants of the three kingdoms, who are every day becoming more and more alike, with just those essential differences which, like salt, preserve us pure, lively, and fresh. As for being Saxons, Anglo-Saxons, Teutons, Normans, or what not, it is well known to all who have looked into the matter that we might as well be called

* *The Miscellaneous Works of Dr. Arbuthnot ; with an Account of the Author's Life.* 2 Vols. London, 1770. See also a review of this work, in *The Retrospective Review*, p. 285, No. 16. Arbuthnot's account of the “Ancient and Worshipful Family of the Bulls” is in the second volume.

Scandinavians. In fact, though with a large Saxon element in us, we have had also pure British, Roman, Norman, and other elements equally large.

“From this amphibious ill-born mob began
That vain, ill-natured thing, an Englishman.”

“Nay,” cries Defoe, a true John Bull, when, in defending William III., he wished to put down the stupid political cry of the day, “A True-born Englishman,” or as we now should say, England for the English ; nay—

‘A TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN’S a contradiction :
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction ;
A metaphor, invented to express
A man akin to all the universe.”

And he tells us, moreover, that, if we choose to study our own tongue, we shall there find traces by which “we may distinguish our Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman-English.” In addition to these—and, for a man educated at Newington Green, Defoe has hit the matter pretty accurately—we have distinct traces of French, Dutch, Walloons, Irishmen and Scots, Vaudois and Valtolins, Italians, Swedes, and indeed of all nations under the sun. We have had a few hundreds of Lascars and Chinese of late years, who, settling here, will produce children, who will inherit our tongue, laws, customs, and energy, and call themselves Anglo-Saxons with the best of us. Had we not, therefore, better stick to the one name, and be all the children of John Bull ?

What then is this John Bull, who has, for the last eight hundred years, existed and held his own in a small corner

of Europe ; who has peopled continents, conquered empires six times bigger than his own petty province, and who has soldiers, sailors, and ships taking care of his possessions all over the world ; and who is, without any exaggeration, a very important personage ? "We air," said Mr. Scadder, the American land-agent—"we air, sir, a great nation, a great people, sir, and *we must be cracked up!*" But it is not in a spirit of flattery that we would do this. We take, therefore, into our counsels two foreign artists, M. Esquiros and Ralph Waldo Emerson, who shall tell us what we are ; and with these gentlemen we shall associate several eminent artists, native as well as foreign, who will touch up the picture, and put a high light or a dark shadow where wanted.

John Bull, we perceive, then, is not of pure blood. He brags a bit about it, and talks of high descent ; but his blood, if compared to that of the Jews, Hindoos, Japanese, or Chinese, is, as regards antiquity, puddle blood. John believes, however, that he has the most highly born aristocracy in the world. One of his dukes is worth to him two or three German princes. He has a great contempt for foreign nobility. He despises German barons and Italian counts, and believes that with a good big purse he could go "into the market"—a favourite phrase of his—and buy a cart-load of foreign titles. He never quite understands that man who has money about him, without having a large mine, ship, trade, shop, estate, or title in England, and he laughs and sneers at a strange title of honour. When Peter the Great went to see our House of Lords, a fellow with a porter's knot

and a load ran against him and nearly knocked him down. "Don't you see, fellow," said the lord in waiting—"don't you see that it's the Czar?" "Tszar!" sneered the man: "oh, we are all Tszars here!" and Peter admired the answer. John's wife, on the contrary, loves a foreign title, and is not undesirous of allying her daughters with one.

To his own nobles John is loyal and subservient. He grumbles behind their backs, but is prostrate before their faces. To him, however, a duke must be ducal; that is, he must be rich, powerful, generous; have fine estates, horses, and show power. A poor nobleman he dislikes: a poor gentleman he despises. Success is what he demands and worships. A man must make a mark in the world to be anything with him. This success must be material. He does not bow down to the shadow of a name, but he wants the possessor to surround himself with the signs of power. The man may be worse than poor, like Charles Fox or Sheridan; but so long as he is one with power and weight John will admire and worship him. Neither John nor his wife quite understands literature or art, in spite of their children having produced, as a whole, the finest literature in the world, and a race of artists not to be despised; but, like German George II., John does not much like "boetry and baintin'," although his spirit and soul have been kept alive by both of them. So also with his inventors, engineers, machinists, and all mind-workers, except lawyers: there is something altogether too solid about John to thoroughly love merely mind-products. When by an effort of genius some inventor enriches his own country, improves all

the world, and realizes his own fortune, John wonders "with a foolish face of praise," and calls him a lucky fellow. Yet it is entirely to the brain-men that Englishmen owe their all. The problem of the traveller is, "why England is England. What are the elements of that power which England holds over other nations? If there be one test of natural genius universally accepted, it is success; and if there be one successful country in the universe for the last millennium, that country is England." This dictum of a foreigner is not wholly true. If John Bull worships success, his love of that quality lies at the base of his love of reality. Ideality he detests: his great ideal is the actual. The very bias of the nation is the passion for utility, and it looks not very far ahead. John has no passion for post-obits. He lives in the present. He will make all comfortable about him. He does not like castles in the air. What he covets is certainty of foundation; hence his very speculations are safe. He does not believe in making fifty on every hundred, but looks to the actual loss and gain, and invests quietly in the Three per Cents.

John is a free man, which fact is his boast. He has pulled up and rooted out all laws which can interfere with his personal freedom, and hence pays great respect to those he has left. He believes a man to be a man, and in general is of singular fairness. Foreigners know this, and respect the fact. Criminals of other nations most frequently prefer a jury of Englishmen to that which they have a right to demand—half of their own people. Even old Philip de Commynes saw

that with us "the public good was the best attended to, and the least violence exercised on the people." Montesquieu says that "if a man in England had as many enemies as he had hairs on his head, no harm could happen to him ;" nor can it, if he keep on the right side of the law, as many rascals know. But if you touch his rights, John will cry out and fight to the death. He has a great respect for law ; when hurt or insulted he turns to his law-gods and consults them ; and yet law is a network of fictions, and his lawyers are no better than they should be : but John grumbles, and bears the inconvenience ; he hates innovations, and thinks that changes do not work well. "Marry, is that the law? Ay, that it is ; crowner's quest law !" say the clowns in *Hamlet*, and the questioner is satisfied.

In his person John is comely and straight, heavy, and not very graceful. "It is the fault of their forms that they grow stocky ; and the women have that disadvantage—few tall, slender figures, of flowing shape, but stunted and thickset persons. The French say that the English women have two left hands." But in all ages, writes the same foreign critic, "they are a handsome race. The monuments of Crusaders, which are seven hundred years old, are of the same type as the best youthful heads now in England, and please by beauty of the same character and expression, blending good nature, valour, and refinement ; and mainly by that incorrupt youth in the face of manhood which is daily seen in the streets of London." To keep up these good looks John Bull uses a plentiful and nutritious diet. Good feeding is a chief point

with him. Chaucer tells us of his yeoman, that “it snewed in his hous of mete and drynk;” and, to this day, a poor half-starved creature is an expression of contempt with us. Probably no city in the world ever has one-fourth of the amount of provender in it that London has on Christmas Eve : geese, turkeys, fowls of all sorts, huge loads of solid beef and mutton, fish of all kinds, foreign fruits, vegetables, wines and spirits, strong ales and mighty beer, and the best and whitest of bread. Unless his soldiers are well fed, they fight not well. The Dauphin of France at Cressy twitted the English “that they were shrewdly out of beef;” and starvation did its due work on our men at the Walcheren and in the Crimea. The consequences of good feeding are, we are told, found all over the island : men have a vigorous health, and last well into middle and old age. “The old men are as red as roses, and have more constitutional energy than other peoples.” They eat, drink, box, run, shoot, ride, sail, row, and are merry, and put a solid bar of sleep between day and day.

The English women are admired by most countries, although the Frenchmen sometimes laugh at *les Anglaises pour rire*. “Bull’s daughters,” says Emerson, “are as mild as they are game, and as game as they are mild.” They too show breed. England, we are told, produces, under favourable conditions of ease and culture, the finest women in the world. We may maintain this with reason, as any one will say who has contemplated with attention any great concourse of the upper and middle classes of Englishwomen at a theatre or in any summer out-door show. The daughters of the

working classes, before hard work and trouble have had their effect on them, are equally beautiful. It is, however, but fair to record the opinion of Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne on the opposite side. "An American eye," he writes, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, of October, 1862, and he has since then been careful to repeat himself in a republication of his work, under the title of *Our Old Home*, "needs use and cultivation before it can *quite* appreciate the charm of English beauty at any age. An English lady of fifty is apt to become a creature less refined and delicate, so far as *physique* goes, *than anything we, Western people, class under the name of Woman!* She has an awful ponderosity of frame ; not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive, with solid beef and streaky tallow ; so that, though struggling manfully against the idea, you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down, it is on a great round space of her Maker's foot-stool, where she looks as if nothing could move her. . . . Her visage is usually grim and stern, not *always* positively forbidding, yet calmly terrible. . . . *Morally she is strong, I suspect, only in society.*"

That last sneer on an English lady of fifty is very cruel and spiteful. Mr. Hawthorne protrudes his lithe tongue, like a playful snake, at first uncharged ; but at the last we see that he has touched and tapped his poison-fangs. He dates these observations from Leamington Spa, not perhaps exactly the right place whereat to study refined mothers and grand-mothers ; and we suspect that his mind is very much biassed

by Mr. Leech's caricatures of our city matrons. He further says that our beauties, when thus gifted with brawny arms and a correspondent development, "are a spectacle to howl at." His language, if not true, is certainly eccentric.

Forgetting this exaggerated and untrue picture, we may still say that as the men are affectionate and true-hearted, so the women inspire and refine them. Nothing is better in the whole world than the courtship and carriage of the sexes : the wife of every Englishman is blest, says a song of 1596 ; and, in spite of police-court rows and the Divorce Court scandals, we believe it. The Portia, Desdemona, Imogen, and Kate Percy—all delightful creations of Shakspeare—are true to nature. A novel does not end well, nor a comedy either, unless it has a good marriage in it, and some of our best stories show us man and wife as nearly one as two sentient beings ever can be. It is not unusual for widower or widow to die broken-hearted, or to live on in perpetual remembrance of the lost dear one. Sir Samuel Romilly and old Doctor Johnson were two examples amongst others less notorious : neither could bear to speak of the death of his wife, and each devoted the anniversary of the sad day to prayer.

Wife, children, and friends—in short, "domesticity," is a passion with John Bull. He very wisely trusts a man who is a good husband. In Dickens's story, Mr. Micawber, a thriftless, unsuccessful speculator, who is always expecting "something to turn up," is never wholly disreputable, because he always sticks to his family and the family clings to him. Cobbett used to say, and truly, that Perceval, the Prime

Minister, was so hugely popular because he went every Sunday to church with a gilt prayer-book under one arm, his wife on the other, and followed two-and-two by a whole school of their children. So in old tombs you see father and mother kneeling, and a troop of boys and girls kneeling behind them.

We could go on thus for a long time chronicling John's acts and deeds, ideas, passions, and characteristics ; but we must end. We cannot notice his indecision, slowness, frequent dulness, his unreadiness, and his snobbism. He seldom dares to have taste himself ; he loves propriety ; he is somewhat grasping ; and although he believes himself to be the most peaceable being on earth, still he loves a row. When he is once aroused, it takes a long time to calm him. If he be successful, he wants to be more so : if he be beaten, he will fight to set himself right again. But, after all, John Bull has done wonders. He has an empire of more than 222,000,000 of souls, and a territory of 5,000,000 square miles.

Perhaps on a fifth of this habitable world John Bull has set his mark ; counting America, we may say a quarter. His country, a foreigner has told us, "is the best of actual nations ; no ideal framework, but an old pile built in different ages, with repairs, additions, and make-shifts ; but you see the poor best you have got." So be it ; but it is John's own ; and seeing what his fathers have done for him, how, like coralline insects, they have worked day by day, and hour by hour, at the fabric, let his sons remember that it is theirs to improve it, to establish it, and to keep it intact.



OUR NEIGHBOURS IN IRELAND ; OR, "POOR PADDY."



IT has been remarked that the best painter of word portraits, William Shakspeare, never drew that of an Irishman ; but Shakspeare could hardly have known the Irish, for when he wrote Ireland was involved in civil wars, and was also at war with England. It is true that in *Henry V.* we have one *Captain MacMorris*, who is a terrible fellow to swear, and makes himself known as equally brave and ridiculous. and that this man is claimed as an Irishman ; but it is plain that he is much more of a Scotsman, born in Wales, so far as we can judge of him. Yet in Shakspeare's time the Irish were, as they have ever been, a distinctive people, separate from other people on the earth, distinct as to their religion, whatever be its form, distinct in genius, in their large virtues, and the enormity of their vices. It will be well to look at this people calmly ; a people who have suffered and made to suffer ; who are quick of brain and of heart ; of approved valour ; excellent soldiers, but bad emigrants ; chaste as wives, restless and cruel as husbands ;

poets in their fervour ; profuse, generous, munificent in their gifts ; miserly, poor, and exceeding usurers when thrifty ; full of brain-working, yet wanting in thought ; magnanimous, yet mean ; unfinished, crude ; untaught, yet learned ; great for others, poor for themselves ; good as tools, bad as masters ; sublime in character, yet in effect dangerous, and too often weak and despicable.

It may here be as well to say that we are not going either to flatter or abuse ; that we are trying to paint from history and nature, and that if we offend any partisan we shall not endeavour to offend Truth ; lastly, that we are ourselves too near that nation not to prize it ; and that if any one be displeased with the colours we lay on, he must first compare the picture with nature before he blames us, and so, in the words of their own ancient war-cry, “Fag an bealach,” Clear the road !

The origin of the Irishman is obscured, as he is proud to say, in the mist of antiquity ; a mist of which he, with other proud people, is enormously fond ; to say reasonably why, would be indeed difficult. “It is more than probable,” says a judicious observer, “that Ireland remained a desert and uninhabited from the Creation to the Flood.” He who said so is an Irishman ; but others of his countrymen are fond of telling that their antiquity extends beyond the Flood. If another said that Adam was born in Ireland, an Irishman would back it up. This pretension to antiquity is ridiculous, but they have another more so. They are not satisfied in living in the present, but they must live in the past : they go

so far as to forget the goodness of the present in that of the past. Ireland is a land of saints :—

“ The sainted isle of old,
Says the *Shan Van Vacht*,
The parent and the mould
Of the beautiful and bold,
Has her blithesome heart waxed cold?
Says the *Shan Van Vacht*.”

It is quite enough for an Irishman to know that his ancestors were saints. He will not be one himself. And what saints were they? Alas! Paddy is fond of the triumphant and battling saint. He who suffers and is martyred is less to his taste.

“Whether there be any ethnological facts about the successive immigrations of For-bolgs, Tuatha-na-Danains, and Milesians,” says Professor Goldwin Smith, “the stories of which fill every history of Ireland, we must leave professed ethnologists to discover.” We have now only to do with the artistic, or natural production, as it stands. We are told that centuries of ill-usage have made the Irishman what he is; but we must say that in the brain of the Kelt, and in the land that surrounds him, lie the predisposing causes of his existing state. Had, for instance, the Scotch or the Danes inhabited Ireland, that country, for good or bad, would not be what she is. “The sure test of language proves that the native Irish”—we again quote Goldwin Smith—“were a portion of the great Keltic race which once covered all Britain, Gaul, and probably Spain.” Luckily, as the Teutons or

Anglo-Saxons think, these were clean swept out of this island, except from its ragged and mountainous corners, but remained in its great asylum, Ireland, and came to its greatest pitch of greatness in France. The race had been a mighty race ; it once had invaded Rome, and had cast its haughty sword into the scale, to be weighed against Roman gold. The Kelts were and are the soldiers of Europe, but they are essentially mercenary soldiers. They fought under Hannibal, as they do now under Generals Grant and Joe Hooker. Carthage had her Keltic soldiery, and modern France her Irish brigade. Wherever led, there they followed ; but they must be well led. It is some symptom of a returning spasm of sense that *The Nation* newspaper of to-day very properly objects to the cruel way in which the Irish soldiery have been used up in the American war. Everywhere have they been put foremost : everywhere have they been misled into slaughter.

The character of the Kelt is very much the same as it was. "From the beginning of historic time," says a French historian, "the soil of France appears peopled by a race lively, witty, imaginative, prone at once to faith and to scepticism, to the highest aspirations of the soul, and to the attractions of sense ; enthusiastic, and yet satirical ; unreflecting, and yet logical ; full of sympathy, yet restive under discipline ; endowed with practical good sense, yet inclined to illusions ; more disposed to striking acts of self-devotion than to patient and sustained effort ; . . . loving, above all, war, less for the sake of conquest than that of glory and adventure, for the attraction of danger and the unknown." What the Kelts are in France,

they are in Ireland : the two nations assimilate ; but the difference between the French and Irish is marked in the latter by a sweeter feeling of poetry, more melancholy, more rhetoric, greater eloquence, and much greater tenderness of heart. An Irishman is more loyal and more patient of suffering than a Frenchman. He has had not only to submit to a stronger and more constant government, but the influence of climate has affected him. Ireland is indeed a green isle ; for the cloud-bearing Atlantic constantly pours its showers upon it. We have it from the best authority that Ireland is not a land fitted for the production of cereals, but it abounds in grass, and would be a country of much cattle did they choose to cultivate the breed. Lastly, to add to the melancholy of the land, we must remember that since Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the potato, that "accursed fruit," as it has been called, has formed the staple food of Irish men and women. It is prolific, and needs little cultivation. Nay, the very virtues of the Kelt have been against his progress : easily contented, not gluttonous, and fed upon little, he marries early and produces many children. "Catholics," wrote Sydney Smith in *The Edinburgh Review*, "marry upon means insufficient for the Protestant. A few potatoes and a shed of turf is all that Luther has left for the Romanist ; and when the latter gets these, he instantly begins upon the great Irish manufacture of children. But a Protestant must have comforts, and he does not marry till he gets them."

It will be impossible here to enter into a question of religion, but that has had an immense influence over poor Paddy.

Those who hold with him will say it is for the better ; an observer of another sort will urge that it is for the worse : but, for good or bad effects in the Irish character, his religion has had an immense weight ; and the fidelity with which he has clung to it is touching and noble, whether the effect be sad or otherwise.

The merriment and wit of the Kelts is great. It is sudden, full of life and ingenuity. It seems natural to them, and more especially to the lower orders. Any one who has spent some weeks in Ireland will be ready to own that he has heard more witty turns of expression, more lively repartees, and more good-natured jokes, than would fill a jest-book. It is not only the matter of these repartees—for of that class the jokes chiefly consist—but the manner of them that is so excellent. The Irish have the true essence of wit : they perceive a likeness between distant and incongruous objects. Their wit has perhaps more feeling and poetry in it than any other wit in the world. But witty persons are not always successful. The dull man knows that he is laughed at, and yet carries the day. A tyrant is never slain by epigrams, nor put to death by puns, and Paddy is by far too piteous and too good-natured to slay those people whom his wit has rendered ridiculous. Therein he differs from the French Kelt.

But the Irishman has his cruel side, and a very cruel one it is. He cannot be said to be utterly deceitful, because he probably always has a certain mental reservation, and very likely never intends to be faithful to any one but his chief, his clansman, or his priest. When he murders his landlord—if

he ever does do so ; for it is said that strangers are employed to do that deed of blood—he probably considers him as an interloper, a stranger ; for the Keltic ideas of property are very different from those of the Saxon. Still there is an awful amount of cruelty in the Keltic nature. As the Welsh Kelt mutilated the bodies of the slain after the defeat of Mortimer's army ; as Frenchwomen, and even ladies, have taken a horrible pleasure in witnessing bloody executions ; so in the massacres by O'Neil, in those at Wexford in '98, and in many another scene, we find a detestable and ghoul-like cruelty peeping out, which seems inherent in the race. It is told of two French gentlemen that they fought a duel, wherein one purposely cut off the nose of his adversary, a very handsome man. Struck with horror, the wounded man dropped his sword and rushed to pick up the late ornament of his face, when his opponent, with the grin of a fiend, ground it to a shapeless mass with the heel of his boot. Cruel as this is, the Irish Kelt exceeds the French one. Dermot, the ally of Strongbow, the invading English Earl, says Giraldus Cambrensis, "was a tall, strong man, warlike and daring, with a voice hoarse with shouting in battle, desiring to be feared rather than loved ; an oppressor of the noble, a raiser up of the low, tyrannical to his own people, and detested by strangers." Here is a perfect picture of an Irish chief. And what did he do to show his greatness? After a victory a soldier threw at his feet a heap of heads. Dermot clapped his hands with delight, and, seizing a head by the hair and ears, which he recognised as that of an enemy, he tore off

part of the nose and lips with his teeth. No cannibal could have done a more brutal act. We must not object that this was in barbarous times. Ireland had been then long the seat of learning. The Anglo-Norman Strongbow, a meek, calm, calculating gentleman, brave and courteous as covetous, would never have thus polluted himself. But even now the Irish will do it. In our London or Liverpool police-courts we often find an Irish man or woman spitefully disfiguring an antagonist, and the very act of biting off the nose or the ear is of frequent occurrence. In contradistinction to such brutalities, a fair stand up fight of Englishmen, who hit only on the face and chest, who strike no foul blow, and never hit a man when he is down, is chivalry itself. In the Irish rebellion men were buried up to their chins, and their heads bowled at. No parallel can excuse these cases. The race, in fact, loves extremes; and, in its poetry, brutality is absolutely put forward as strength. No man curses like an Irishman. "Our army," says Uncle Toby, "swore terribly in Flanders;" but what was that swearing to such a little burst of poetic cursing as this by Tom Davis, a very promising and charming writer, who died too early:—

"Did they dare, did they dare to slay Owen Roe O'Neil?

Yes, they slew with poison him whom they feared to meet with steel.

May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to flow!

May they walk in living death, who poison'd Owen Roe."

The language is positively awful: it is strong, no doubt; but

real strength should be in action. Strong words too often proceed from weak brains.

That England, years ago, governed Ireland badly, and with a cruel, because a mistaken policy, is quite true : that she governs her well now, and exhibits to her the most untiring kindness, is just as true. The two islands can never be separated, and "Repeal" is a vain and, we hope, a dying dream. But sad as has been the lot of Ireland, that of England has not been one entirely of delight. The Island of the Saints has been ever a trouble to the richer, more industrious, and more persevering people. *The Edinburgh Review* declared that her absence would be better than her presence :—" So great and so long has been the misgovernment of Ireland, that we verily believe the empire would be much stronger if everything was open sea between England and the Atlantic, and if skates and codfish swam over the fair land of Ulster." The amount in taxes which the government and sustenance of authority, and of the people, too, in Ireland, has cost John Bull, would, if counted up, amount to three times the value of any advantage he has derived from her. It is a common delusion with the Irish to say that they have fought all England's battles. This, in the first place, is untrue. Before she had any Irish in her armies, England had proved herself a regal and a conquering nation ; and, again, if Irish blood has been shed for England, it has been shed against her. One Irish brigade turned the tide of victory against us at Fontenoy, and the kings of France had always their Irish and Scotch mercenaries to gall us. England has, moreover,

only just recently been threatened with invasion from the Irish brigade which has been fighting so tremendously in America. Badly as England may have governed the sister country, she has paid for it, not only in repentance, but in trouble, dissension, treasure, and blood.

But what is wanted to be established is this fact—that poor Paddy is, for good or evil, an essentially original nature, full of great genius, invention, brain-power, and with sufficient industry to do well. Ireland should not be the victim amongst nations; and that she is so is really partly her own fault. Moderation, persistence, legal meetings, and fair fighting, would gain her all she desires or has desired. But her sons cannot agree amongst themselves, and they will not unite for common good. If anybody ever comes in for more than ordinary curses, it is that Irishman who proposes to win a greatness for his country in an ordinary peaceable way. He is an anti-Irish Irishman, and a “Saxon” or “cursed Norman” is better far than he :—

“One slave alone on earth you’ll find through Nature’s universal plan,

So lost to virtue, dead to shame—the anti-Irish Irishman.”

What then must one do? What can be done for Ireland? All that we can suggest is kindness, plain honest speaking, no flattering, and firmness. England must be the friend of Ireland, and, like a friend, speak sharply when needed. The land is the land of contradictions—sublime generosity and a cringing meanness, faith and scepticism, love and hatred,

there meet. No other man, as a rule, works better for others than himself, save Paddy. In no other country of the world perhaps—save amongst the older Kelts of India—do you find a mother love her foster-son more than her own children ; yet this is not uncommon amongst the Irish ; and, what is more, the foster-brothers exhibit the same feeling. But an English wet-nurse suckles the baby and forgets it, or remembers it only to prefer her own infinitely more. But these contradictions are of the very genius of the people : nothing will amend or uproot them. Ireland is at present the Rachel amongst nations ; but if she kept her poor Paddies at home, and taught them to use the glorious gifts of mind and fortune which God has given them, she would no longer have to weep for their loss, degradation, and slaughter.





OUTWARD ADORNMENT.

SIR RICHARD STEELE has told us that "it is worth while to consider the force of dress, and how people of one age differ from those of another merely by that only." The observation is an acute one, and may be carried much further. Steele puts it very appropriately in the mouth of Sir Roger de Coverly, and makes the garrulous old knight descant upon the fashions of one or two generations of his ancestors whose portraits decorate his gallery. "I am persuaded," continues the knight, "that the costume of Henry the Seventh's Yeomen of the Guard," which, by the way, is the same as that of our Beefeaters at the Tower, lately and foolishly altered for the worse, "was assumed not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller and a foot and a half broader; besides that, the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fit to stand at the entrance of palaces."

He here hits upon the right vein. Dress has a meaning in it. It is not so foolish nor so slight a thing as people think

Here is lately an artist from Italy who has published a little book upon folds and bows in neckties and cravats, or in the ribbons of a lady's gown, and who maintains that knots are abominations, unnatural, cruel, wrong ; that they distort the proper fall and arrangement of the ribbon. This is not sheer coxcombry, nor midsummer madness. Of course this gentleman looks upon everything with the eye of an artist, and, to him, many points are positively wrong which to others seem right. So again with colours. We English have long ago had the character given us (we believe by ourselves) of being the worst-dressed people in the world ; not, indeed, as to quality, but as to manner. The reason is, because our countrywomen have never studied colour. If they looked with a little thought upon the arrangement of the colours of flowers—how different shades of green are allotted to various highly toned colours, how certain combinations are never found together, and how sundry tints fade insensibly into others—they would never make such a mistake. If certain incongruous hues are placed together, the lady who wears them will always look badly, if that which she stands up in be worth twenty thousand pounds.

But dress, as we have asserted, has an effect upon character. Not only may we be sure that an ill-dressed man will never be so much at ease as one who is well dressed, but we are certain that he will not *think* so highly nor so well. A mean and shabby appearance gives a man mean and shabby ways. A slattern in her gown and cap is too often a slattern at home. A finikin, foolish, smart little “gent” of a coxcomb,

is finikin and foolish in his ways of thinking. A sharp young city clerk, a dapper, tidy little fellow, is active, dapper, and tidy in his manner. Cause runs into effect, and effect becomes cause. What affects one man will affect thousands. Those who are dressed alike generally think alike, which is only putting Steele's observation in new words. Voltaire said of war, that it was merely a freak of seventy thousand men in cocked hats trying very hard to kill seventy thousand men in turbans ; and really the majority of those hundred and forty thousand people did not in his time differ much. With them neither Christianity nor Mohammedanism had very great weight. Religion was at least more ponderous on the side of the Turks than on that of the Christians.

The potency of external difference has long been seen. We have old proverbs about it. "The hood makes the monk ;" or, as we sometimes misquote it, "The hood does not make the monk." All religious bodies, of whatever country or age, have felt the great distinction of dress. The priests of Jupiter, the Augurs and Aruspices, the Flamen and the Pontifex Maximus, were dressed very differently from the common every-day Roman ; and the knight differed from the citizen, and the freed man from the slave. So also the priests of the sun, who sacrificed before Montezuma when Cortes landed in Peru, the bonze in China, and the dervish of the desert, were distinctively clad. The ephod and the breastplate, the jewelled head-dress of the high priest, the lawn sleeves of the bishop, and the straight-cut collar of the Quaker, all mean something. Not without reason did the Pharisee of old

make broad his phylactery—a sacred scroll from which he read—and enlarge the edge of his garment.

“A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn,”

says Pope ; and Lackington, the bookseller, tells somewhere a good story of a young fellow who was cured of swearing by putting on a Quaker’s dress, and constantly wearing it. It seemed to him incongruous to swear in a Quaker’s coat. Half the spirit of soldiers is given them by their uniform. “Directly a man puts on the Queen’s cloth,” cries the sergeant, “he is a gentleman.” And he says so truly. He behaves more like a gentleman. He has more honour about him, is more obedient, more easily governed, acts according to his orders, obeys those above him, becomes a better citizen, holds himself better, looks the world in the face, eyes front, goes forward when he is told ; nay, when the time comes he makes one of a forlorn hope, and marches on to the death as bravely and as well as any gentleman in the world. But even beyond this there is something. The little bits of cloth upon our soldiers’ cuffs and collars mean a great deal more than unthinking people are aware of. A young fellow takes the Queen’s shilling without a thought, and is drafted off to a regiment, which may be a smart one or may not. But it very much matters to him. Do you think that he is not a better fellow for belonging to the 88th, the Connaught Rangers with their yellow facings, or the 55th, the Canary boys ; or to the blue facings of the fighting 50th, or the green cuffs of the Irish regiments, or the blue of the 42nd ? We do not par-

ticularize these invidiously ; we know that every regiment in the British army fights well ; but we know that, like Have-lock's Saints, and Cromwell's red-coated Ironsides, there are regiments which never give in, and never make a mistake, and are always "to the fore."

Passing from particulars to generalizations, let us glance at the age of Elizabeth, a distinctive age, and one much distinguished by its dress. Its philosophers, statesmen, poets, soldiers, and sailors, equal, if not surpass, those of any other time or nation. Where is there another age which can show a Bacon, Burleigh, Raleigh, Drake, Frobisher, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, not to mention the divines and martyrs which the Church then produced? But the dress was itself like the thought : grand, ornate, firm, solid, full of richness, ornament, and strength. The "best of dress, undress," was as free and yet as warm and manly as it could be. The whole costume had a true nobleman look. The very women, as they should do under so great a queen, looked more than women, almost men in character and force : no luxurious dolls and playthings ; no Nell Gwynnes and duchesses of the loose court and dress of Charles the Second. During this reign the clergy had their distinctive habit ; and although richness ran to a great height, still effeminacy did not tread upon its heels. A little later the ladies dressed themselves more enticingly, and the Puritans sprung up, followed by the Quakers, who protested as vividly as they could in dress against the effeminacy of the age. The minds of men in Charles the Second's time may be taken as very much

influenced by the loose, rich style of dress, the ribbons and velvet, the curled and scented long hair, and the general depravity of taste and manners. Their minds seem to be as little as their manners. What a wonderful difference is there between the brains of such men as Lord Chancellor Bacon and Mr. Secretary Pepys, who took notes of various bows and ribbons, patches and pomatums, curls and hoops, and entered them in his Diary as most important matters. It is no wonder that Prynne wrote against love-locks and long hair in men, and that preachers took up texts about bare necks in women. But, amongst all these rich dresses, King Charles, the great exemplar, walked the worst dressed of all, since his servants and attendants used habitually to steal his new clothes to pay themselves their wages.

Curiously indicative of mind also are the costumes which immediately follow. There is a perfect keeping between them and the wearers.

What we may well term the fooleries of fashion have always been and ever will be abundant, and are continually the food for the preachers and satirists of the day. But preaching and satire have never yet been known to sensibly diminish them. They do good, no doubt ; but Wisdom crieth out in the streets, and no one heedeth her, and Fashion is far too powerful and capricious to be advised. The courtiers of Richard the Second wore pointed toes to their boots nearly four feet long ; so long that, to allow the wearers any progress, the toes were curved backwards and chained to the instep ; and we have not only illustrations of this, but, to assure us that the

artists did not exaggerate, we have one example, the shoe of a knight, still extant. The Chinese custom of crippling the feet is more barbarous, but not more silly. The priests who preached against them called them "devil's claws," but the people still wore them. The foot has, since the Roman sandal, been almost always badly used. The true shape is not understood even now. Our toes are crushed and pointed, the great toe being forced into the middle of the boot. The true shape of the shoe should be like that of a baby's foot of two years old, or like that of Henry the Eighth, with square toes, at which shape our fashionable shoemakers would stare.

The head has suffered almost as much as the feet. Fashion has shaved it in front, and shaved it at back, has parted the hair down the middle, down the two sides, brushed it back, and twisted it, frizzled it, and singed it; worn it cut close within an inch of the head, or down to the middle of the waist, or has not worn it at all. What a curious book could be written upon the fashions of the head. Fancy its being considered awfully vulgar for a man to wear his own hair! Imagine for a moment one's head being continually shaved, and yet wearing a wig as like your own hair as possible, called "a natural." Imagine not only fine ladies and gentlemen, but "butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers," men of genius and men of plain business, grave dissenters and graver clergymen, all being mad enough to wear wigs. Fancy, too, a great critic saying of a great actor, that he "never could play the gentleman, because he never gave more than twelve guineas for his wig, and he defied a man

to play the gentleman in any wig under fifty guineas !' Contemplate wigs bearing names such as the bob, the toupet, the pigeon's wing, comet, brush, the crutch, the negligent, the natural, half-natural, the she-dragon, the rose, the cut bob, the long bob, the detached buckle, the Jansenist bob, the drop wig, the snail-back, the female pyramid—to dress which the barber mounted a ladder—the artichoke, and the pig-tail. Many persons now living can remember these last being worn. Our barristers and judges still continue the custom, the honour being shared with them by state coachmen on drawing-room days and other great occasions. Fancy also the barbers petitioning Parliament to pass an Act forcing people to wear wigs, so as to protect the trade ; also that the fashion was so firmly set that even the Plague, wherein many died by the infection of wigs and of hair cut from the dead bodies, did not remove nor even abate it.

The hoop, which is now so prevalent, is another instance of the folly of fashion. It arose in the time of Elizabeth, and its purpose always was and is to extend the gown so as to show its richness and the expensive material. The fashion died out, and again arose in the days of George the Second, and continued for many years. No amount of satire, either pictorial or literary, seems to have had any effect on the wearers. There can be little doubt as to the inconvenience of hoops. Hogarth continually satirized them, but without any effect. In 1780 a pocket hoop was worn, like two panniers tied on each hip of the wearer. These were open at the top, and may have been of some service as pockets. The

numberless deaths occasioned by fires, machinery, and other accidents, do not seem to make them less fashionable in our own day. Rather than do away with the hoop, the grate was moved higher in the chimney, to the great detriment of warmth and ventilation. How nonsensical and ridiculous they are is seen nowadays in an omnibus, a crowded street, or in a carriage, wherein ladies going to Court half hide themselves and their cavaliers by immense hoops, which are obliged to be lifted up so as nearly to cover the occupants of the vehicle.

The subject might be continued to a great length ; for from the hat to the hose, from the shoe to the wig, there is much history to be learned from dress. As employment of some sort is always necessary for the human animal, so the frivolity of dress and of fashion has always been of service to mankind in general, if even sometimes hurtful and ridiculous to the immediate wearers. Many persons are employed upon every material of dress ; and thousands of tons of steel are manufactured into ladies' hoops, Sheffield at present sending to America manufactured steel hoops for ladies' petticoats, and manufactured bayonets and swords, in an equal number of tons. Fashion, and even war, thus become subservient to trade and to the general good ; and, after all, the most ridiculous portions of a mode are always limited to a few of the upper ten thousand, or of the ladies of fashion. A modest neatness in attire is that which is chiefly to be sought for. Extremes are ever vulgar, and novelty must never be too closely followed. With one or two exceptions, the costume

of the present day is all that can be desired ; warm, sufficient, and commodious, it is suited as well for the poor as the rich ; and if grace be sacrificed to utility in many portions of our attire, we may yet rejoice that our men dress like men, and our women like women, neither aping, as of yore, the follies of each other's dress ; and, moreover, a superabundant extravagance, except in variety, being almost as impossible as it would be foolish and vulgar.





EATING AND DRINKING.



HERE are only two bad things in this world—said Hannah More—sin and bile ! But these evils are the occasion of all others ; nay, according to the theory of certain *savans*, the first was the result of the second. “ *C'est la soupe qui fait le soldat ;* ” that is to say, a man very much depends upon what you feed him with. Certain French philosophers are persuaded that, instead of *soldat*, we should use another word—saint. It is the dinner that makes a man good or bad. Thus far, in a rude, but unmistakable way, we place before our readers the strongest deduction which can be made of the effects of cookery : bile is produced by bad cookery and indigestible meats ; virtue is the result of good, nourishing, and light dinners. Rather materialistic this ; but you hear the talk every day ; and juries and medical witnesses are becoming convinced that crime depends as much upon or arises from a diseased state of the body as it does from a diseased mind ; in fact, you are not able to have one healthy unless the other is. The mind must regulate what the body demands. Livy says somewhere, “ *Mens peccat, non corpus, et unde consi-*

lium abfuit culpa est." "Every one who has reached the middle of life must have had occasion to observe how much his comfort and powers of exertion depend upon the state of his stomach ;" so says Dr. Mayo. Now what are we to do to keep this stomach in order, this animal instinct which governs us? Some philosophers despise the stomach, but we cannot get on without it : our limbs may fall off one by one, our taste decay, our senses leave us, our mind be wrecked ; but King Stomach lives, and will live. supreme ! and how many are there of us who cry " Long live the King," and who offer daily and excessive taxes to his Majesty !

Since the invention of cookery (the assertion may seem sweeping, but it is true) we have all eaten too much ; at least all the richer and middle classes have done so, in whose families there is always an abundance of good cheer. "The English," asserted an old traveller, "always make their first sacrifice to their belly-gods ;" and really he said what is quite true. Even in the Saxon period, nay, before it, with the Romans, we were great eaters. Primrose Hill was called *Mons Coquinarius*, the Mountain of the Cooks ; and the word Cockney, say some, should be Cokeney, old cook-man, in fact. What Londoners have done all the island has done. We never had a lack of good cheer here. Chaucer writes of the Frankeleyn—

"Withouté bake mete never was his hous,
Of fleissch, and fisch ; and that so plenteous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drynk,
Of all dainties that men couldé thinke."

And the rest of his goodly company were the same : from the host to the widow ; from the pretty little nun, who was fond of singing psalms in a wee voice through her nose, to the fat old nun's priest ; from the portly abbot to the rich miller and poor squire ; all seem to have been able to do their share at any table in the land. They were, in fact, the ordinary eating English.

Nowadays we have the same healthy appetites. Business may trouble us, politics worry us, and money-matters drive us mad ; but we all eat, and eat heartily. If we meet to hear music at the Crystal Palace, it ends in a feast. If we run out of town, we must finish by eating. Do we welcome a hero, we give him a dinner. Do we commence a charity, a feast inaugurates it ; and the golden crumbs that drop, in the shape of subscription-guineas, from the table of Dives feed Lazarus and his family for many a long day. Nay, when a committee was formed to relieve the famine in Ireland, Englishmen, with their hearts full of pity, set seriously to work to relieve the unfortunate, and to eat. It will at least be interesting for each one of us to see how much he or she consumes in an ordinary lifetime : we say he or she advisedly, for the British female has a very healthy appetite ; and those delicate young ladies who dine upon a lark's wing and sup upon a wafer are happily very rare indeed.

Presuming a man has his four meals a day regularly, he eats one thousand four hundred and sixty meals in one year. It is not too much to say that the majority of us could subsist very well on half that number. During sixty-five years he

will have consumed a flock of 350 sheep, and those for dinner alone. He may throw in another fifty for luncheons and suppers. Presuming he adds to his mutton a reasonable allowance of potatoes and bread, and a pint of liquid, not counting tea, above thirty tons of liquids and solids will have passed through his stomach and have been permeated by gastric juices. M. Soyer rose almost to sublimity when he contemplated the enormous amount, and in his *Modern Housewife* drew the picture of an epicure in his tenth year contemplating the future sustenance of his life and the luxuries which he will hereafter devour. Milton's serious picture of Adam in a prophetic vision contemplating all the wars, miseries, murders, thefts, plagues, troubles, of the future man, and all the thieves, robbers, captains, soldiers, and murderers, who would proceed from his loins, is the only parallel picture which we know of. "Fancy," wrote M. Soyer, "a youth in his tenth year, on the top of Primrose Hill, surrounded by the *recherché* provision claimed by the rank and wealth of a gourmand. He would be surrounded and gazed at by the following animals, which would eventually be his victims :— 30 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 1200 fowls, 300 turkeys, 150 geese, 400 ducklings, 263 pigeons, 1400 partridges, pheasants, and grouse, 450 plovers, ruffs, and reeves, 800 quails, 500 hares and rabbits, 40 deer, 120 guinea-fowl, and 360 wild fowl. In the way of fish, 120 turbot, 140 salmon, 120 cod, 260 trout, 400 mackerel, 800 soles and flounders, 200 eels, 150 haddocks, 400 red mullet, 400 herrings, 4000 smelt, 100,000 whitebait, 30,000 oysters, 20 turtles, 1500

lobsters or crabs, 300,000 shrimps, sardines, and anchovies." We will not follow M. Soyer in his description : he gives his gourmand 5475 lb. weight of all kinds of vegetables, not including fruit, and 21,000 eggs, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons of bread, with 49 hogsheads of wine ; 2736 gallons of water, with enormous quantities of spirits and other liquors, go to moisten these repasts. M. Soyer declares the calculation to be based upon facts ; and no doubt, as the *chef de cuisine* of the Reform Club, an approximation to reality and truth might be made by him. To get at the actual truth would not be difficult, if one were to take the gross amount of eatables and liquids consumed in sixty years by a given number of members of any club noted for its gourmands, and then divide the amount by the number. No doubt it would astonish, nay, shock a sensitive mind, especially if we reflected at the same time that hundreds of our fellow-creatures and fellow-Christians were slowly starving. If we all thought seriously of this matter, perhaps over-eating would be less frequent, and the result would be positively beneficial to all. Rich men notoriously dig their graves with their teeth. ' If a rich man wishes to live in health,' wrote Sir William Temple, " he must live like a poor man."

The authors who have written on cookery are very numerous. A cook's library would be a curious, and by no means an uninteresting collection. Mrs. Rundell's cookery-book, it is said, made the fortune of the publishing house of Murray, and as a commercial speculation it paid John Murray infinitely better than Byron's works. Kitchener, Ude, Glass,

Brillat-Savarin, and others, have written works which ran through an enormous number of editions, and which are more popular than even the rhymes of Mr. Tupper. The Duke of York called the *Almanach des Gourmands* the most delightful work that ever issued from the press ; and Leech gives us a picture of a sick alderman who consoled himself by reading a cookery-book on his death-bed.

Let us now see how food is to be digested. St. Martin, who had an opening (from a gun-shot wound) in his stomach, afforded the physicians and surgeons an admirable opportunity of studying the process of digestion. A thermometer introduced into his stomach rose to 101° Fahrenheit ; heat, therefore, is necessary for digestion. A carrot was consumed in five hours ; roast beef, underdone, in one hour and a half ; venison in one hour ; mutton in one hour and a quarter. Melted butter would not digest at all, but floated about in the stomach. Lobster seemed to be comparatively easy of digestion, new bread very difficult indeed, and stale bread not nearly so easy as many presume. Next to venison, grouse and game, if kept sufficiently long, yielded most easily to the effects of the gastric juice ; and again, broiled meat was more easily digested than roasted, roasted than baked, and baked than fried.

The gastric juice is poured into the stomach in a very large quantity, sixteen pints during the twenty-four hours ; of bile three pints, saliva half a pint, intestinal juice half a pint ; in all about twenty-three pints, or about one-sixth of the weight of an ordinary man. All this work is carried forward in each

individual simply to enable him to digest his ordinary food. But any disturbance in his usual living, such as taking an inordinate mass to eat, or devouring that which is essentially indigestible, will of course utterly overthrow the provisions of nature. It is also necessary not to exhaust the stomach by too much eating, or by too continued a course of feeding. Hence an occasional fast is one of the most wholesome practices ; and the rule of the Roman Church is to be admired for its wisdom rather than laughed at for its superstition. But, unfortunately, the so-called fast is made by professors of that faith simply as an excuse for eating a different kind of food, the actual quantity remaining the same. This should not be. A fast should be a fast. Baron Masères, who reached the age of ninety, and who never employed a physician, used to go one day in a week without dinner, eating only a round of thin toast for his tea. Of many others who reached a good old age by simple diet, the Italian Cornaro is the most conspicuous example. He, who was in early youth a glutton, and of an enormous size, found himself, when forty, attacked by a fatal disease ; fatal to most, but not to him, for by abstinence he cured himself, and by continued abstinence lived to a very great age. At last he so far governed his appetite that he could subsist simply upon an egg a day ; and the autobiography which he wrote pictures in great force his immense delight at the freedom which his brain and body felt at being relieved from the incumbrance of too much flesh. It may be said (for instances of exception would only prove the rule) that all long livers have been very abstemious.

Whatever we eat or drink, little or much, should be carefully prepared. "God sends meat," says the proverb, "but the devil sends cooks;" and the old saw has great force. "Cooking," says Ude, "is highly conducive to the preservation of health. The stomach should be protected from a monotony of plain food. Diet should be varied, and the cooking of each joint should be scientifically attended to. A well-cooked piece of meat will be full of its own juice or gravy. It will contain albumen, its most nourishing essence."

The theory of the kitchen is by no means contemptible: there is reason, and a good deal of reason too, in the roasting of eggs. A good cook is invaluable; to a poor man a good wife who is a good cook is a fortune; and Miss Burdett Coutts, who has established schools wherein children of the lower classes can learn the art of cookery, and the method of becoming good and clever wives to poor men, has conferred an inestimable benefit upon the working classes. Whilst deprecating luxury of all kinds, there can be no reason why we should spoil the kindly fruits of the earth by ignorant cookery; and a well ordered and cooked mutton chop is often the best sort of physic which can be placed before a poor man. It is the knowledge and attention to little things—and cookery may appear a very little thing to a philosopher—which especially distinguishes one family from the other, the thriftless from the careful family. It is a trite remark enough, that one man will live like a prince upon thirty shillings a week, and another like a beggar on sixty. Management is all; and that kind of management which will make the poor

man's home happy, and, with all its disadvantages, enable it to contrast favourably with the public-house, is not arrived at without much study.

The number of meals in which the well-fed classes indulge is too large. One at least could be dispensed with, and that one should be luncheon. The great sportsman who wrote under the name of "Nimrod" was for limiting the meals of young men to two—a good breakfast and a good dinner; and this rule might be well adhered to for people in health. An adult in full health, writes an authority, requires two meals daily, and often, without prejudice, partakes of two more. Women, who are more delicately organized, eat sparingly, and require three meals in the day. Modern civilization seems to require that people should not be too long without eating. Herbert Mayo gives nine hours. A person, says he, who breakfasts at nine, should not dine later than six. But other eminent physicians have recommended their patients to eat little and often, so as not to put the stomach to too great a task in providing gastric juice for digestion.

Hot suppers are most unwholesome, because the meat is not digested before sleep: dreams and nocturnal disturbances are the consequence. During eating strong mental excitement should be avoided. When at meals the motto "*Age quod agis*" is as applicable as at any piece of work. Do what you are about, and do it well. Think of eating and masticating: throw your mind into the matter. Nothing can be worse than for the town man to stick a newspaper or an exciting novel against a cruet-frame, and read as he eats.

This way of partaking of toast and sentiment, and swallowing hot tea and strong politics, is decidedly injurious.

Lastly, temperance and soberness cannot be more strongly inculcated by the divine than they are by the doctor. There is not one eminent man who has written for years who has not traced more than half the diseases of humanity to the gorging propensities of man. At a good school a little fellow who devours his tarts in secret, or who makes too much of his school treat, gets marked down as a glutton, and is treated accordingly. One excess is as bad as another : every meal which is superfluous is a sin ; it is a sin against that bountiful Providence which supplies enough for all, but too much for none. That man who eats enough for two, robs one ; and punishment most surely follows. If we wish to see how odious gluttony and excess are to a highly intellectual mind, we have only to read that passage in Dante's great work wherein gluttons are punished, and, moreover, to remember the feast of Dives and the starvation of Lazarus ; and then we shall, like Socrates, EAT TO LIVE, and not LIVE TO EAT.





ON PUMP-HANDLES;
OR,
THE GREAT TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.



THE great temperance movement, which was one in the right direction (for we English were desperately hard drinkers), has not only taken away our reproach, but it has added another word to the English language. From it arose, we believe, that extra branch of temperance men, those who would go to extremes—the teetotallers. Their name is the word of which we speak, and possibly no one knows its derivation. We have heard it explained in various ways. Webster calls it a cant word, formed in England from the first two letters of “temperance” and “total,” signifying thereby total temperance. We doubt whether he is right. Trench, in his *English, Past and Present*, does not mention the word. Other people have said that one who stammered invented it: “t—t—t—total abstinence,” he asserted, was what he wanted; but this looks very apocryphal. One asserts, after some consideration and study of words, that it is a misspelt word, that it means tea-total abstainer; that is, an abstainer to whom tea would be

the very strongest stimulant. We do not make words by adding a repetition of a letter to strengthen them, nor should we say that a man is dee-dead if he is quite defunct. But the stupid, vulgar, odious word is there : no one can understand it ; every scholar must abhor it. Scholars cannot coin words, nor remove them : for fifty years or so the ungainly term will defile our language, and then die out, as hundreds of cant words have already done. Other scholars thus explain, in their own fashion, the word Teetotal :—It is simply the word total written with two initial letters—*tt*otal, *ff*arranton, &c.—a common practice in the counties which formed part of the old Danelagh, or where the Danes, as in Lancashire, held the land. The provincials sound the first *t* slightly, and hence the printers and reporters made it into a separate syllable. The word was so used before the time of Edward IV.

It is curious that a set of common enthusiasts should have chosen so meaningless, and yet so appropriate a name ; but it is characteristic of the English that they did so. Binding themselves under that one foolish but very distinctive appellation, they went to work with a will, and achieved wonders. Probably few modern movements ever did so much real good as teetotalism. Its professors, it is true, shot a great deal lower than their mark ; but they reached something. Their success soon intoxicated them more than the spirits which they had renounced. They began to learn chemistry—at least as much of it as served their purpose ; and they attracted a number of medical Balaams, who went out in great force, and, much more faithful than the original prophet, cursed the

enemy up-hill and down-dale. Wine was bad, strong drink was destruction ; moderate men were worse than drunkards ; and that Government which would not prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors was an accomplice with the devil, a wicked and false Government altogether. Finally, drink, and drink alone, was the cause of robbery, wrong, looseness, murder, and all the sins which the Ten Commandments forbid.

Sensible men saw in this only foolish exaggeration ; others a vicious folly, which would neutralize the good ; but philosophers saw in it that kind of utter absurdity which almost all great ideas carry. "All the Sciences have their chimæra" (their dream), says the author of *Pensées Ingénieuses*, "after which they run, and which they are never able to catch ; but they pick up by the way other things very useful. If Chemistry has its philosopher's stone, Geometry its quadrature of the circle, Astronomy its longitudes, Mechanics its perpetual motion, it is impossible to find them all out, but it is very useful to seek them." Perhaps also it may be useful to try to turn us all into total abstainers, but we very well know that that is impossible.

The teetotallers, in their endeavours to reform the world, needed a considerable amount of moral courage, nay, more, of enthusiasm ; and they possessed both in an extraordinary degree. At the time they began their work of reformation the world looked upon drunkenness as a manly indulgence, rather indeed as an accomplishment than as a vice. As Dean Ramsay tells us, three and even four bottle men were not uncommon ; and after a dinner it was thought a very mean thing of

the host if he did not, at least try to, send away his guests completely intoxicated. When the gentlemen joined the ladies they were always in a state of semi-intoxication ; and the ladies themselves indulged in a sly glass too ; for it is to be observed that women take their ideas of society from the men, and are never strong enough to reform or to lead it. The servants were as bad as their masters, and of course aped their betters, and the commonalty were given over to pot-house drinking, foolish and brutal sports, quarrels, and drunkenness. The real temperance movers were the literary men, Addison and Steele, who both got drunk themselves now and then, but who saw the folly and vice of the propensity, and who reformed society, if they did not quite mend themselves. From them and others a better taste and an abhorrence of the vice sprung up, and then, when it was time, this very Society itself, which was to sweep the Augean stables clean.

When the Society first formed itself, it took, as is not unfrequently the case, a wrong name. It was afraid to call itself a Sober Society, or the Sobriety Association ; but that is what it meant. It talked about temperance ; but as that word applies as much to eating as to drinking, to bad language, dress, hot temper, and a dozen other things, our reformers had to spoil a word by restricting it to one sense. What we want is to see the whole of the sense restored. We do not want people only temperate, but, as the Catechism teaches us, sober, temperate, and chaste. But this was not the only mistake which the teetotallers

made. By their exaggerations, and almost inexhaustible vehemence, they stirred up a sufficient number of opposers to make the movement very popular; for it must be observed that he who has no opponents will have few friends, and that a good opposition will whip up the populace into something like activity of thought. Where there are two sides of a question, and two only, presented to us, it is incumbent that we should take one of them. This question, then, of indulgence in drink, became a home question. It was not only in public-houses and debating-societies, but in society and in the quietude of home, that the consideration was brought to you. In its day, as we have said before, it no doubt did much good: it killed off many a quiet old toper, whose conscience was smitten, but it saved many a good young man to a temperate and healthy life. The old toper abandoned his old habits, made his one sacrifice, and died: the young fellow lived to a much more healthy future.

The real good and evil of drink—strong drink or alcohol—seems now to be better understood. We do not now class alcohol as food; but we know that it is an agent which generates heat, and that as man continually gives off heat to his hat, coat, the room he is in, the chair he sits upon, or the clothes he wears, he must have, in our climate at least, chilly and changeable as it is, some heat-generating agent, either in alcohol, or food which contains carbon. This, we presume, even the most intense of teetotallers will allow. On the other hand, society has had all its social vices put so prominently under its nose by the teetotallers, that it sees their

enormity and determines to reform ; so that the true balance seems to have been arrived at, with this advantage on the side of total abstinence, that the abstinent man may be a philosopher whilst he indulges in his hobby, but the drunkard, who indulges in his, must be a fool.

Satisfactorily as we have arrived at this virtue of liquid temperance, and excellently as we are progressing, it would be very much better if, by any means, we could compass a general temperance—that temperance in all things which has been laid before us as the perfection of life. If the grand ladies, against whom the British husbands are supposed to be perpetually crying out, were to circumscribe the dimensions of their dresses, their state, and their milliners' bills, their husbands would be happier, no doubt. But the husbands, on their part, might be a little more temperate in their amusements and expenses. The good done by spending money is unquestionable ; possibly a spendthrift may benefit his fellow-men more than a moderate individual ; yet if they were wisely kept within bounds, and did not indulge in a round of gaieties. the very rich might find time to look about them, and to aid the deserving. There is so much heartless carelessness in the world, arising from a neglect of our duties, that we can only find out what our proper duties are by doing less, keeping more quiet, and being more temperate than we are, in work, business, and pleasure.

Now let us only presume that we followed the advice given by Izaak Walton, and studied to be a little more quiet than we are ; surely this temperance would do us good. As it is,

pride of position in society takes hold of us so much, that when we have achieved the higher step we are not satisfied. We resemble nothing so much as a number of bricklayers, who, going up a ladder, keep their eyes steadily fixed on the dirty heels of those who are above them, but never upon the heads of those below them. Content, the true temperance of the soul, and the most comforting and peaceful of all virtues, flies away from us. We enter into such a round of work, pleasure, and ambition, that we are scarcely still till death comes to us, and stops suddenly, with his chill finger, the busy beatings of our hearts. Would it not be better to retire betimes? Plato and other philosophers, in their schemes for human happiness, placed a natural boundary to business, and would allow no man to work after fifty-five or sixty. We work when, as Lord Chesterfield said, "we have been dead many years, only we don't allow the public to know it."

In our feeding, too, a considerable reform might take place. Half of our doctors are made busy during the "festive seasons" of the year from the overeating of young and old, and from their eating luxuries and improper things. England is a well-fed nation, no doubt ; but if those who always have good meals, and whose tables are spread day after day most abundantly, were wisely to resolve to set aside some little portion of their superfluities for the weak and the poor, the amount of good they would do would not end with those who were relieved. A banyan day, a certain day of fast, as the Sunday is to the animals at the Zoological Gardens, for health's sake, might with great benefit be set aside every

week in a well-fed family. Moderate abstinence from food would soon supersede the use of physic. Not only the Roman Catholic and Anglican Churches, but other religious communities, both in the East and West, have found the benefit of being small consumers of food, and of periodically fasting. Dryden, a poet of quick fancy and extreme skill, improved his brain by fasting ; and as a matter of precaution, to strengthen his imagination and to quicken his mind, he always quietly took physic and fasted before commencing any great work.

To a busy age, and people full of excitement, working always full time, and endeavouring to exceed other ages and peoples in the productions of its industry, perhaps no better advice could be given than to be temperate in its search, its restless, perpetual search after riches. As riches increase, the heart gets more careless and much harder. In every man's acquaintance, and under every man's observation, there is always more than one instance of a good fellow who has stood the trials of poverty well, whose heart has not been embittered and spoiled by being a poor man ; but when he has once turned the corner, and is on the road to riches, and especially when he has become a rich man, then it is that his heart and his goodness fail him. In England the whole nation is much richer than it was. A man of a thousand a year was, twenty years ago, well off, high in society, and rich : to-day he must have twenty times as much. People are also growing feverish in their desire to make money. They are not ready to do it in the regular and slow way of

their fathers and grandfathers. It was once the fashion to bind boys apprentices for seven years, and at the end of that time the boy was expected to be a sound workman, well acquainted with the art and mystery of his trade. A citizen told us the other day that fewer apprentices were being bound than ever. "People," said he, "now want to see their sons gentlemen at once! They make them city clerks; they enter them in speculative businesses. The real workmen are being now drawn, not from the middle, but from the lower classes. We have many middle-men, or agents, who are ready to get the work *done*; but we have much fewer who are ready to work themselves."

If this view of the case be correct—and we believe that it is—we can all tell what the end of it will be. It seems that our restless industry and hurry have induced a not unnatural indolence, and that people are everywhere expecting to become the overseers, the well-paid overseers to a set of machines. This will never do. Let us sweeten our labour with intermittent fun and relaxation; let us institute Saturday half-holidays and due periods of rest; let us be temperate in our labours, and then we shall love them, and not degenerate into a set of indolent but cruel English slave-drivers.

We might, finally, lecture a good many of European and other Governments upon the lust for power and for boundlessness of dominion which they exhibit. Why Germany should wish (and it seems that it does so universally, kings and people as well) to possess a port and to become a partially nautical power, when Providence has made her for

so many hundred years a central land power, we can hardly see. Why Prussia should indulge herself in the slaughter of hundreds of brave Danes for the nominal advantage of securing a separate government for certain half-bred Germans, is perhaps beyond us quiet English to comprehend. Her energetic desires that way will probably drive Europe into war. There is more reason in France wishing to make the Rhine her natural boundary ; there is more reason in Russia wishing to descend from her frozen regions : but each and all of these powers would do well if they were to cultivate what they possess, rather than covet the possessions of their neighbours ; and their rulers would be wise to add to their virtues that crowning one, both in people and kings, true temperance.





ON LOOKING BACK IN THE WORLD.



HERE are many nice old gentlemen, and perhaps as many nice young gentlemen, who are always ready to praise times past. Nothing with them is so good as it was. There existed until lately, when it was killed by the weight of scientific proof, a party of men who declared that long ago men were bigger and finer, and altogether stronger than they are now ; that there were giants in by-gone days—not single giants, but a nation of giants ; whereas there existed no such thing. Our ordinary five foot eight man is altogether too well grown to go comfortably inside the largest of the suits of armour worn by the men of valour in the days of our Edwards and Henrys. A combination of many circumstances has led to this, but it is chiefly to be attributed to good beef and good mutton ; and of these, in Great Britain and Ireland, we may for money get the best in the world. The middle-class Great Briton is now about the best-fed man in “all creation.” He is, if a sensible man, not too well fed : he does not pasture on made dishes, and lap, like a lady’s pet dog, till he is full of soups and *ragoûts*. He takes his quantum of good bread, whole-

some solids, and vegetables ; drinks water or sound beer ; sleeps well, rises early, and is the weightiest and strongest average man to be met with. It is true that he does more work than his predecessors, but then he has more to do it on ; he has plenty of fibrine and carbon in the most digestible state to "keep up the steam," and he therefore is what he is. But the Briton was not always what he is now. His state may be reckoned as a modern improvement.

The same individual, whether he be Scotch, Irish, or English, is, not unreasonably, fond of his country, and is apt to brag about it, and exalt himself over others who are not so well off. This vaunting is not always seasonable, nor is it very graceful ; but the Briton speaks out of the fulness of his heart ; and, when he contrasts his own prosperity and stability with that of others, he is not unreasonably proud ; yet he should beware of being puffed up. In the southern part of this island, some hundred years ago, but not long enough to be forgotten, some of our ancestors, of good blood too, may have worn collars round their necks as Saxon thralls. It is true that North Britain was often overrun, but never held down ; not because her people were braver than the southern men, as was often proved in battle, but simply because she was so poor that no invading army could well subsist. Famine killed many hundreds of persons every year. The poor fellows on the Borders were so harried, both by South and North, that a belt of land, of many miles wide, was a debatable ground, a no-man's land, over which travellers hastened in fear and trembling. Those were no "good old times" for the weak

and ailing : many a woman and child was lost on the moors, and perished in the cold, just as they would now perish in the steppes of Tartary or the Kasan. Even the baron's castle, with all the outside grandeur with which we associate it, was but a filthy, sorry place ; men and women servants herding together ; chambers, certainly, for the lord and the lady, but strewn with rushes, and hung with mouldy tapestry, which let in cold and damp, and shook and flapped in the constant draughts of air.

If the lower classes, by continued industry, aided by deep thinkers and inventors from the class just above them, have done good for themselves in these modern times, they have done much more good to the lords. Living, if powerful, in constant fear of his jealous suzerain, subject to constant service in battle, with hardly any political power, and yet plenty of political duties, with the baron to be great and conspicuous was to be in danger. Poverty and meanness were his only safeguards. Few lived long, and few races ever lasted. Our old nobility is almost a fiction. The Wars of the Roses destroyed most of them, and our hereditary legislators date chiefly from George III. Apart from political evils, the social evils were so enormous that it is almost impossible to realize them. Mercury and opium—two essential remedies—were undiscovered ; the smallest ailments were fatal plagues, which slew whole peoples ; vermin fed upon the living, for want of proper cleanliness and soap ; scurvy ate them up, since the potato was unknown, the cabbage unimported and uncultivated ; and woeful skin-diseases made

them swollen and discoloured, until the very image of the Almighty seemed stamped and trodden out of man, till the horrid dreams of German painters of those ugly saints and distorted caricatures of man seemed to walk in real flesh and bone about the world.

Let us now look to the world of mind in those "good old times." Perhaps mind does not trouble some people much ; yet it moves the mass, and it plays an important part in the history of the world. With what strange dreams and terrors were the minds of men held down in those "excellent" old times ! The priest on one side, a very little less ignorant than the man he tyrannized over, told absurd stories of patron saint and ministering spirit, until the real heaven was shut out, and a grotesquely painted curtain hung before it. In the dim twilight of silly, inconclusive legends of priest's story or poet's theme, the scholar who tried to emerge into light groped about without knowing whither he tended. His great lights were men of absurd pretensions, swollen bladders of learning, as light and impalpable as gas : once grasped and reached, they shrivelled down to nothing. Duns Scotus, Avicenna, Nostradamus, Jerome Cardan, Paracelsus ; what teach they ? and what residuum remained when the poor scholar had run down, within the alembic of his brain, the huge volumes of their teaching ? Hating the priests, as the tales of the day which remain to us will testify, he could only escape from their teaching by taking refuge with empirics and quacks who led him nowhere. If he dissented from the majority, he had best have kept quiet, or he stood a good

chance of being burnt. The records of those days will show that it was not always reforming Protestants who were so punished, but men who objected equally to the 'troublesome and ignorant theology of both Protestant and Papist. Only in the court of Rome, and in the select society of the Pope and his cardinals, for learned men and in advance of their times, was there any safety.

For the innocent these times were hard enough : for the guilty, or those supposed to be so, they were much harder. To be arraigned was to be condemned. The counsel for the Crown was generally a blatant, loud-talking bully, who proved his loyalty and his fitness for his office by talking away the life of the accused, calling him the most frightful names, loading him with the most virulent abuse. The judge did not then, as he does now, after the good example set by Chief-Justice Hale, and insisted on by Cromwell, weigh the evidence and give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt : he was mostly a creature of the Crown, who, if the alleged crime was political, would browbeat the unfortunate accused and bully the jury, and who, from the mere custom of the thing, carried out his practice into non-political matters. When condemned, or indeed when accused, the very gates of the Inferno seemed to be opened to the prisoner. Surely over those dark portals should have been written the awful words, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here !" A mad-house, a Babel, with no slight dash of the plague-house, was a prison in the "good old times." Gaol-fever was always there. The prisoners were wan, wasted, ghastly wretches ; the turnkeys

and governors inhuman brutes, who had been, perhaps, prisoners themselves, and had been advanced to their loathsome occupation ; whose hearts were callous and indurated ; who, with a malicious feeling of the existence of which even good men who probe the human heart are aware, positively hated the poor wretches committed to their charge ; who, too often, for the reward called blood-money, falsely swore away their lives, if these were not before forfeited ; and who, on the slightest pretence, chained them neck and heel, until the upright form of man grew like a bent hoop. Nature revenged herself savagely on these men, and on those who tried them. A stench and a plague came forth when they produced at the bar the unfortunates subjected to such tyrannies. The judge had need to smell his nosegay of sweet herbs, the counsel took to their vinegar and camphor, the jury had their box spread with thyme and marjoram ; but all to no purpose. Judge, jury, and counsel, were often smitten with the pest, and were carried home sick to their death-beds, struck down by the gaol-fever.

We are apt now to boast of “trial by jury,” instituted by our Saxon ancestors, as one of our best and soundest institutions ; but in latter days, when juries were not corrupt and subservient, they were bullied and intimidated by the judge, were sent back repeatedly, heavily fined, and, if obstinate, imprisoned for a long time. The “twelve men in a box” did not always form an intact palladium of British liberty in the olden time of “merry England.” Let us be thankful that, amid all the terrors of the law, there were found some who

were bold enough to face certain ruin, and to record their conscientious convictions in the cause of truth.

For "poor scholars," beggars, and such-like free souls as chose to wander over England and Scotland, there were the whipping-posts and stocks ; for minor offences, the thumb-screw and scourge. Our very laws were written in blood ; and there are those now living who have striven, with the great Sir Samuel Romilly and others, to wipe the crimson stain from our statute-book. When he related how they hung for stealing five shillings, and when he told of the youth of some of the victims of our laws, many of whom were unchecked in their career, no wonder that that great and good man faltered and burst into tears. "I remember," he said, "that when I had been pleading in the cause of the unfortunate, one of our hereditary legislators staggered up to me, his breath tainted with his after-dinner wine, and said with an oath, 'By —, Romilly, you are ruining the country.'" Well, the old country is not ruined after all ; but, when we look back on what we have been, we believe that few of us will cry out for "the good old times."

But it is not only in political and social matters that modern times are in advance of the old. We have shown seriously how far they were behind us in great things : we may relax into a smile when we prove that they were equally so in little. How much happiness, time, and temper, have been saved to mankind by the excellent inventor of lucifer-matches ! and yet his name is unknown. What intolerable bores must have been the flint and steel ! When the wise and witty Sydney

Smith was in his seventy-third year he amused himself by writing out a list, which will be found in his *Memoir*, of eighteen important changes which had taken place in England. Those which are domestic improvements we may mention here. In the first place, when he was a middle-aged man gas was unknown, and he says he has "groped about in the all but utter darkness of a twinkling oil lamp, under the protection of watchmen in their grand climacteric, and exposed to every species of degradation and insult." He was nine hours sailing from Dover to Calais, nine hours riding from Taunton to Bath ; in which he says, with an exaggerative wit, he "suffered from 10,000 to 12,000 severe contusions, before stone-breaking MacAdam was born." He had no umbrella when it rained ; and yet poor Jonas Hanway, who first introduced umbrellas here, was finely persecuted and mocked for his courage. There were no quick and excellent cabs running at the modicum of sixpence a mile : if he wanted to go beyond walking distance, he must fain get into "one of those cottages on wheels, a hackney coach"—of which, by the way, there is at present only one existing in London. But those hackney coaches were themselves a modern improvement. If in the days of the youth of the witty writer we have quoted he travelled to certain parts of the kingdom, he went in a slow waggon : as he was poor, he must otherwise go in the basket of a stage-coach, where his clothes were rubbed all to pieces. In even the very best of society, he says, "one-third of the gentlemen were always drunk." There was, besides, hardly an easy-chair or a well-made sofa in the kingdom. Hugu

bedsteads harboured vermin, badly made windows excluded light, and ventilation was an undiscovered science. "Positively," writes the Canon of St. Paul's, "I could not keep my small-clothes in their proper place, for braces were unknown." If a man had the gout, there was no colchicum ; when small-pox was about there was no vaccination ; and people who had lost their sight and their beauty from that scourge you met at every step. If any one had a bilious attack—and from overeating and bad cooking such must have been an everyday occurrence—there was no calomel ; if he had ague, there was no quinine. The doctors were ignorant ; and, to make matters worse, there was no proper examination or restriction ; consequently quacks abounded. There was no penny post, and no banks open to receive the savings of the poor.

But we must end the long list ; for, if further considered, it would grow still longer. "In spite of all these privations," wrote Sydney, "I lived on quietly, and am now utterly ashamed that I was not more discontented, and utterly surprised that all these changes and inventions did not occur two centuries before." While we are simply thankful for these, it behoves us to look about us, and see how we can carry on any improvement for the classes below us. In spite of all their shortcomings in comfort, the old times were often great times, producing noble and great men, who spent their lives for the good of their fellow-creatures. Yet, without question, the mass of mankind are better and happier now than they were then. We have all along tended to that wise and wide doctrine, upheld by Plato, Sir Thomas More, and Jeremy

Bentham, that in a country the greatest happiness of the greatest number is always to be looked to. The majority of modern improvements may be and are little things ; but these “little things are dear to little man.” They permit him to act more freely, to think more wisely ; they are so many stumbling-blocks taken out of the way of general advancement. The ascetic may think that it pleases God to see men mortify the flesh and torture the body ; but the wiser student of history well knows that the aggregation of troubles in this chequered life—troubles which can be easily avoided, and which require no heroism to bear—weans and wears away the heart from a prayerful gratitude, and renders a man unthankful and morose. With this reflection, he will not be unmindful of the amount of real blessings which society has received from the improvements of modern times.





ON RESPECTABLE PEOPLE.



FROM the energetic and rather puffy assistant of a neighbouring chemist we ordered, once upon a time, a box of grey powder pills. These pills, containing a preparation of that thrice famous medicine which the great Theophrastus Bombast Paracelsus von Hohenheim discovered, were destined to stir up the liver of a little foreign friend who was staying with us, and who, in addition to a bloodless cheek, presented a complexion which, in water-colours, might have been imitated by a mixture of bistre and Roman ochre, and which was not unlike brown holland before it is washed. "About four grains of grey powder in each," we said blandly to the young chemist. "Yes, sir," was the quick answer.

Now, hardly was that answer given, when from the glass door labelled "Consulting Room," wherein the great practitioner ate, drank his grog, and talked cheerily with his friends, notwithstanding all the diseases in nosology, issued an unimposing little man in an enormous white neckerchief. He wore spectacles, and brushed the hair from a by no means capacious forehead. "Are you aware, sir," said he, in a

portentous voice, "that grey powder is mercury?" "Indeed." "Yes, sir." "A mild preparation?" said we, quietly. "Yes, sir, mild; but——" and here the white neckerchief went into a hurried dissertation on the evils occasioned by mercury, and gave heaps of advice, which was of no consequence, and not suited to the occasion, as indeed he owned when we told him that we acted under the advice of one of the best of our physicians. Away we went, the pills were taken, the sluggish ("Torpid is the word, sir," said the chemist) liver was put in order, and the little foreigner's bistre complexion became a radiant coppery red, charming to behold. But we did not forget the white neckerchief: it set us a-thinking over the various disguises which poor humanity puts on, white neckerchiefs being amongst them. We know one most disorderly literary man who wears a white neckerchief on principle, who is called upon to say grace at public dinners, who prospers upon his neckerchief, and who charges his publishers so much more on the strength of that ornament. What is a white neckerchief, and why is it worn, save as a sign and a badge? The elaborate ornament of the Jewish priests dwindled down to the less ample lace of the Roman Catholic, and that in its turn to the lawn bands worn by our clergy, judges, barristers, blue-coat and charity boys, and these gave way to the more convenient white "chokers," as some people contemptuously call them. Of course they originally meant something, just as the buttons at the back of our coats were intended at one time to button up the long and heavy flaps to; but having, as in dress coats, done away with the flaps,

we must still continue the buttons. So the dissenting brethren, who wear white neckerchiefs in voluminous folds, little dream of imitating at a distance a papistical abomination. One of our muscular-Christian clergyman wears a check neckerchief, and one of the most popular amongst the dissenters goes about, in a free-and-easy way, with a slouch felt hat, nay, occasionally appears in that which police-reports name a "billy-cock:" but their reverend brethren look askance at them. Washerwomen alone bless them; and one hundred and fifty thousand clerics of all ranks, wearing white neckerchiefs, must give a fillip to trade, as well as stamp us as, what we indeed are, the most respectable nation under the sun.

Nevertheless, respectability is a great bugbear and a great sham. It undoubtedly does some good: it does this negative good, that under its shadow respectable mediocrity thrives, whilst the fiercer genius starves, or is obliged to burst out in some other channel. It—respectability—also lulls men to sleep, and encourages them in the very bad habit of taking others upon trust, just as if half of us were not continually engaged in playing a quiet game, in which the other half are sure to be the losers. It quietly covers over people with a smooth outside, whilst beneath the worst vices may infect them unseen. Some of the very best men have missed the respect of the world; and some of the very worst have secured it, by, as it were, wearing white neckerchiefs. Sydney Smith, than whom few wiser or shrewder men ever lived, found what it is to kick against respectability. He was by far too wise and too witty for a clergyman, and, like *Hamlet*, "lacked

preferment." He knew where the fault lay, and, after a long life, gave this quiet advice to his parishioners :—" Be respectable. Not only study that those with whom you live should habitually respect you, but cultivate such manners as will secure the respect of persons with whom you occasionally converse. Keep up the habit of being respected, and do not attempt to be more amusing and agreeable than is consistent with a preservation of respect." That is, at all hazards you are to be respectable. To be clever is one thing ; to be too agreeable and pleasant, to be sharp and witty, is another ; but here is the authority of a man who found that people could very well exist without talent, without cleverness, without even good-humoured fun ; but that, for an ordinary mortal to be happy, he must assume a certain degree of respectability, in short, he must assume the white neckerchief.

Our ordinary life is not a very happy one, and, on the whole, it is a dull one. If we look at a poor painter, who draws a figure passably, and who can manage to produce a pretty good landscape, if we see him give himself the airs and assume the position of a man of genius, we may perhaps laugh at him ; but relatively to the other stupid people in the world, who really know nothing, or next to nothing, he is one. It is astonishing how dull and uninformed the great mass of the respectable world is : it is a heavy, dead weight, which requires a great deal of strength to move, but which, when it is moved, is almost irresistible. Hence, like the thin philosopher who carried lead in his pockets to prevent his being blown away, unless we have respectability with us,

we shall not be able to succeed in the world, for any gust of scandal or eccentricity may upset us ; and with Englishmen one proof of respectability is antiquity or endurance. A case occurred at a police-court once which shows how people are taken in by apparently ancient externals. A gentleman applied for a situation, and the outside of the office whereat he made his application was not at all inviting—it was a loan-office ; but his scruples soon went to sleep because painted on the blind were the words, “Established in 1840 ;” “and so,” said he, “I thought it must be respectable.” Had he been wise, he would have looked with suspicion upon all loan-offices, and he would then have saved his fifty pounds. Next to antiquity, of which the Americans remark that we are so fond, that our greatest delight is to date back an old firm a hundred years, and an old family five hundred, our respectable people bid us bow down to another idol, and that is, Position. This is a word which moves about the world with a *carte-blanche* to do anything : it appeals to the universal passion—pride—and its appeal is not unanswered. We were talking with a clever man, whose father had condemned him to a life of hardship and penury, and a very uncertain employment into the bargain, as a lawyer’s clerk. He was bitterly lamenting it, and saying that times were worse and worse, and that the law was less and less remunerative (a blessing, by the way, to the world, if not to him). “But,” said he, “bad as it is, there are lots of young fellows ready to enter it.” “Why so?” “Because, sir, it’s the position that tempts their mothers.” “Yes,” said his wife, poor woman—

“yes, in all our troubles I have often thanked God that my husband was a gentleman by profession !” And we believe that the good lady looked down upon all butchers and bakers, watchmakers, jewellers, silversmiths, and booksellers, although her husband lamented that he had not been brought up to some honest trade. But on their part the traders—with some few exceptions—bow down to the same white neckerchief. Pawnbroking, if not a very noble, is a very lucrative business, and its antiquity is beyond doubt. Its professors should be, and are, men of great shrewdness, and have a varied knowledge of art and manufactures ; they see all sorts of people, high and low, coming to their shrines, and yet they are ashamed of their business, and almost universally hang the three golden pills—the arms of the Medici, the first merchants of Lombardy : for the *Monti di Pieta*, as the first pawnbroking establishments were called, had their origin in that kingdom—as high as they can, and as far as possible out of common ken, and call themselves jewellers and silversmiths. They might, in the majority of cases, call themselves hosiers and glovers, or cabinet and pianoforte makers.

It is also, we suppose, on the same false principle of respectability that inn-keepers and publicans call themselves hotel-keepers and licensed victuallers : we have but few good old inns or taverns now, though both names are good and classical. We have refreshment-bars and luncheon-rooms, but there are not many proprietors wise enough to retain the good old direct name of “chop-house.” As for schoolmasters, they (who should ever be treated with the greatest respect)

seem, somehow, to have been always neglected. We believe that it is because of the poverty of the majority of those engaged in teaching that they are so little esteemed. A governess writes to a public paper, complaining that there is little employment for "animals of her class." A tutor states that teaching is "positively the lowest occupation that a gentleman can earn a crust by;" and Charles Lloyd, the friend of Churchill, himself a tutor, wishes no worse fate for his enemy than for him to be condemned for ever "to be usher to a school." Yet a more useful or more honourable set of men it would be difficult to find. They have from an early period of life often voluntarily taken up the livery of learning, and perform, as it were, the part of menial servants to literature: they are content to be rich in mind, not in the yellow dross which others seek, and hence it is that the world despises them. True thinkers should always remember that it is to the schoolmaster that the world owes whatever great men she possesses.

That clergymen and ministers of religion should gain the respect of the world is no more than all people could wish; yet it was a long time ere they did, and not a hundred years since, a cleric in this island was but a despised man—a Parson Adams, whose daughters went to service, or a domestic chaplain, whose greatest reward was to be married to the cast-off mistress of my lord, and who often owed his advancement in the Church to that base fact. This fact was made prominent by Lord Macaulay; and although some have denied it, yet the writings of Addison and Steele, and of dozens of

our novelists and dramatists of the time, confirm it. It is barely one hundred and fifty years since a bishop, reading morning prayers to Queen Anne, was interrupted by the door being shut, so that her Majesty might change her garments. When the prelate stopped indignantly, the Queen, who wanted to scamper through the prayers, cried out that he should "go on." "Madam," answered he, proudly, "I will *not* whistle the word of God through a key-hole." The dignity, the learning, and the virtues of the clergy, have earned for them due respect: did we get from them a little more kindness and urbanity towards the poorer classes, they would win yet more.

But, high above all in the estimation of the world, and ever ready to flaunt its white neckerchief in the eyes of an admiring crowd, is the bar. A young or old man who may have been an attorney, or even of a lower status, is, as soon as he is called to the bar, a gentleman, *generosus*—not by blood, but by profession. It used scarcely to be so in Swift's time, whose pungent satires on what penny-a-liners term the "gentlemen of the long robe" should be in every one's memory. A barrister, for a given fee, will endeavour to whiten or blacken any one's character. From his very position, observing people always in conflict with each other, hearing oaths and counter-oaths, he must form a mean and low estimate of humanity; he must be acquainted with, and perhaps use, all the arts of simulation and dissimulation; he must insinuate a lie, and repress truth; on sundry occasions he must—if we look to common practice—call Heaven as a

witness to the truth of that which he suspects, perhaps knows to be a lie ; he must, to be successful, browbeat, worry, and terrify his opponents. Such, indeed, are the modern methods of eliciting truth ; from such professors are our judges chosen ; and from such a source, the only source save one, are the ranks of our hereditary and fast-decaying peers and legislators filled up. With such a chance in life before them, a chance presented by no other profession in anything like an equal degree, no wonder that the profession holds up its head to the world.

The other grand reservoir from which we draw our peers, and which is therefore a most honourable profession, is that of the soldier. His profession is above respect ; it attaches to itself honour and glory. It must at least be confessed that it is imposing. All history echoes with the perpetual noise of drums, the shrieks of fifes, the groans of dying men, and the marchings and counter-marchings up and down the highways of the world. Here, now, is a town blown to pieces, or a dozen ships sunk, or a garrison starved, or a grand pitched battle, in which on each side fifteen thousand men are slain. The soldiers really make so much noise in the world that it is impossible not to respect them, although the philosopher, in his study, may naturally wish them away. They are by far too impressive for him, and it is with but a sarcastic smile that he remembers how proud and delighted mothers are when they have an opportunity of bringing up their innocent children as soldiers or lawyers. "Yes," he says, with Charles Lamb, "even such people were children

once, I suppose." Then, remembering how curiously respectability, position, and riches, are mixed and distributed, and with how little wisdom the many succeed in life, yet that, through all, the world does progress, and a brighter dawn succeeds each night of darkness, he determines to proceed with his self-imposed task, and to look upon men as they are—not as they seem—without any regard to the common badge with which they disguise themselves.





ON OUR JUDGMENTS OF OTHERS, AND OTHER JUDGMENTS.



HERE is a story so good that we wish it were thoroughly authenticated, which runs thus:— When Milton, old, poor, and blind, was retired to obscurity and Bunhill Fields, and the Stuarts, whom he had so thoroughly opposed, had returned to power, inaugurating therewith a reign of licentiousness never exceeded, the scapegrace King visited the old man, and found him sitting at his door basking in the sun. The face of his Majesty lighted up with a sardonic smile as he said to Cromwell's Latin Secretary, "Do you not perceive, Mr. Milton, that your blindness is a judgment of God for taking part against my late father, King Charles?" "Nay," said Milton, calmly, "if I have lost my *sight* through God's judgment, what can you say to your father, who lost his *head*?" The rejoinder is complete : the unexpected tit for tat silenced the King, and Milton was spared, whilst others of his party were banished or slain. We can recall this story when we find people nowadays so ready "to deal damnation round the land" for every little action which they think a crime. A Mormon

writes to the papers, and threatens us with God's "judgment" because Joe Smith is termed a cunning rogue. The Americans, he says, are now suffering a judgment because they expelled the Mormons from Utah, and murdered the prophet. But then there is a black man, and a newspaper editor, who says that the Union is split up as a judgment against slavery ; and many old legitimists here will certainly rejoice and say, "Now to what end has your fine republic come to? You rebelled against a good king, a small taxation, a generous government, which had spent millions for you, and now, after eighty years, comes the judgment!" So the Plague of London was a judgment, on one side for readmitting the Stuarts, on the other for executing the King ; and then the Fire was an awful judgment against everything and everybody. The sinful nation was to be destroyed : the wretches were to be swallowed up. Never were the churches so full. The Court repented, but it was Falstaff's repentance, "Marry, not in sackcloth and ashes, but with new cloth and old sack," and the career of sin was persevered in just as strongly as ever. Presuming this to be the case, there are two thoughts which must strike most of us :—Firstly, that all judgments of the Most High are very merciful—as indeed they are—because by the great fire London was at once and for ever purified of her annual visitation of the plague ; her streets were widened and improved, and new health and energy given to the people, and this in the cheapest and least cruel way. Had the Lord Mayor and citizens and the Government been wise enough to see this, and to adopt Wren's plan for rebuilding the city,

half our dirt, dishonesty, darkness, turmoil, and city crime, might have been saved us even now ; for physical and mental disorganization go together, as surely as the wicked lurk in the privy corners of the street.

The second thought is, that if the fire were a judgment, it was utterly futile, since it did not touch the corrupt part. What should we say if a surgeon, who, wishing to stop a mortification, cut off the sound leg and let the rotten one remain ? This is a just analogy, between the worker of an inefficient judgment and an inefficient surgeon, since both operations are intended for the healing of the man of the people. What Divine judgment is we really do know : it smites Herod on his throne ; it says to David, "Thou art the man ;" it sends swarms of lice and frogs even into kings' palaces ; it turns all the water in the land to blood ; it strikes at every man's door, and slays his first-born. It is awful, sudden, efficient. It slays the receivers of gold and the liars even as the finger points, and they die dreadfully ; it dogs a whole family, cuts them off by blood, and removes them from the throne ; but it does not strike the innocent, and let the guilty free.

By a by no means singular perversion most people professedly religious are great believers in and dealers out of judgments. They have their texts to prove that they are right, and they are often very angry with their opponents, and call them hard names, if they do not believe in them. The very best of men who have opposed these narrow-minded people have been called Atheists and irreligious because of their opposition. How many hard names have been thrown

at Bayle, at Newton, at Coleridge, at Erasmus, at Luther himself, just because they were more wide-minded than the people around them. The very best and wisest of the ancient philosophers, Socrates, was called a despiser and a reviler of the gods because he doubted the popular idea of them ; and the very shortest way for any one of our readers to get into hot water in a village is to refuse to concur in the common theology of the leading dissenting minister or the parson.

Now it is undoubtedly a comfortable and a very good thing to trust thoroughly in God. Cowper never wrote truer lines than when he penned these :—

“ Happy the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that chequer life.”

And a finer poet than he, William Wordsworth, has told us, after a life spent in revolving the weighty question, that there is only one adequate support for all the calamities of mortal life—one only—

“ an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe’er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power.”

But, whilst urging this to the utmost extent, we must deny the right of persons, ignorant or learned, to point out with their finger and say, “This is God’s judgment, and that is His punishment.” The O’Donoghue some time ago in Parliament assured us that the “finger of God” was visible in the removal of Cavour. Undoubtedly in one sense, but not in

that of the Irish member : or we may retort, What about the removal of Ferdinand of Naples? what about the sickness of the Pope? We cannot have what Emerson calls a Pistareen Providence—a Providence which allows its slightest act to be read by the dullest man, which deals in halfpenny punishments and immediate rewards, which can be checked and noted, cast up and ticked off, like a debtor and creditor account in a ledger. Such an idea is certainly not noble : surely it is unworthy of the Almighty, and the immense scheme which He has placed around us.

Some very good men, who should have known better, have affected an intimacy and an acquaintance with the designs of Providence which, to reverential minds, seems shocking, and to others ridiculous. Thus, the celebrated Huntingdon, S. S. (or Sinner Saved), as he styled himself, once related that he prayed earnestly for a pair of leathern breeches, and received them next day, per carrier, in answer to his prayer. Another eminent dissenter went and sought the Lord for a leg of mutton, and duly received one already roasted. But most of our readers will recall other asserted instances of Providential succour quite as quaint and strange. If these occur in the manner in which they are said to do, then the age of miracles is not past, and then the Protestantism of the nineteenth century can furnish relations as wonderful as any related in Butler's lives of the saints.

Amongst these are many which Mr. Buckle quotes in his first volume on Civilization, to show the state of fanaticism into which Scotland had fallen and long remained ; and

they moreover show, more than anything else, the bitter feeling which ignorance and religion combined will engender. Amongst them the following bear upon judgments ; and a Mr. Kennedy warns us that the *improbability* of these stories, to the minds of some, is owing to their utter estrangement from the Lord ; “that is, that, unless we believe them, we too are estranged from God.” To proceed :—One Alister Og, a godly weaver, said to his minister, “Not many more sermons will you preach ;” and “in a very short time” the minister died. A dishonest milkwoman had made money by mixing one-third water with her milk, and was decamping with her gains to America. A monkey on board the ship stole the money from under her pillow, mounted the rigging, and, opening the bag, began to pick out the coins, every third of which it threw in the sea, and the others on deck, till the owner was able to carry off just what she had fairly earned, and the rest was lost in the ocean. This anecdote was related by a preacher, a Rev. Mr. Lachlan, in his pulpit ; and one who heard it remembered that at home he had a bundle of bank-notes, the proceeds of the sale of diluted whisky. He hastened home, looked eagerly at his store, when a spark from his torch fell upon the notes, “and burnt as many *as exactly represented the extent to which he had diluted his whisky.*” A teetotaler would have had the whole number burnt ; for the very act of selling alcoholic spirit is in his view pernicious. But more serious judgments remain behind.

A Laird of Hiltoun finding a somewhat obnoxious preacher holding forth, the pulpit not being his own, charged him to

come down, and on his refusal pulled him out by force. "For this injury to the servant of God, Hiltoun," said the preacher, "know what you are to meet with : in a little time ye shall be brought into this church like a stickit sow." And, in a little time after, Hiltoun was run through the body and brought bleeding and dying into the church. But these are not solitary instances. Amongst our own people here, amongst Romanists and Baptists, extreme Dissenter or extreme High Church, you will hear the same tales. The Almighty is called forward to take part in almost every quarrel, to avenge every wrong. A man in Ireland buys a field at a public sale, which belongs, or is said to belong, to an old family ; he improves it, and is succeeding in doing much good with it, when he is shot from behind the hedge, and the people around talk of judgment. But when these same murderers are brought to the gallows, if they are ever caught, we do not hear so much of the matter.

As an instance how prevalent the superstition is, we may refer to a late trial for murder in our own country. Two men, distant relations, had been working at harvest. The elder held the wages of the two, and, when the younger demanded his share, quarrelled with him and stabbed him to the heart. There had been bad blood between the men, bad words and bitter feeling ; yet, upon her examination, the widow expressed her opinion, in a feeble way, that it was a "judgment" upon the deceased, because in a moment of anger, after a former quarrel, he had wished that his arms might drop "if he ever worked with that man." The murder would have taken place,

in all probability, had the man never said a word about his relation ; for the murderer was a quarrelsome, bad man, full of anger and too ready with his knife. At Spezzia an old Garibaldian hastened to protect some women from brigands, was wounded in the contest, and died. A priest told his hearers that the judgment of God was fulfilled, and “improved the occasion” in favour of bad government and King Francis ; but in two or three days some of the regular troops punished the brigands, and during the contest shot the priest. Here the tables were turned : perhaps the priest suffered judgment too, for being so ready to judge others.

At the present moment (1862) many priests, who are given up, body and soul, to the party of King Francis, assert most publicly and vehemently that the very dry weather is a judgment upon the whole country, and threaten the poor Italians with a famine, because Garibaldi has overturned the Bourbons. “It is all very well,” they say, “for you to pray to the sacred images : they will not help you ; they are not in *our* hands ;” and, to say the truth, many processions have taken place lately without any results.

What priests and politicians do in the great world, we are all too ready to do in our own small one. One old lady in a village will tell you why Mrs. Jones’s cow died, and why Tom Blank went away to sea. Of course both of them were “judgments ;” and so we dare to mete out Providence, to measure the thunder, and to notify the vengeance ; and, like Job’s friends, when we find any one sitting amongst the potsherd, we at once begin to retrace his steps, and point out

that he was wrong there and here, and that he deserved the judgment. But, as that sacred story should tell us, perhaps the least we say about these matters the better. So far from the rain being withheld from Italy as a punishment, we are told that the rain falls upon the just and the unjust equally. So far from believing that the wicked are cut off, we are advised that the wheat and tares grow together till the harvest. So far from goodness and sinlessness being necessary to worldly prosperity, we often see that the worst man is the best tradesman, and that it is too often that the mean, the despicable and narrow-minded, make the largest fortunes and are the most thoroughly successful men. In one sense it is not possible to make the best of both worlds, if "best" signify the highest place at the table, the largest fortune, most honour, and the best house ; but if, on the other hand, it should mean the quietest, most honest, and therefore the happiest life, then indeed it is.

These considerations may teach us the folly of proclaiming judgments against any one. When two armies meet in battle prayers are put up for either side, and the opponents mutually declare each other wicked and worthy of destruction. In America (North) the Southern States are detestable rebels ; in the South the Northerners are frantic tyrants. When Luther assailed the Pope's creed his opponents said, and say to this day, that he was created by the devil, whilst we reckon him a second St. Paul. Distance in both instances—in one of miles, in the other of years—makes us see things in a different light. Perhaps North and South can no more exist together than

could Lutheran and Romanist, and perhaps it will be the very best thing for the world that the present war took place. At any rate, we have no right to look at it as a curse. Let us wait awhile. Do not let us say it is a judgment on slavery, or upon any other particular sin : it is a trial which will improve both parties ; and, with our own friends and countrymen, do not let us be too ready to point the blow. Let us remember the rebuke that they upon whom the Tower of Siloam fell were not the *only* guilty in Jerusalem ; and that when the Jews, eager to point a moral, asked whose fault it was that a man was blind—was it his sin, or his parents’?—they were rebuked, and told that it was occasioned by no sin, but that God’s mercy should be more fully shown. How often this is the case we poor, weak, and blind creatures cannot say ; but often enough, we may hope and trust, to put an end to the common and unchristian method of passing judgments upon others.





ON THE FACES AROUND US.



IT has become the fashion for historians—who take care to write in a much more pictorial way than those who preceded them—to draw new portraits of the heroes and heroines of the history they relate. They find their reward in the greater interest which their narratives excite. We all want to know what manner of man Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon was. We collect coins, and purchase expensive engravings, to satisfy ourselves. The pictorial newspapers thrive upon this desire, and the passion extends very low down in the social scale, and cheap woodcuts of notorious criminals are eagerly sought for, so much so that a complete collection is very valuable. When Jack Sheppard committed his prison-breaking exploits there was such a desire to know the man that Hogarth obtained permission to paint his portrait, and did so, Jack being in prison with his irons on, Sir James Thornhill the King's serjeant-painter, and Gay the poet, being present at the time. The picture is that of a brutal, villainous-looking fellow, by no means the hero whom novelists have pictured. To turn from the lowest to the highest, we may add that it is to the curiosity of a Roman Emperor—so says the legend—that we

owe the only portrait of the Saviour that we have, and its description. It was cut on an emerald : the forehead broad, but low; the beard pointed and small; the hair parted in the middle; the nose straight, and of full size. This is plainly a Grecian type of face, and, from that circumstance and from others, both the word-portrait and the gem have been long ago declared to be fictitious : but the anecdote is sufficient to prove the desire ; and, moreover, from that gem possibly the modern paintings of our Lord have, through the Byzantine copies, descended to our times.

Mankind seem to have felt, from a very early period, that the science of physiognomy is intrinsically true. A good face is a letter of recommendation, says an old proverb, which almost every one finds. Our police magistrates frequently judge of disputed testimony in witnesses by the face. A downcast look, a forehead "villainous low," a darksome, worn, and greasy complexion, a face in which anger, care, and bad passions, have set their marks, is one not likely to be let off easily when suspected. Shakspeare frequently alludes to the face ; *Falstaff* is full of shrewd remarks upon it ; and dozens of rules for physiognomy might be drawn from the works of "immortal Will," written more than two hundred years before Lavater made it his especial study. Look, for instance, at those few words which Cæsar says of the lean and hungry Cassius. The internal spirit will make itself seen externally. There must be, and always will be, "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," or disgrace either.

The principal features of the face are, far above its general shape and colour, thought to be indices of character. Eyes, nose, and mouth, are the most important, and consequently bear the chief *onus* of the good or evil in man. It was Plato's thought that a fair soul chose a fair body to reside in ; but the philosophy of our religion, more modest than Plato, doth not pronounce so hastily ; yet in eyes, nose, and mouth there are men who, to use Shakspeare's phrase, "are marked and quoted to be villains." It is not the right thing to give a dog a bad name ; yet a dog may have a very bad name, if he be but a handsome dog, and yet be a very lucky dog too. An ugly cur gets no pity, and an innocent man before now has been condemned on account of his sinister look.

The eyes are poetically called the windows of the soul. Deep, large, lustrous, and well-opened eyes are those most desired : small, bright, twinkling eyes are perhaps most serviceable, and last longest ; they betoken also the wisest and most intellectual disposition. The politician, says Pope—

"Sees through all things with his half-shut eyes ;"

and any one who has noticed the received portraits of Voltaire will readily recognise what piercing power must have shot from those small, fiery, cunning orbs of his. Most sceptical of all the sceptics, prime doubter amongst the doubters, his character may be read by them ; he had the eyes of an arch politician ; and so, also, may the mind of the greatest of female sovereigns, Elizabeth of England, be seen in the clear blue-steel glance which shone out fiery at her council-board,

and flashed hot indignation on the ambassadors of France and Spain. The grey (not deep blue) eye is a favourite with the writers of England. "Clear were his eyen, and blue as steel," says Chaucer ; and even now the wide-open, clear grey eyes of the *Fanqui*, or white devils, terrify the soft and incapable Hindoos. To them it is the "evil eye : " they hate it, but they cannot withstand it. Next in intelligence and determination is the hazel eye, the most peculiar of which ever depicted are perhaps those of Miss Brontë, the authoress of *Jane Eyre*, as sketched by Mrs. Gaskell. "Peculiar eyes," she writes, "of which I find it difficult to give a description. They were large and well-shaped, their colour a reddish brown ; but if the iris were well examined, it seemed composed of a great variety of tints. The usual expression was of quick, listening intelligence ; but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out, as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled, which glowed behind those expressive orbs. I never saw the like in any other human creature." In the portrait by Richmond, prefixed to the volume, we find this description borne out. The look is vivid, sparkling, intense. The glances are like those of the *Lamia*, or serpent-woman, in Keats's poem, luminous and entrancing. Of this kind of glances Coleridge in his *Christabel* gives a notable example, but much too long to quote here, when other features demand our attention.

The nose, "the gnomon on your neighbour's phiz," is the most prominent, if not the most important, of our facial

ornaments. When Charles Kean acted as *Mephistopheles*, in *Faust*, he proved the importance of the member by wearing an artificial nose, cleverly formed of gutta-percha, or other coloured material, which entirely altered the character of his countenance. We have only to fancy our snub-nosed friends with Roman noses, to see at once, with our mind's eye, what an immense difference this would make. The chief character in everybody's face lies in the nose ; and so important is it, that a great wit wrote a dissertation upon noses, not without an *arrière-pensée*, which it will not do for us to follow out. "Learned men, brother Toby," says he, "do not write dialogues upon long noses for nothing." Indeed, besides being "a breathing apparatus, an ornament to the face, and a convenient handle by which to grasp an impudent fellow," it is, no doubt, an important index to a man's character. It recalls temper, the passions, power, taste, energy, discrimination, and idea. It has had a volume, nay, more than one, written upon it. It has excited the envy of those who possess it not. It especially distinguishes the man from the brute ; for, as an old song says, "the prejudice goes very far in the favour of wearing a nose, and a nose should not look like a snout."

Now a man has a nose, but a brute has but a snout. The most advanced ape in all creation, the last link, if we believe Monboddo and Darwin, between the beast and man, cannot boast of so divine an appendage as a nose ; a beak or a snout is all that he can lay claim to. When prize-fighters break and batter and utterly deface "the human face

divine," they go far to render a man like a brute by breaking down the bridge of his nose.

Noses have been classified as the Roman or aquiline, the eagle-beaked nose, the straight or Greek nose, the cogitative wide-nostrilled nose, the Jewish, the snub, and the celestial or turned-up nose. Of these the first indicates decision, firmness of character, great energy, and with these a considerable disregard for the softnesses, littlenesses, and paltry ways of society and life. Many of our first-rate men have had Roman noses. It was a Roman nose which determined first upon subjugating this island ; which nose, if legends tell truth, was broken in the attempt : for Cæsar fell from his boat as he landed, and damaged his face upon the hard shingles of the shore of Deal. How important the parts which have been played by this kind of facial organ, as may be seen by a glance into history. Beginning with Sesostris, we have Cato the Censor, Julius Cæsar, Henry IV. of France, Canute, Sir William Wallace, Robert Bruce, Edward I., Henry VII., Queen Elizabeth, Loyola the founder of the Jesuits, Sir Francis Drake, Gonzalve of Cordova, who beat the Moors, the great Condé, Cortez, Pizarro, the great Pitt, Washington, chief of the New World, and Wellington, the greatest captain of his age, all with Roman noses. Of course, also, we must add Columbus, who discovered America. Without the testimony of portraits, we could declare that it must have been a Roman-nosed man who, beaten from court to court, laughed at and neglected, still by perseverance got together his little navy, and, setting his back resolutely to the Old World, steered

over the waste of waters to the New. Of half Roman and half Greek noses, which class combines physical energy with refinement, many great men have boasted : such were Alexander the Great, Constantine, King Alfred, Wolsey, Richelieu, Lorenzo de' Medici, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and last, and greatest in energy and effect, Napoleon Buona-parte. His nephew has also an aquiline nose, rugose, coarse, large, but expressive, and cogitative as to the termination and nostrils.

Mr. Dickens makes one of his characters, little Miss La Creevy, the portrait-painter, always looking out of window to catch a good-looking nose which she may transfer to ivory. Her favourite was a Grecian. The sketch is conceived in that spirit of humorous falsification which distinguishes the author ; but it is so far true that it enables us to guess which kind of nose is most liked by ladies, which we humbly presume is the Grecian ; and it must be owned that the most beauteous of mankind have possessed this nose. It is impossible to conceive more beautiful faces than those which have the Greek nose ; but the owners are men of too much refinement to be always energetic and bustling. Hence, when Napoleon, who was a nasologist, or nose philosopher, wanted any work well done, he asked for a man with plenty of nose. "Strange as it may appear," he says, "I generally chose a man with a good allowance of nose." Now the Grecian nation never had a superabundance of that organ. Their noses were small, but well-chiselled, straight from the forehead, without much individuality or

locality above them in the forehead, and accompanied by the well-known Greek character—a preference for a diagonal action, craft, sharpness, good bargaining, and refinement. They loved the arts rather than war. They admired eloquence because it indirectly persuaded. They were fickle, and were for ever seeking something new. The Romans would have battered down the walls of Troy in half the time in which the Grecians did, or they would have died under them. The Grecians loved to talk rather than fight. They remain in history, and occupy so large a space, because of the genius of their authors, not of that of their people.

The possessors of the Greek nose who have become celebrated in history will very fairly indicate the general character which it seems to point out. Addison, Byron, Shelley, Petrarch, Spenser, and Milton (in his youth), are those amongst poets who were distinguished by this feature. Of painters there are many who, as their portraits show, possessed it: Raffaele the divine, one of the most beautiful of men, Canova the sculptor, Claude, Titian, Murillo, and (when young) Rubens. Under this class naturally falls a very excellent kind of nose, called the Græco-cogitative. In youth many noses are almost purely Grecian; but these afterwards develop into the rugose, widely nostrilled, cogitative nose, which the majority of great thinkers appear to have possessed. This is the last class of which we can at present treat. It should not turn up, nor be bluntly snubbed, but gradually widen below the bridge. The nostrils should be fine and wide, not close and thin. The tip should, as we

have said, have a character of its own, and should certainly not be thin, which would indicate weakness and curiosity. Men of war or of theology, inventors, agriculturists, or strict men of business, possess this nose ; and to enumerate the number of first-rate men who have possessed it would occupy more space than we can afford. Wycliffe, Luther, Knox, Tyndale, and Fuller ; Bunyan, Paley, Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Chalmers, Priestly, and Wesley—all possessed it, with many other great theologians. Amongst poets are Homer, Chaucer, Tasso, Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, and Milton in manhood and age ; amongst men of discovery and science, Galileo, Caxton, Bacon, Newton, Smeaton, Cuvier, Des Cartes, Whiston, and Alexander von Humboldt ; amongst artists, Michael Angelo and Hogarth ; amongst statesmen, Oliver Cromwell, Burke, Franklin, Edward III., Colbert, Talleyrand, Fox, Walpole, and De Witt ; amongst historians, Hume, Robertson, Burnet, Archbishop Usher, and Macaulay ; amongst lawyers, Erskine, Blackstone, Hall, Coke, Somers, Mansfield, and Lord Brougham.

The last-mentioned eminent nose is perhaps the best known of any in this generation. Innumerable caricatures have made it celebrated everywhere. It is slightly bent upwards, and has a defiant and combative expression ; but its end is decidedly cogitative, its nostrils wide and full of character. To its partly turned-up style no doubt his lordship owes that insatiable industry and curiosity which has made him explore all science, and has rendered him eminent in law, politics, and literature ; to its cogitative

character, that boldness of thought, and noble defiance of oppression and wrong, and that far-seeing depth, which he has ever exercised, happily, for the benefit of humanity. It is a nose far above par. The common run of us cannot boast one at once so characteristic and so ugly : *Non cuique datum est habere nasum* (Most noses have no character at all); a quotation which should be remembered as having been most elegantly used by Joseph Addison when he received a handsome snuff-box, and wished modestly to testify that he did not take snuff.





ON THE FACES AROUND US.

(Continued.)



HAT illustriously obscure author Marolles, who made a list of his own works extending over two thousand subjects, and who, since no one would buy them, used to circulate them by slipping them in between the volumes on the second-hand book-stalls, has not forgotten the subject of Noses, and opens his chapter, we are told, by a disquisition on the nose of the Virgin Mary, which he declares was of a sweet and feminine aquiline, and which, therefore, shall head our list of illustrious noses of that kind. Mr. Holman Hunt, in his new picture, has not followed the authority of Marolles ; but then, as he has made a mistake in the architecture of Herod's Temple (having pictured it Oriental instead of an imitation of the Greek), we may excuse his falling short in this particular. If we want examples of the aquiline, eagle's beak, or Jewish nose, we have only to look round about us on our Hebrew brethren. The species is good, shrewd, and useful. Perhaps selfishness and determination are more strongly marked in it than in any others. Not only the Jews, but nearly all the ancient

Easterns appear to have it ; and one proof of the origin of the gipsies is found in the character of their noses. In the Egyptian sculptures we continually find the Jewish nose : nay, so far as we can judge from the unrolled mummies which are to be found in the British Museum and elsewhere, the noses in mummy flesh are aquiline. So also with the Assyrians in the Nineveh marbles, that type of nose is strictly adhered to ; and, whether the king be hunting, or pursuing, or fighting with his enemies, we find the prominent aquiline the leading feature of his face. Grecian and snub noses do not seem to have been dreamt of by the prolific artists of those days. The Grecian was probably the nose of Mahomet and his successors, as it is of his devotees, who are to be found all over Persia and India. The Hindoos also partake of the type ; and it was but lately that we were watching the countenances of Duleep Sing and of the first of our Eastern baronets, Sir Cowasjee Jejeebhoy, and marking the long, curved, thin, and somewhat pendulous “beaks” which they possessed. The only exception is, they say, Nāna Sahib, whose nasal organ is more straight than those of his brethren.

Amongst a rare collection of various woods in the museum of Kew Gardens are to be found two wooden statues of Siva, a deity much worshipped by idolatrous Easterns ; and the frowning brows, fierce eyes, and cruel expression of the thin, drawn-up lips, are much aided by the narrow, finely cut, aquiline nose, which, with thin nostrils widely inflated, seems to run down to meet and cover the upturned lip. You

can well see why the ignorant devotees feared their wooden god. No mean artist has carved that face : he has well carried out the characteristics of the god ; and his countenance corresponds with his name—Siva, the Destroyer.

The vindictiveness of Siva is an expression partly owing to the character of the aquiline nose ; and, to follow out the thought suggested, we shall find vindictiveness and spite very prominent amongst animals and birds the features of which bear some approximation to the forward curve we have under notice. A Roman-nosed horse is perhaps as spiteful as any ; and could we have photographic side-faces of the horses tamed by Mr. Rarey, we should be able to judge the external features which accompany what the grooms call “vice” in these animals. From our own observation on mules, donkeys, and horses, we should say that an aquiline contour is decidedly suggestive of bad temper. That it is so of spite, as well as of energy, in the opinion of Shakspeare and Dickens, both very close observers, we need only quote two of their characters to prove : these are *Shylock* and *Fagin*, both Jews. That these were both men of high endowments and of great intellects, that they were both very much trampled upon and injured, that both were not the subjects of pity, is not to be denied, any more than that we are now treating inventions of an author’s brain as if they were realities. But they are so consonant with truth that they are realities ; and we can picture the Jew who wished his daughter “dead at his feet, with her jewels in her ear,” and he who was the instructor of *Charley Bates* and the *Artful Dodger*, with more vividness

than we can those real criminals, Sir John Dean Paul (whose nose is aquiline), Mr. Pullinger, or Robson of the Crystal Palace. Perhaps the most obtrusively aquiline nose that ever was seen was that of the conqueror of Scinde, the late Sir Charles Napier. The organ itself was prodigious ; it was a Squire-of-the-wood's nose, one really not seen in a lifetime elsewhere ; and the energy which accompanied it was as prodigious. But the nose was far from Jewish. It was aquiline, not pendulous, thin at the end, and fine and thin in the nostril. George Cruikshank, the artist, who bears some similarity to the general, has also a fine aquiline nose ; and it is curious that in the Indian army Napier used to bear the *sobriquet* of "Old Fagin," whilst Cruikshank, who illustrated Dickens's fiction so admirably, copied the face of the Jew from his own, sitting before a glass for the first study of those etchings which, embodying the idea of the author, made the first issue of *Oliver Twist* so popular and so highly prized.

Great conquerors, and also those guilty of great cruelties, the scourges of their kind, Attila, Tamcrlane, and Genghis Khan, also had, so far as we can determine from report and tradition, aquiline noses.

Mrs. Hemans and Charles Dickens, when young, may be cited as possessors of aquiline noses. Dickens's has grown to be somewhat more than it was in Maclise's portrait, and is now to be classed as cogitative. Of his late rival's nose we would say little : it has been the *causa teterrima belli*—the fruitful source of a literary quarrel, which resulted in the more powerful turning the weaker author out of his club, and

thus marking him for life. The truth is, that satirist's nose had suffered in its youth ; and that which should have been profoundly cogitative was decidedly spoilt. But authors being proverbially of an irritable race, this nose troubled its possessor, and he resented its being dragged into public life ; and indeed it is both actually and in print a delicate subject to be handled. The principal wonder was, that a great writer should be so thin-skinned as to irreparably injure a fellow-author for a remark upon his nose, or, as the imaginative Kelt calls it, "the preface to his countenance."

Thus having arrived at snubs by an example which recalls old John Dennis and Alexander Pope, we may as well briefly dismiss them. The snub is the most abused and despised of noses. It has accompanied but few great men through life, Kosciusko and the Emperor Paul of Russia being the most notorious. It has not had even a negative respectability ; for, under the name of *retroussé*, this nose has been worn by almost all the most *piquante* of demireps and the mistresses of kings upon record.

According to Marmontel, "Un petit nez retroussé renvers les lois d'un empire ;" and in the histories of Pompadour and Du Barry, and a few others of those celebrities, such as the Duchess of Portsmouth and Mistress Nell Gwynne, we have sufficient proofs of the truth of this dictum. Our finest biographer, Boswell, George II., and Queen Charlotte, were punished by having this nose assigned to them : we use our phraseology advisedly ; for certainly a woman who through history will be ever known as "Farmer George's

plain wife," and whom even court painters could not flatter, is to be pitied.

Great curiosity, general gaiety, a certain force of character, and impudence, are associated with snub noses. Cupid, the most impudent of ancient deities, is pictured thus adorned. These qualities are scarcely compensated by a certain readiness of wit and cleverness at repartee which accompanies it ; nor does the term "celestial" at all soften the evil. This adjective has been bestowed upon the organ because it is continually turning up and seeking the skies, or because the Chinese, the celestial nation, or the far greater portion of them at least, have such noses. They are, in fact, a nation of snub noses ; and, if Messrs. Oliphant and Wingrove Cooke are to be credited, they are the most impudent and lying of all nations.

Grand distinctions exist between the noses of mankind ; but we have not space to enter into the question of classes and sub-classes. We indicate the genus : we cannot point out the species, or we might particularize the Græco-Roman nose, the cogitative snub, the Jewish snub, and the Roman snub, all of which are sufficiently distinct to be measured and descanted upon. But we must leave a subject which possesses such charms, and affords so prominent and distinct a handle to a man's character.

The mouth, our last feature, for which we have indeed left little space, is one upon which very much of the character of the face depends. No woman can be a pretty woman who has an ugly mouth. To the most regular features a gaping

mouth, or ugly, drooping, and badly formed lips, will give an air of listless ignorance, or half-idiotcy, which is so repulsive. Firmness, general decision, cruelty, softness, and gentleness of mind, love of our fellows, eloquence, spite, vindictiveness, generosity, and strength of character, are all indicated by the mouth.

It is incumbent, therefore, with astute and cunning men, with those who are crafty and politic, and who plot against humanity, to conceal the play and workings of the mouth. As Cæsar covered his baldness with a laurel crown, so a modern Cæsar covers his lips with a thick, drooping moustache; in this, too, nature has admirably aided him. Forrester, the Bow Street runner, and Fouché, Napoleon's celebrated *chef* of police, almost invariably detected the guilty by noticing the play of the lips. Forrester, in his curious *Memoirs*, has frequently told us that he saw "guilt upon the lip" of more than one whom he suspected; and his sagacity, if not unerring, was great. But who can watch the play of the mouth when it is covered by a thick grove of moustache? All the celebrated police-agents, from Fouché to Inspector Whicher, would have been completely puzzled by such. It is well, therefore, on important occasions, to conceal the mouth. It is too sure an index of character.

Thin, pale lips are supposed to be indicative of ill-temper. They are more surely, perhaps, the consequences of a weakly and not too healthy habit of body. A very thin nether lip, clenched teeth, and a pale cheek, have been for ages the stock-in-trade of the fictionist when he wishes to draw a conspirator;

and the painter has followed him. Judas, in many of the early Italian pictures, is seen biting his under lip. Richard III., as portrayed by Holinshed and by Shakspeare, had a similar habit. Men of nervous and excitable temperament have, especially if suspicious, a habit of plucking at their lips and distorting their mouths.

Small mouths are very much praised, and have been for a long time much in fashion. Fashionable painters and artists for the *Book of Beauty* have carried this smallness of mouth to an absurdity. You will see engravings of ladies with mouths considerably smaller than their eyes, which, of course, presuming the face to be in due proportion, is as much a monstrosity as if the mouth, like that of a giant in a pantomime, extended from ear to ear. The female mouth should not be too small. From what we can gather from contemporary portraits, supposing them to be true, both Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots had mouths much too small to be handsome. That of the former, the greatest female monarch who has ever existed, should have at least indicated her capacious mind. That of Queen Charlotte was ugly ; that of the princess of that name was a true Brunswick mouth, exhibiting the two front teeth, from the shortness and curious elevation of the upper lip, which is perpetuated in the males of the present royal family. The House of Hapsburg has also a very ugly mouth, celebrated as the Austrian mouth.

Certain masters of the ceremonies have written much on the expression of the mouth. "It is," says one, "the feature which is called into play the most frequently ; and therefore,

even where beauty of form exists, *careful training is needed*, to enable it to perform correctly its manifold duties. An elegant manner of utterance renders words, insignificant in themselves, agreeable and persuasive. In the act of eating, skilful management is necessary. A laugh is a very severe test to this feature."

Turning from such foppery to the poets, we may conclude by saying that, from the Greek anthology downwards, to the fluent young fellows who write songs for the music-publishers, thousands of lines have been written in praise of ladies' mouths. The Latins and the Italians have paid great attention to this feature : rosy lips, pearly teeth, and violet breath, have been for ages the stock-in-trade of the poets. But perhaps the best things said of them are by an Irish and an English poet : the Irishman, hyperbolically, likens the mouth of his charmer to "a dish of strawberries smothered in crame ;" and Sir John Suckling paints to the life the pretty pouting under lip of a beauty in his *Ballad on a Wedding* :—

" Her lips were red, and one was thin ;
Compared to that was next her chin—
Some bee had stung it newly."





THE POOR ABOUT US.



T must be admitted that we live in very comfortable times ; that is, for the rich and the well-to-do. The baron of old, with whom romantic young ladies sometimes fall in imaginative love, was not half so well off as regards "creature comforts" as the small tradesman of to-day. The duke in King Richard's days never wore such linen, such comfortable shoes, or dined upon such excellent mutton and vegetables, as the man of the middle classes of to-day. His house was not so well ventilated, his windows did not give so much light, his person was not so safe, as that of a little provincial attorney, who, by the necessity of his position, is forced to spend his useful life in fomenting petty quarrels, and gathering therefrom six-and-eightpences. Nor was the baron's castle so well guarded. Around the attorney, and around every other subject of the Queen, is drawn a powerful and a magic circle, called the Majesty of the Law, which must not be transgressed, and to guard which, inviolate and untouched, twenty-six millions of British subjects are ready to die. As regards actual comfort, plenty, food, warmth, clothing, travelling, and all the little

happinesses of life, there is absolutely no choice ; the bold baron, shivering in his windy castle, with the edges of his eyes red with the smoke of his wood or his peat fire, is absolutely nowhere : the benefits are all on the side of the tradesman, or attorney, or middle-class man of modern society, who, having done very little towards the good of others, is yet borne upwards as the mass moves, and gathers all the benefits of the workers and thinkers of the past.

Such a reflection as this is enough to make us thankful and prayerful, even if we are not very great, or rich, or clever. But there is another side of the question, which should make us more so. Certain portions of society are very much better off ; but there are others which are perhaps worse. There is a ragged fringe on the robe of society, woven though it be in purple and gold and silver tissue, and of many glorious colours, which should make us shudder whilst we think of it. Let us take London, the largest and richest city in the world, and see what we find there.

In London alone we have, we are told, 16,000 children trained to crime ; 15,000 lazy, hulking men, too cowardly to be desperate, who live by “cadging” and low gambling. There are no fewer than 5000 receivers of stolen goods, and 150,000 men and women subsisting by other disgraceful means, which we will not here mention. To hang on to these, and to the charity of well-to-do persons (and perhaps the rogues are the more profuse of the two), we have 25,000 beggars ; and these, all added together, will make a very large army, composed of what Carlyle calls the “devil’s regiments

of the line," of more than 261,000 persons ! "These," says Mr. George Godwin, in his last book, called, pathetically, *Another Blow for Life*, "are terrible figures ;" and let us remember that there can be no question as to the fact. Some statisticians would make the aggregate less by 50,000 or so ; some might swell it to more ; but, less or more, there is the fact—terrible, startling, appalling. Can it, or some part of it, be remedied ?

None of our readers who have caught the true spirit of these Essays can suppose that we have any object before us save that of doing what little good we can in our generation ; nor, in doing this, will they imagine that for a moment we could be so injudicious as to array class against class. But when we look downwards, below our own class, we find infinite subdivisions more or less neglected and more or less miserable. The Almighty has decreed that the poor shall never cease out of the land ; nevertheless, He has commanded that they shall be tended and cared for in their painful pilgrimage. In following out our own material success, in pushing forward the mighty power of this kingdom, and in developing its astonishing resources, the working classes have often been overlooked, though they have never been wholly forgotten.

In London, for instance, to which the above figures apply, the house-room is woefully insufficient. Through overcrowding, imperfect ventilation, and consequent bad air, both the mind and the body become vitiated. Sydney Godolphin Osborne and *The Times* newspaper, in excusing Sir George

Grey for pardoning an educated murderer, go so far as to say that, in many instances, it is almost impossible to tell when a man is mad or not, or when his intellect is sufficient to distinguish between right and wrong. This is a very lame and insufficient excuse for a criminal who deliberately planned and committed a murder, and whose position was that of a gentleman. Poor men know very well that, if one of their class had done the deed, he would have been hanged without mercy ; but if such an excuse can be put forward at all, surely the poor should have the benefit of it. Where conscience is daily seared, where hunger holds out hourly temptations, where home has no allurements, where religion is unknown, and the words "God" and "Christ" are only names to swear by, we can hope for but little moral feeling, and still less moral sentiment. Down in the east, as well as in the very centre of London, there are places so crowded that three families often sleep in one room. There are some honest people living in these places, no doubt ; but the majority are thieves, returned ticket-of-leave men, and such-like. The women are coarse, slatternly, tipsy, singing ribald songs, and dancing wildly. The people, crowded about, are as wild as a set of Indians. The little boys run in and out, darting forward noiselessly on their naked feet, like deer. There seems to be no regular occupation for any of the people : some live by odd jobs ; others form the night population of London, and most likely gain their living by robbing when it becomes dark. When there is a "row," or a drunken brawl, the police muster in a strong body before they venture to attack them ; and even

then they are often brutally ill-treated, jumped upon, battered and maimed, and oftentimes injured for life. The conductors of religious journals, who describe these localities as affording fit fields of work for the London city missionary, call these people by the romantic name of "London Arabs." They are indeed true sons of Ishmael, for every man's hand is against them, and their hands are against every man.

What we see in one quarter of London is repeated in many other places. It is repeated over and over again in Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Leeds ; in fact, in every city of Great Britain. Not only do these people not work, but they hinder others from working. Their cost is enormous. From them the casual poor, and many of the paupers, are annually recruited. Our paupers alone, in the year 1861, amounted to 1,206,269, and these were relieved at the enormous cost of £6,981,291. But that was not all that we spent on them. Such people require to be kept in order ; and this can be done only by the English police, who certainly, to do them justice, are the admiration of the world, and on the whole perform their duties admirably. Although we have an army of nearly 21,000 police, at a cost, and really a very moderate cost, of £1,579,200, still they require to be largely increased. But then, to back these up, we have judges and gaols, prosecutions and prisons, costing nearly three millions more, or, altogether, £4,347,700, for the attempt to suppress and punish crime ; an attempt, as every one knows, not altogether successful, and punishment very inadequate for the criminal and very heavy for the innocent portion of the community. Then,

if we add our pauperism to our criminals, we shall find out exactly how costly this fringe of society is ; namely, we, the tax-payers of England, those who will work and mind their business, pay for the twelve months of this ragged, dragged fringe around the rich robe of their comfort, £11,327,991 ; and if we were to take into consideration the actual loss to the nation of so many strong bodies and active minds, deducted from the productive industry of the country, we should be putting the amount at a low figure if we were to say that our crime and our poverty cost us some hundred of millions of pounds sterling a year !

This is certainly not a very cheerful contemplation ; nevertheless, it must be looked at. We do not wish to exaggerate the blackness of the look-out. In all ages we have had crime, folly, knaves, and fools ; and very expensive have they always been to us. But the law of society, under a Christian dispensation, should be progress ; and to keep up this progress should be the endeavour of all good men.

Now, our present progress has, it seems to us, suffered some check. Society has become more callous and heartless. The non-success of the ideal French Republic, the success of general tyranny and despotism, and the seeming helplessness of those advanced patriots who struggle openly in Poland, Hungary, and France for the good and the true, have all aided the natural indolence of man in its love of ease. Englishmen, with few exceptions, have good wishes, but they are daily persuaded to let things continue as they are. There are the police to look after the thieves, and the

thieves to look after the plunder, and the housekeepers to look to their safety-bolts, unforgeable notes, and thief-proof cases ; and the clergy to look after us all. But, unhappily, we have not done too well in this state. We must look after police, locks, thieves, clergy, and all, if we want to keep up to our *status*. The well-being of the poor concerns us all. We do not preach any maudlin sympathy with thieves and robbers ; we do not believe in the heroism of Tom King ; and we utterly abhor the writers of highwaymen's novels ; but we do believe that half the evil that exists may be attributed to bad teaching and bad example. Remove this example and this teaching, and the evil will cure itself.

The nation has made great progress in establishing Ragged Schools and Industrial Homes. To these we may add Reformatories, wherein are deposited those who have been tempted and have fallen, but whose youth pleads for them, and enables them to be taken up from amongst the castaway children of crime. The good done by these three institutions has not been exaggerated, and a large extension of the system could not fail to prevent the commission of many crimes.

The homes of the poor should also be much improved. In London our railway system has knocked down and moved out of the way hundreds of poor dwellings, for the line of a railway is very naturally driven through the poorest and least expensive neighbourhoods. An excellent method of employing spare capital, much better than investing it in foreign securities or speculations, which are always more hazardous

than those at home, would be to use it in raising large buildings, in which the families of the poor could live in health and comfort. There is not the slightest reason why companies should not be formed for this object : plenty of money can be found to build a vast hotel, or to raise a music-hall. If luxury and amusement pay so well, will not utility and necessity pay also ?

Numbers of energetic young men should also be pressed by the clergy into use as lay teachers and instructors. If we find that the schoolmasters of the sixteen thousand children who are trained to crime find a scope for their wicked energies, why may they not be met by other schoolmasters who can demonstrate to the young and the untaught the folly and misery of crime ? Government would be wise if it extended the provisions of the Act which punishes those who live by pandering to the grosser passions of the unreflecting and the young. The field, as we have shown, is indeed very vast ; and every well-meaning man can at once enlist himself as a worker. Let each of us try to reform or help one unfortunate person in our knowledge. We cannot all raise hospitals, or build almshouses ; but if we try earnestly to help those who are thus nobly occupied, and each spend a few shillings on some unfortunate and outcast boy or girl, we should be doing ourselves, our neighbours, and the State, excellent service.



ON A NEW REGIME FOR WORKING MEN AND THEIR WIVES.

IN the midst of great noise and tumult, the noise of the captains and the neighings of the horses, the shoutings of victory or the grievous weepings for the dead ; in the midst, too, of European preparations for war—Socialism seems advancing amongst us, very noiselessly, but surely. Whether this be a fact to be deplored, or not, is a question. To the rich, Socialism has always been represented as a pillaging enemy ; to the poor, as the most beneficent of friends. So at one time it was said, “ Here is a Radical ! take care of your pockets ! ” but when men came to understand that the best of men wished for a reform from the root of the evil, and that “ radical ” really did not mean anything poisonous, its professors were allowed to be respectable. There is an immense dread of Socialism, perhaps because people do not understand the word. Charles Kingsley, and other great and good men, who are to-day very much like moderate Conservatives, started as “ Christian Socialists,” and their idea of Christian Socialism was beneficent and beautiful. It was very much the same

as Coleridge's, Cottle's, and Southey's *Pantisocracy*—a government of everybody : where there should be no *Autocracy*, or one government ; *Plutocracy*, or money government ; *Bureaucracy*, or red-tape government ; *Democracy*, or mob government ; or select *Oligarchy*, the government of a few chosen (perhaps self-chosen) people. Everybody was to do good, and to avoid evil. There were to be no soldiers, no police, no robbers, and nobody but he who was good, in the commonwealth. What a very pleasant place it would have been to live in ! What a pity it was that Coleridge could not raise money to go out to America to found this ! and if he *had* founded his *Pantisocracy*, and it had been “located” in Virginia, between the armies of Lee and Grant, with what fluttering white garments and green olive-branches would these *Pantisocrats* have marched forward and have endeavoured to have made peace !

Nevertheless, with all our failures—and every earnest, good man has had his dream of peace, and would have wiped every little tear, and filled every empty mouth—Socialism is coming ; that is, we are growing more and more into *bands*, brotherhoods, clubs, and societies ; and individuality is dying out. Here, in our very stronghold of domesticity and patriarchal government, our leading philanthropists are setting up “Working Men's Clubs” and “Dining Rooms,” and doing away with the necessity for a working man's wife at all. The direst Socialist who ever preached inflated wickedness could do no more harm to the family than these good men will do.

There can be, however, without dreaming of impossible

idealities, little or no question that the condition of our working men wants improvement. Work is honourable to all men : it is the first necessity, the primal law. " This we commanded you," says St. Paul, " that if any would not work, neither should he eat." It follows, as a natural corollary, that he who works well and earnestly should feed well. Unless he be well fed, he will lose health, and not be able to work ; yet it must be accepted as a fact, that some of our hardest workers are badly fed and badly housed ; and this effect is frequently produced, not through the insufficiency of their pay, but through the ignorance and the insufficiency of knowledge and management on the part of their wives.

Hence we have, on the part of the benevolent, an attempt to do by public means, and by large and systematic endeavours, that which should result from private endeavours on the part of the family. " Every one must have seen with pleasure," wrote a clergyman to the editor of one of our daily papers, " the accounts given in your paper of the proposed *restaurants* for the poor." Why so? These *restaurants* will of necessity, and to a large extent, separate a working man from his family. That they will do well and cheaply that which is now done poorly and inefficiently, is true enough. The present writer was invited to one of these establishments, where a meal of soup and bread, meat and potatoes, was furnished for fourpence. But a working man with a large family cannot afford to pay fourpence a head for a single meal every day. The clergyman referred to goes on to say that, as one well acquainted with the habits of the poor, he could bear witness to the

shocking waste, and to the unnecessarily bad living, to which the poor man is subjected. But, as he says, the fact of making a common table, and of dining and eating in common, must give rise to many grave reflections ; and his first reflections, as indeed the first thoughts of all of us on the subject, are forced into somewhat the following shape :—Why are such refreshment-rooms necessary? Why cannot the poor man dine in comfort at home? The answer is a serious one : “ I fear,” he writes, “ that we must lay the blame upon the wife.”

Though this should not be the case, it is unquestionably so ; and the charge—a very serious one, and a cruel one to boot—is too true. The wife is incompetent, generally incompetent, to make her home comfortable, on account of habits previously formed. If she is the daughter of one of the working classes, there is no reason why this should be the case. She should have seen the necessity for management, arrangement, industry, and cleanliness. But she, too often, is neither industrious, competent, nor cleanly. The girls of the working classes are brought up on a wrong principle, or on no principle at all. The love of dress is taught them by their mothers, or by foolish companions and neighbours around them. This love, a very natural one, and when properly directed resulting beneficially, is fostered in many schools by teaching the children fancy work and embroidery ; whereas, what a girl wants who is hereafter to become the wife of a working man, is a thorough knowledge of plain work ; to be skilful and rapid with the needle ; to know how to cut out and

to make her own clothing, to patch and to mend. A schoolmistress of a village school, who had observation and a thinking mind, and who used both, was one day asked the cause of her profound melancholy. She answered that she was so because her life was thrown away ; that she was teaching children useless things, and all her work did no good ; and that she was so bound down by custom, and the rules of the school, that she could effect no reform.

Well, after some time, generally very short, and insufficient for proper instruction, especially so when the wrong things are taught, and the scholars are not old enough to think for themselves, the girl leaves school ; and, after an interval spent at home, in a house generally badly managed and disorderly, she enters domestic service. Here, if everything were properly managed, she might hope to learn a great deal. Domestic service should be as honourable as it is undoubtedly useful. In the "good old times," or at least in the olden times, which, with all their faults, had something about them we might venerate, the son of the nobleman entered the family of the prince, the son of the gentleman that of the nobleman, and the son of the yeoman that of the gentleman, that he might learn something of life, and that, by being early taught how to serve, he might in good time know how to command. Society is now altered considerably for the worse. When the girl first enters service she becomes freer from restraint than she was in her mother's home ; and, not having had instilled into her the first habit, and the most useful of all habits, of education, that of a readiness and

fitness to learn, she spends her time in a forced labour which she does not love ; and, instead of growing by degrees into a most valuable member of society, which a good servant is, she becomes rather an encumbrance than a help.

We will let the pen of a lady (one who has endeavoured to help her sex, and especially the daughters of the working classes) describe the figure which presents itself as one of the modern servants.

“ She becomes not the modestly dressed, respectful, clean servant of old-fashioned times, but the over-dressed, impertinent slattern of modern date. Behold her any morning that you please, with her dirty cotton dress stretched over an absurd hoop, unable to do her work without making an improper exhibition of herself. Follow her into the kitchen, and observe the waste end of loaves thrown away, vegetables wasted, meat-bones, which might make soup, consigned to the dust-heap. Well, after a time, she gets a young man ; and then either of two things happens : he, seeing her love of finery and her wasteful habits, fears that the same faults will affect him ; he amuses himself some time with her company, and then probably ruins her ; or perhaps he marries her.”

This is written with an unsparing pen ; but it is too true. Why not, for once in a way, tell people their faults ? It will not do to be always finding out “ acceptable words :” we may give sugared advice till it induces a languid disease. But though a considerable deal of blame really rests on the servants, there is this to be said in their favour, that their mistresses are not always perfect, and that the pride, gaiety,

and thoughtless cruelty of society, have a great deal to do with the faults mentioned. A mistress, if she be wise, will attempt to be a friend to her servants. If she is so, she will not only do her duty, but she will actually be the gainer. In a moderate family a great deal may be saved every week by a servant who really wishes to do justice to her employers ; and if the servant be the friend of the family, the amount of good which she can do is unbounded. However lowly her position, it is in her power to exercise forethought and judgment ; and these should be instilled by her mistress. While she is in service a young woman may be said to be at school. Every day she should learn something ; nor does it matter whether she be housemaid or cook, she should endeavour to make herself mistress of all that she sees. It is not too much to say that seventy-five girls out of a hundred do not do this ; and that, either from pride or laziness, or from a foolish fear of giving offence, the mistress herself does not advise or try to instruct her servant, but is content with perpetual change, and with letting the girls go their own ways.

Alas ! the serious results of pride on the one side, and carelessness and ignorance on the other : both fall upon the working man. Let us continue our extract :—

“—or perhaps he marries her. His home is wretched, his cooking confined to the frying-pan, his wages under his wife’s management insufficient ; for poor women nearly always buy expensive steaks and chops ; they have no idea of cheap stews and soups, nor do they understand the value of fish and vegetables. Such a system of housekeeping generally

produces drunkenness ; wife-beating generally follows, and the scene too often closes with wife-murder !”

Now this is either an overdrawn picture, or it is a true one. If it be a true one, then those who try to rescue the working man from so sad a fate are to be honoured ; but they should do it in the right way. Working men have undoubtedly their rights ; but their wives, or their future wives, have their rights too. By commencing a system of clubs and lodging-houses we very much fear if the rights of the latter will not be seriously invaded. A man most frequently marries for love and a home ; but if that home be provided for him at a very cheap rate, and in such a manner as shall leave him little to desire, he will not be very ready to marry.

What should be done, it appears to us, may be put down in some three or four sentences. The reform should come from within. It is of no use for the middle classes and upper classes constantly to lecture and to meddle with the working classes. There is an amount of hatred and irritability engendered by the behaviour of these well-intentioned individuals, which, if once revealed to them, would startle them ; but if they be put right at an early age, all would be well. Time was when gentle and simple were taught that a great part of the duty of man is to “learn and labour truly to get mine own living :” now, fine society teaches us that it is pleasant to spend money, but not to earn it. The daughters of the working classes should be taught, with more kindness and humanity, that we are all workers, and that house-work and cookery are by no means to be regarded as mere drudgery,

but that every exercise of true industry serves some higher cause. Labour being thus lifted out of the mire, self-interest should appeal to that lower sense which we call common sense. A maid-servant might argue, "Well, if I remain in service, I shall be every year more valuable ; if I marry, I shall not be able, perhaps, to bring a fortune, but I shall be able to save one by spending what I may have to spend profitably and to the best advantage."

Penury, poverty, lowliness, whatever we call it, is but comparative. With a good, active wife, a working man will soon rise above his original station if he uses his brains. But if he does not, he will continue a useful and honoured member of society, if, aided by his wife, he keeps to his comfortable home, and instructs the children whom God has given him. Perhaps not all his success, but certainly much the greater part of it, depends upon his wife ; and how, poor creature, can she be expected to do her duty, to be his help-meet, and a mother to his children, unless she is well-taught, self-reliant, observant, a good cook, and a good manager ? When she is not so the poor household sinks into comfortless want ; the evening, instead of being bright, merry, and full of real recreation and comfort, becomes oppressive, dull, and cheerless :—

" Sleep is their only refuge ; for, alas !
Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few."

" Working Men's Clubs," and " Working Men's Dining Rooms" and " Restaurants," are all very well. We should

have thought that trade, and the competition which follows it, would have been sufficient to have catered for them cheaply and comfortably enough. What we want to see is, not Socialism introducing the thin end of its wedge—not communities *à la Fourier*, in which society would be without hope and of a dead level—but a system by which thoroughly good, careful wives might be provided for the working men, so that the principle of home and the family should still be strong in England, and that of foreign centralization banished. Will any one help us to find it?





A VERY SAD SUBJECT—CRIME.



T has been said that the English mind is always occupied by two things, politics and religion ; and at present the saddest kind of politics, those which relate to crime and religion, are the most prominent questions, with this difference—that Colenso's attack on the foundations of our faith is sure to be forgotten and fade out, whereas this question of Crime will live perpetually, and our great-grandchildren will, in horsehair wigs, be judging and condemning rogues as yet unborn. Those gentlemen who believe in the perfection of humanity will shake their heads at this, and lament, with the immortal Jean Jaques, that we cannot all at once grow wings and bud into angels ; but we cannot.

The peculiar phase of violent crime which is called "garrotting" is of course ephemeral. The rogues who took that fashion up—for crime has its fashions—adopted it because it was at once (to them) safe, expeditious, and easy. As soon as adequate preventives are adopted, the garrotter will resume his accustomed burglary, or take to another "line of business ;" but the criminals will always exist. There is a regular

supply of them perpetually forthcoming : there are for ever fresh and new crops of those who say with the unjust steward, " I cannot [or will not] dig ; to beg I am ashamed," but who are *not* ashamed to take up with the lowest, worst, most dangerous, and most stupid way of gaining a livelihood. The pains and toil, the watching and the danger, which a thief undergoes to fill his pockets and his stomach, are, on the average, always more than those undergone by an honest man. It results, therefore, that the criminal is to be regarded as a fool—not necessarily a man without intellect or talent, but a fool—a man of perverse judgment, who sees and knows what is right, but believes in that which is wrong. Unfortunately, certain authors, and some of the lower class of tale-writers, have been troubled by a perverted vision, and have endeavoured in their works to exalt the thief or highwayman into a hero ; whereas all good men should, at the time that they express a detestation of any crime, express also the contempt they have for the doer of it. No one knows better than the criminal what a fool he has been ; but both he and the good man are taught that, by a general law of nature, after a man has entered upon a course of life, it is hard, almost impossible, to go back. Fool as he has been, he may have a sensitive nature, a temper which will not bear rebuke, a sullen, sulky heart ; and so he goes on from bad to worse, a curse to society and a curse to himself. If little boys who steal, or take to bad ways, could be shown by some potent method the folly of crime, it would do much to reform them. The criminal population, without exception,

own their lives a gross mistake. The long struggle of a thief against the organized ranks of law and order always ends in the defeat of the former. It is true we have a few exceptions to this general rule in the hidden perpetrators of undiscovered crimes, but we do not know how many professional criminals may have been the culprits, who, having perpetrated, also suffered for others, and died without owning their extra guilt. Crime is folly, nothing but dangerous and gross folly : a criminal is a thousandfold worse than a lunatic.

In our treatment of convicted criminals two ends must be kept in view—first, the punishment of the crime ; and, secondly, the reformation of the criminal. All punishment should have these ends. To look at it as mere vengeance because of wrong-doing, to become cruel and revengeful, to go back to our old whippings, scourgings, brandings, burnings, and stocks, would be worse than a mistake—it would be a crime. Certain public writers, full of a foolish zeal, and carried beyond themselves by exaggerated reports of garrottings, have advised the public to do this ; and even the judges on the bench have been moved out of their customary dignity into a spasmodic energy. This was surely unwise. Severity has been tried, and has failed. Crime may be now prominent, and is indeed very much so ; but, the vast increase of the population being taken into consideration, it has not increased. Statistics prove to us more certainly than our fears that the crop is kept fairly down : to dream of utterly uprooting it is Utopian. We never can do that ; but we may meet it, mitigate, and decrease it. It is the most

expensive matter in the world, just as Rousseau said it was the most "puzzling." We have to keep an army of judges, magistrates, lawyers, and policemen. We have to build prisons, gaols, reformatories ; we have to set up tribunals and juries. We take away the prosecutor and witnesses from their business ; we put the county or the country to a vast expense ; and, after the criminal is found guilty, we have a smaller army of gaolers and attendants to look after the man ; we lodge him, feed him, and clothe him, for nothing ; and we employ him in tasks which are utterly unproductive, or in which, if productive, he manages to work so little, that, we are told on good authority, the result of the work of three convicts is not equal in amount and efficiency to that of one industrious, honest man.

This state of matters is sad enough, but to this we are reduced. When we teach convicts trades we are met with the cries of honest workmen, who reasonably complain that the labour of the thief or the manslayer enters the market to compete with their own. Were we to condemn him to the mines, we should hear of experienced miners rebelling because he had become their competitor. Make him a mason, a quarryman, or even a scavenger, we should only displace the rightful and honest workmen in those branches of industry. In short, all the world is puzzled what to do with him ; and a Scotch philosopher (?) has not hesitated to recommend a wholesale hanging for all the bad men, beginning at the worst, and then working up in the scale of guilt till society exterminates the "devil's regiment of the line." This, if a jest, is but a grim

one ; if it be earnest, it is not only unphilosophical, but silly and cruel. Directly one hanging was done another would commence ; and, as crime is of perpetual growth, the gallows would have perpetual employment.

The system of mitigated punishments commonly called the ticket-of-leave system is much decried. There is, as with every other public question, much to be said, both for and against it. If a convict be truly penitent, and determines to lead a new life, it is not only expensive, but it is unwise, to keep him in prison. Directly a man is convinced of his folly, and reformed, the end of punishment has been achieved. It is certainly a fact, that the convicts, knowing that Government has wisely determined this, assume a repentance, and accept a reward which they do not deserve. They receive their ticket, and again lapse into crime. It is but fair, however, to say that such cases form the exception, not the rule. The majority of ticket-men earn their own living under immense difficulties, and may be regarded as successes. Others turn again at once to crime, or resort to it after a short and feeble attempt to do better ; but these exceptions should not be quoted as the rule. There is, however, a very grave question as to letting out convicts upon a thickly populated town : when loose they are able to hide themselves, are afforded facilities of depredation, and are drawn again into the old vortex of their crime.

As the ends of punishment are, as we have said, two, so society resorts also to two methods to prevent crime : “ first,” says Basil Montagu, “ by exciting such a sentiment of horror

against the criminal act as to diminish or destroy the desire to commit it ; and, secondly, supposing the desire to exist, by the fear of the consequences attending on the gratification." But, of course, neither of these methods is wholly successful. Directly we excite horror in the human breast, we also excite pity. There can be very little doubt that at public executions the crime of the murderer is seldom borne in mind and execrated as it should be ; while the murderer himself, alone facing a mighty crowd, cut off in his youth, in the early morning, surrounded by officials, bound and helpless, excites pity. In Roman Catholic countries the pious, during the time of execution, are on their knees, praying for the soul of the murderer ; so that, if the prayers of righteous people avail much, many more of them are put up for the notorious murderer than for the unknown saint, who suffers poverty and disease, and endures death, in silent secrecy. This is, of course, to be deplored ; but society refuses to be taught by philosophers. At the time of the execution anything which could excite contempt for the cowardly, foolish, despicable criminal, should be resorted to. It would be well, too, if a vivid picture of his murdered victim could be shown at the same time. There is, unfortunately, too much reason to know that murderers are looked upon as clever, bold heroes, rather hot-tempered, perhaps, but as strong, bold men—not as weak, bad men. Thieves, too, are regarded as smart, active, clever fellows, with a spice of the dare-devil in them. In reality they are a set of miserable curs, without pluck enough to gain an honest living, without endurance enough

to live honestly, who hang about and are lazy, and who often depend on vicious women for support, and who, having, alas ! women and children depending on them, leave them during the time of their punishment to want and starvation. It would be well if this sort of history could be exhibited by the press to the public with the fine, bold career of a thief. By this means, to *horror*, which is negatived by *pity*, we should add *contempt*, which would utterly destroy pity, and give force and pungency to horror.

The fear of the consequences, cited by Basil Montagu, is a very weak barrier of defence. If any one will visit Portland, or any other convict prison, he will find that the criminal has a distinct type of face, and a head which has “a forehead villainous low,” and hardly any reflective qualities. When a man garrottes you, robs you, or breaks into your house, or when he forges, assaults, murders, or commits any other crime, he forgets for the moment the policeman, the gaol, and the impending rope. What he thinks of is the mere gratification of his desire. When he sees the policeman he may remember him, that’s all ; but no man, when he commits a crime, thinks of its punishment : he thinks of its venial nature, of its easy concealment ; he does not dream that it is possible that he shall be punished. Shakspeare, whose worldly wisdom is so great that he can be quoted on this and on almost all matters, has told us that—

“The attempt, and not the deed, confounds us.”

The rogue or murderer is not shocked at what he does ; but

he is touched afterwards, and repents when punished. Benevolent people forget the dual existence in the human mind of good and evil ; they do not remember the perpetual conflict going on. Basil Montagu should have borne this in mind. When the Rev. Mr. Hackman murdered Miss Reay he no more thought of the consequences than he did of the Council of Trent. He had a long combat with evil : he had fled from it, had returned, and had been prostrated by his passion, committed the murder, and was then full of remorse, that staunch bloodhound which dogs Guilt's steps, but which never lets its deep and horrible baying be fully heard until the crime is committed.

It seems certain, then, that punishment must not be looked at in all aspects as preventing crime. We must begin before the criminal's habits are formed : we must teach the young, and plant the seeds of good in their minds. A wise farmer well knows that a seed-plot of thistles, which one year is in a corner of his field, will the next year be all over his farm, so far as the wind blows, if he does not take due precautions. But if he does, he may get his land clear. It would be much cheaper to take up every little helpless vagabond, and to teach him what is right, than to punish him when he has grown up a rogue, and badness is ingrained. But there is one grand objection to this : why should we teach the criminal, and neglect the virtuous poor ? We must, then (and we shall yet be met with objections), arrest crime when it first crops out. The thistles, alas ! must first be sown, and then " stubbed " when young ; and for this purpose our Juvenile

Reformatories are most admirable institutions. With old offenders transportation should again be resorted to. There are splendid tracts of country in the north of Australia, or, as suggested by Captain Burton, on the west coast of Africa, which might be taken by the Government, cleared, drained, and built upon, and then, with roads made and prepared, with spaces ready for extra habitations, given up to colonists at an advanced price, while the convicts should be withdrawn. This would surely meet the wishes of the most fastidious and *exigeant* colonist, even if he wished for all the honey-sweet protection of England without paying any of the taxes. We cannot again go back to the horrors of Norfolk Island. We have had enough of them. The convict pioneers, such as we have described, should, we think, be managed under Captain Crofton's excellent scheme, which has proved so successful in Ireland, and which so admirably illustrates the folly of crime and the wisdom of virtuous life.

Finally, tickets-of-leave, notwithstanding the philandering philanthropists and the deputation to Sir George Grey, should be retained, but used more sparingly. When a man is evidently a reformed person, then he should be set free under certain surveillance. If he can earn his living, and under a changed name build up a good reputation, then, in the name of all that is good, let society not bind him, but rejoice that he shall turn from his wickedness and live. There are many thousands of ticket-of-leave men in our midst; and of these, thousands are now honest, reformed men, working away with the best of their companions. It would be gross cruelty to

rescind the favour which has been shown to them, even if we had one hundred proved cases of garrotting, which we have not. Lastly, to reduce crime, society must make up its mind to reward and honour honesty and virtuous poverty much more than it does. At present it often seems that, on the surface at least, vice has the best of it, and that it is pleasant and gay to be vicious ; a sad and utterly revolutionary state of things, and contrary to the inspired assertions that Vice lays hold of hell, and dwells in misery, while Virtue's ways are ways of pleasantness, and "all her paths are peace."





ON LOOKING ABOUT US.

MISS NIGHTINGALE, whose opinion upon subjects which she has rendered known is always to be mentioned with the highest respect, complains that one of the great wants in nursing (or rather of nurses) is "observation." That is to say, that those very useful and excellent persons who tend our sick-beds, and wait upon our birth and our death, do not sufficiently know how to use their eyes ; that Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris, who have spent their lives in hospitals, and who ought to know the meaning of every groan, the expression of each sigh, the intention of every small breath which issues from the suffering, are hard-hearted and incapable, nay, often useless, or worse than useless, because they do not know "how to observe." This would very likely be news to Mrs. Gamp, and she would be quite "rampagious" at it. "Not know my bizness!" she would say. "Have not I been years and years at it? Don't I know the ins and outs of all the patients, drat 'em? Aint I acquaintaged with all their little ways? Here have I been, gal and woman, a matter o' forty year in a hospital, and am I to be told by a mere chit of a gal to

Sairey Gamp as I don't know how to hobserve? A likely thing, indeed ! a stuck-up minx ! I'll take a night case, or a day case, or a fever case, or a consumptive case, or a monthly, with any nurse in the three kingdoms and St. Thomas's parish, which is well beknown to all the medical gentlemen at Bartlemy's !”

Mrs. Gamp's vindication of herself would be founded on precisely the same basis as that of any one else. She and most people argue that experience makes fools wise; to which we answer, Not always. It all depends upon one thing—upon knowing how to observe. Experience, for instance, does not make a naturally vicious man wise ; nor did it make our Charles I. wise, or he would not have lost his head and the three kingdoms. It did not make the Bourbons wise, or they would be reigning still. They had learnt one cuckoo lesson — “ that liberty was fatal to the Bourbons ”—and they therefore repressed liberty. It was said of them that they never learnt nor ever forgot anything ; and it seems to have been true. Experience did not make the Israelites wise : they learnt little or nothing in forty years. And so, in common life, we shall see people going through their existence from boy to man, from girl to woman, just as silly as ever: indeed, most people are better when young than when old. It is a hard task to grow old gracefully, to scatter our follies away as a child lays by his toys; to relinquish our tastes, and take up new ones ; to act consistently and wisely ; to melt imperceptibly, like a fine summer's day, from morning to noon, from noon to evening, and so on to sunset, quietly, calmly,

beautifully, and thankfully, too, for all the mercies which we have. No ; experience gives not always wisdom, any more than knowledge does. It is a wrong thing to suppose that age is always wiser than youth. Napoleon, when First Consul, could beat all the old generals of Austria ; Wolfe, who fell almost a boy in years, but covered with glory, was wiser than the old generals of his time, who threw away their armies ; Pitt, the boy Prime Minister, knew how to answer the sneer that he was "too young—but a boy ;" and Ferguson, measuring the apparent distances of the fixed stars from each other with a piece of thread, and growing wise in his observations about the weather, knew considerably more than the wisest shepherd of the hills, who had talked about the same till he was ninety years of age. It is not by the calendar of years that we must note true time or true wisdom. We must pay reverence where reverence is due, and always to age. But a man of twenty-one may have thought out his life more than one of sixty, and may know more too. "An old fool is the worst of fools," says the proverb ; ay, and a very bad fool, too, he is, when we meet him.

Following the pious old actor who founded Alleyn's College at Dulwich, we may speak of wisdom as "God's gift." But that, like other gifts, comes when sought for, and the faculty through which it comes is observation. This faculty may be cultivated, and that with great success. "A celebrated man," writes Miss Nightingale, "though he was celebrated for foolish things" (she alludes to the conjurer Robert Houdin), "had one way of instructing his son, that of cultivating his

observation, which was very wise." He would, with the boy, pass quickly by a shop, telling the lad to notice what was in the window, and then both father and son would write down what they had observed. The boy by this means grew so quick and proficient, that he would sometimes, after a momentary glance, make a list of, and accurately describe, forty, fifty, or sixty articles. Indeed, in a short time he excelled his father in it. Houdin put this faculty to use merely to make money. The boy practised as a clairvoyant, and could, upon entering a room and immediately being blindfolded, give an accurate list of all the furniture, persons, pictures, &c., sufficient to cheat people into the belief that he saw through the back of his head, or through his nerves.

It will not be necessary for any of our readers to practise this trick, it being a mere achievement of memory ; but they may be assured that, if they once get into the practice of accurate observation, they will do themselves and all around them good. It will be useful in all matters. The common, too common, want of it has ruined thousands. One cannot engage a servant, employ a nurse or a doctor, sit as a jurymen, or be subpoenaed as a witness, without finding the most egregious errors committed merely from its want. "La!" say the delinquents, "we never thought of that." "Did you notice?" says the lawyer. "No," cries the stolid witness, and the thief escapes. Many a murder would undoubtedly have been unravelled before this if the surrounding people had but had common observation. But we must here add that even in regard to crime itself the same rule applies.

The criminal is often discovered merely by the want of this quality. He exhibits his plunder, wears the clothes of his victim, or does some equally stupid thing, and he is found out. Let us instance murderers, who generally convict themselves. The police ferret out very, very few. It is through some foolish little point being committed, or omitted, that crime is detected, battles lost or won, fortunes made, and thrones occupied.

Looking over biography and general history, we are quite puzzled with a superflux of examples to prove to us the immense advantage of observation. Taking a common instance, and glancing upwards to see how long it will take us before we finish reading or writing this article, we find a clock, the chief portion of which is not the spring, nor the wheels, nor the face, but the pendulum, the most universal and the best of all time-measurers, the regular beat of which reminds us of that solemn pulsation of our own hearts, every additional stroke of which brings us nearer to the grave. It was simply observation which discovered that useful instrument. Galileo was one who knew how to observe; and, standing in the cathedral of Pisa towards the evening, he saw a verger, who was lighting the lamps, set one of the chandeliers a-swinging. Watching the regular motion to and fro, Galileo instantly thought that time might be measured by it; and hence the invention. So, also, by seeing boys playing with soap-bubbles, Newton discovered the prismatic colours, and by noticing an apple fall upon the ground, the great principle of gravitation. It is not to be supposed but that many hundreds of

thousands of people had seen the hanging lamp swing, or the colours glisten, or the apple fall ; but it is very certain that only Galileo and Newton thought out the business as man should think. When little Watt quietly watched the tea-kettle lid, which was being lifted up by the force of steam, he saw in his mind's eye the cause, and henceforward England and the world were assured of a new motive power. The old cavalier, who, throwing an emptied flask on his prison fire, was astonished at the steam being generated and blowing the cork out, hit upon the same strain, but was too lazy to follow it out and apply it. Perhaps there is not one of us in the world to whom these chances are not given many times over ; only our observation is neither strong nor accurate enough, and we let the matters pass. And this position is strengthened by Shakspeare's often quoted sentence—

“ There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;”

and this flood comes more than once to every one of us. The sad part of the matter is, that want of perseverance, industry, and quickness, mar so many thousands.

The value of this quality is especially exemplified in the case of Jenner, a benefactor of his race, to whom a statue was erected in Trafalgar Square, ugly and ungraceful enough even for an English statue, to which it will be remembered one of the younger aristocracy much objected, not because of its ugliness, but on account of the fact of a physician being ranked with heroes such as Napier and Nelson. When

Jenner, who had thoroughly cultivated his observation in botanical studies, came to practise, an obscure, retiring physician, at Sudbury, he was consulted by a pretty young countrywoman, a dairymaid, who, being warned of the ravages committed by small-pox, answered—quite carelessly and confidently too—“ Oh, I cannot take that disease : I have had the cow-pox.” Jenner made a note of the remark, and upon further inquiry found that the milkers of the cow usually contracted upon their arms a pustular eruption, which, after working itself out, left them free from any danger of contagion with the small-pox, a dreadful scourge which at that time swept away its tens of thousands annually. Two people out of every three were fearfully seamed and marked with it, and hundreds were totally blind, or had lost one eye, by the same scourge. But Jenner’s observation, directed to the matter, found that the vaccine pus and the small-pox virus were so far analogous, that if one had overrun the human frame, the other would certainly be banished. He experimentalized, succeeded, and is now looked up to, and will be for generations, as a benefactor of his species, for his discovery ; for by it alone small-pox has been comparatively banished. But it would be silly to suppose that Jenner was the only medical man who had heard of the fact. Others knew it, but pooh-poohed it, or were too careless to observe. The dairy-maids knew it, and the great people too ; for when the Duchess of Cleveland was taunted by Moll Davis (Lady Mary Davis) with the probable loss of that beauty which was her boast, by the small-pox which was then raging, she replied, just as

the milk-girl did, there was no fear in her about the matter : she had had a disorder which would for ever prevent her from having the small-pox. The court physicians laughed at the reply of the Duchess, as others who were with Jenner had at the Dorsetshire milkmaid ; but events proved how truly they had spoken ; and all the wise and the crowned heads of Europe saved themselves and their children by the milkmaid's fashion ; notably the house of Hapsburg, which had nearly been extinguished by it. It was observation which led to the discovery of that greatest of necessities for sailors, the mariner's compass ; and the same quality, of a more reverential turn, saved the life of Bruce, the African traveller, who, when fainting and ready to lie down and die upon the hot sands of the desert, observed a little lowly plant flourishing away, even in that remote and arid spot. That desert flower was not "born to blush unseen," and very few probably are. "Will the same Providence who nourishes that plant," thought Bruce, "suffer me to die?" and he crawled on to find a spring, and live. It were well if discontented and desponding people thought with Bruce. We should all "find goodness even in things evil, could we, observing, distil it out ;" and we do not know any Divine or human law which prevents us from so doing. There is not a situation in the world so low, or desperate, or mean, that observation will not either improve it, or make it bearable. Half the envyings and strife and bickerings, the jostlings and wranglings, the quarrels, wars, and murders, might be prevented and entirely eradicated, if we only encouraged this most useful faculty a

little more. We owe every kind of sanitary improvement, all kinds of medicine, and all surgical skill, all the grand discoveries, and all the civilization to which we have arrived, to the quiet exercise of observation. If those who thirst for gold, for power, and for position, had only thoroughly observed the state of those above them, who have all that they hunger for, they would probably sit still and be at peace. There is a good story—an old one, of course—told of a certain great king who was deterred from a series of sanguinary battles, and a destructive war, by the observation of a philosophic counsellor. “I shall invade such a kingdom,” said the monarch. “And that taken?” asked his friend. “Then another province.” “And that added?” “Why, then I shall pass such and such a river, and add the whole country beyond.” “And that attained?” continued the questioner. “Why, then I shall rest quietly at home.” “Could you not do so now, without undergoing all that fatigue and danger, with a very questionable issue?” “Ah!” returned the king, struck with the observation, “I never thought of that.” So it is with most of us. We do not observe till it is too late; but of this we may be sure, that a due exercise of the faculty distinguishes, perhaps more than any other, the philosopher from the fool.





ON THE CULTIVATION OF MEMORY.

ONE of the most curious of mental phenomena, the most difficult to account for, the most subtle, and frequently the most evanescent, is that connection between the will and the brain which results in memory. The faculty does not belong alone to man. It is shared by the inferior animals, by reptiles, birds, and even fish and insects. So subtle is it, that it cannot be controlled. It is alike treacherous in its tenacity and its looseness. We often forget that which we chiefly desire to recall, and again we are forced to remember that which we wish to forget. It may depend upon a casual moment, an accident, or a trick. A London mechanic, whilst watching his Sunday dinner, as it twirled round on a roasting-jack, was endeavouring to teach an obstinate but tame starling how to speak. The bird obstinately refused, but the mechanic persisted, when suddenly the spring of the jack broke, and it ran down with a startling "whir." The bird, frightened off its perch, at once imitated the sound, and ever afterwards exercised the new accomplishment. It had fixed itself on the bird's memory to the exclusion of other teaching. Thus,

parrots brought over by sailors imitate the loud and energetic swearing of Jack Tars, rather than those dulcet and moral sentences which their young mistresses try assiduously to instil. So, also, a dancing bear learns to caper from being violently impressed with the necessity of so doing; and thus Banks's horse was taught to stand upon its hind legs, beat a tambourine, and astonish Queen Elizabeth.

The secret of this kind of memory therefore is IMPRESSION, which is the first agent mentioned by Professor Barron in lectures delivered in the last century. The second is ASSOCIATION; another very powerful and active agent, and which is chiefly depended on by all those who have written upon the subject of improving the memory, and who, from Simonides to our present professor, Dr. Pick, seem to have really got no farther than these two. Impression may be said to arise from accident or nature. Once thoroughly impress any one, and he will not forget. Association, on the other hand, is the leaning-post upon which the memory rests. It backs itself up with it. It is the only true support a weak memory can have. It is curious, but it is true, that by making the mind do double duty you force it to perform its single one well. If anybody has a weak and defective recollection, he must associate two facts in order to remember one. This is the natural system of artificial memory, and the only effective one. All persons who are weak in that way do so aid it; and Hobbes, in his *Leviathan*, has pointed out the use of this association. *Mrs. Quickly*, the parent and prototype of all our careless gossips, remembers one thing by another: she recollects

Falstaff's debt by association—that when he borrowed the money “he was sitting in her dolphin chamber by a sea-coal fire ; and that Mistress Keech, the butcher’s wife, came in and called her ‘gossip ;’ whereby Sir John bid her not be called ‘gossip,’ because she should soon be called lady ;” and so on, till one association makes the original fact clear. This operation is repeated every day in our police-courts. The magistrate has to wait for a long time before the memory of a witness on the most important testimony is complete.

Association is at work, one fact calls up another, till the whole connection of facts stands suddenly revealed, as when a brisk wind lifts away a fog and shows us the landscape beyond. Nature and fiction alike help us. *Mrs. Nickleby* couples her ideas : she hears of Miss Biffin, and wonders whether she is of the same family as the “Norfolk Biffins.” So also *Mrs. Gamp* wanders, and, to use an old country word, “maunders” to the end of the chapter ; and our latest comic creation, *Lord Dundreary*, pieces out his confused bits of proverbs, trying to arrive at a whole one through an imperfect theory of association. So, also, Simonides, one of the earliest writers upon mnemonics, improved as well as proved his. Invited by Scopas to pronounce a panegyric at a feast, the poet indulged in a long rhapsody in praise of Castor and Pollux. Scopas, indignant at this, refused payment, and Simonides was driven out, or, as he says, was drawn away by the divine interposition of the gods he had praised. Hardly had he left the house when it fell, crushing Scopas and all his guests, and Simonides

signalized himself by distinguishing all the defaced bodies by accurately remembering the places in which they sat.

Here, again, association was at work ; and the effect is found to be so strong that Professor Gregor von Feinagle, a great mnemonic of the beginning of this century, based his whole system upon a method of dividing each wall of the room into nine squares, placing numbers in each square, and objects in each number. Each room would therefore contain thirty-six squares ; and as each object to be remembered was parcelled out into the same place, the organs of locality and number were brought into action to assist memory. At his public lectures Feinagle produced pupils who, previously untaught, showed very wonderful results. A boy of thirteen remembered the geographical position, latitude, and longitude of fifty places, after the study of one hour, not only by rote, but backwards, forwards, changed or counterchanged. A girl of six learnt in one hour sixty stanzas, and could say the whole backwards, or commence at any given word. To us the system seems very cumbrous, and it is doubtful whether a memory so loaded would be useful ; but history, geography, and even languages were taught, and taught quickly, by Feinagle's system. His theory of order is also good. We remember things by position, and bring our organ of locality to bear.

It is related of Maggliabecchi, whose memory made him a world's wonder, that on Cosmo, Duke of Florence, to whom he was librarian, asking him for a rare book, he answered, "There is but one copy in the world, in the Grand Seignior's

library, the seventh book on the second shelf, on the right hand from the door ;” and, although he had not seen the book for forty years, his account was true. He, also, after having borrowed a manuscript, upon the gentleman who lent it pretending it was lost, wrote the whole without missing a word or varying the spelling. He could tell what a book contained for years afterwards, by once reading it, and making a mental note of its contents. While on the subject of great memories we may mention that of Ben Jonson, who asserted that he could repeat every line that he had ever written ; an unusual thing for authors, who frequently entirely forget their own works. Thomas Fuller, the wise and quaint historian of the Church, had such a memory that, by walking once from Paternoster Row up Cheapside to the Mansion House (then Stocks’ Market), he could mention in their due order all the signs on both sides of the way. As every house then had a sign, the effort must have been prodigious. Thomas Lyon, an actor in 1793, could in twelve hours learn the contents of a whole double sheet of the *Daily Advertiser* newspaper, advertisements and all, and repeat them without a mistake. The same is told of Porson. We ourselves have heard a well-known actor of to-day offer to repeat the feat with one of our present papers in twenty-four hours. If this were actually performed, the effort must excel anything ever done, the advertisements, although classified, being at once similar and varied, and our present daily *Times* containing nearly double the amount of matter of a three-volume novel. Many persons are said to have had the

whole of the Old and New Testaments accurately fixed in their memories, so that, commencing at any given verse, they could at once proceed till stopped by mere weariness. At ten years of age Avicenna, the Arabian philosopher, could repeat the whole of the Koran. By reading Aristotle's *Metaphysics* forty times, he so fixed them in his memory that he could always repeat them. Bishop Jewel could learn by heart anything which he had once written down. Lipsius was able to recite the whole of *Tacitus* without missing a word; and so confident was he of this, that he offered to allow a person with the book and a dagger to stand by him, and to plunge the latter into his heart if he made a mistake. Heidigger, the conjurer, offered to repeat all the street signs from the Exchange to St. James's, by once passing along; and, as we have noted in our essay on Observation, Houdin, the French conjurer, taught his son, a boy of ten years, to remember, and accurately describe, every article in a room by once entering it, and every article in a shop-window by once passing it. Through this artifice he was enabled to exhibit the boy as a clairvoyant.

Perhaps, however, the memory of book men is the most remarkable. At a certain publisher's in Paternoster Row some few years ago was one of the chief clerks, whose memory was prodigious. In the midst of his business on magazine day, he would astonish us by remembering the date, size, edition, price, and state of any book one could mention out of the thousands which were added yearly, monthly, nay, weekly, to the stock: we have never seen him at a loss. At

the British Museum reading-room was an assistant librarian whose head was much better than the boasted catalogue ; and what was more wonderful was the fact that his mind was a *catalogue raisonnée* ; he would tell you the best authors on any subject, their editions, size, place, worth, and credibility. His memory was to us as wonderful as Avicenna's, Hortensius's, or Joseph Scaliger's. But the most wonderful of all memories, or rather mental faculties in that way, lies with those extraordinary men who are born with arithmetical minds : such as Bidder or Jedediah Buxton. The latter, a common labouring man, could tell the acres, poles, roods, nay, even the square inches and half-inches, in a field by walking once or twice over it, and after his work once amused himself by calculating what the cost would be of 140 nails doubled, at one farthing for the first nail, a halfpenny for the second, and so on.

There is very little doubt that a great deal of the power of our most eminent men lay in their memory. Bacon had a prodigious faculty in that way, and a facility of arrangement which helped him amazingly in his philosophic induction. Macaulay's memory was not only immense, but accurate in the extreme. He could remember, condense, arrange, bring forward, and quote at will. He perfected this faculty by practice, taking old Fuller's advice : "And I would tell thee, scholar, not to trust everything to thy memory, but divide it between thy mind and thy note-book, whence thou mayst draw out thy forces into the field, like a general his men." The greatest of all our writers, or indeed of the world, Shak-

spere, must have had a memory as sound as it was fertile. He to whom the domain of all art and knowledge was as an open book, and whom Lord Campbell claims as a lawyer, the physician as a doctor, the traveller, the philosopher, or tradesman, each as one of his own craft, could only have attained this knowledge by a most accurate and subtile perception, united to a sound memory. Everything he remembered—and he forgot nothing—he turned to use. His was a mind that held and retained the characters drawn on it like marble. There are some, says Locke, which only hold them “like sand ;” vanishing memories, exceeding but for a brief space that shortest of all endurances—the fame which Keats claimed for himself—“Here lies one whose name was writ on water.”

The prayer of every one is that motto of our old pictures, enlarged on by Dickens, who has, curiously enough, turned the sense of it upside down : “Lord, keep my memory green ;” that is, as we take it, “Lord, let the remembrance of me be pleasant unto men ;” but which he reads, and we now use for our own purpose, “Lord, keep my retentive faculties vigorous.” The loss of memory is a sad loss : a careless and disordered recollection is indicative of incipient insanity.

One of the difficulties which man has to struggle against is the facility which pervades his youth of remembering silly and nonsensical and even wicked rhymes and phrases, and of forgetting that which is good. This should be combated. In childhood and early youth retention is wonderfully vigorous. To make it more so it should be exercised. The young

Russian nobility, brought up with French and English nurses, will acquire and retain three languages whilst our children are learning one. Lady Jane Grey, Sir Thomas More, Roger Ascham, and Lord Bacon, knew Greek and Latin fairly when ten years old. Sara Coleridge has written a little book of instructive rhymes which children of four years may acquire, and which will teach them at the same time the properties and the Latin names of animals and vegetables: once acquired, they will never forget them. The sure way to have a strong memory is frequently to exercise it, just as the waterman has a strong arm by constantly pulling. We should also learn from Feinagle to assort and classify our knowledge, to strengthen it by association. When a man's or woman's head is like a kitchen drawer, full, confused, and disordered, the knowledge may be much, but it will perforce be useless.

Varied reading to no purpose and upon many different subjects is bad for the memory. After reading a book, we should review our new acquirements, and try to remember what we have read, or else the more we read the worse we shall be, like that old Cambridge scholar who was never seen without a book in his hand, and who yet forgot everything. "That man," said Robert Hall, "has put so many books atop of his head that his brain has not room to move." A good memory is no doubt a natural gift, but a poor one may be wonderfully improved. Sir William Jones more than once talked of the weakness of his, yet acquired twenty-seven languages. Cardinal Mezzofanti is said to have known ten more. Captain Burton, the African traveller, has mastered

twenty-two. We may be sure that constant and unwearied industry alone enabled these men to acquire so much. Due and precise attention is the first great requisite. "If you would only pay as much attention to these matters as you do to your dress or your dinner, you would remember them as well, young lady," said Dr. Johnson to one who complained of forgetfulness. Finally, let us remember that memory is as much an affair of will as anything else; and we should determine, all of us, to be in the rank of those good and blessed souls who, if they have made no great names, have yet had the merit to forget evil and to remember good ; whom injury does not touch; who write the remembrance of a wrong upon water, but engrave the memory of a benefit upon marble.





HAPPINESS.



It is so very hard to define what happiness is, that the best way would be to begin with some sketch of what it is not. But an attempt at definition may serve us. Happiness is the quiet and continued existence of a mild pleasure pervading the mind. It may arise from health and a clear conscience ; from a sense of having done one's duty ; from a satisfaction at position, security, wealth, gratification of wishes, desires, passions, legitimately indulged in, or from a variety of other causes ; but it is a state of mental calm, a halcyon peace, a quiet brooding, the soul's sunshine, arising not physically—although physical causes can disturb it—but from the soul or mind. Hence it has been said of it that “nothing earthly gives it or can destroy” it.

Rightly to understand it, we must lift it out of the sphere of bodily and earthly enjoyments. A sick man, a cold man, a starving man, may be very happy. So far as we can understand, those who suffered the most cruel martyrdoms were not denied happiness, even at the time of martyrdom. It was certainly with Ridley, and Cranmer, and pious Rowland

Taylor, who walked (poor old man !) shivering in his long night-shirt to the stake. It was not absent from "Luke's iron crown, or Damien's bed of steel ;" and the stern death-light of the face of Charlotte Corday had something of its glow. Certainly it was in the heart of our first martyr, Stephen, even whilst the heavy stones rained down upon him. "Cursed, and scorned, and bruised with stones," he heeded not his persecutors—

" But, looking upward, full of grace,
He pray'd, and, from a HAPPY place,
God's glory smote him on the face."

If we agree in this definition, then we shall find that Pope, in his material list, has missed the right meaning :—

" O happiness ! our being's end and aim,
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name—"

because it is exactly neither. Yet there still remains the question, What is it?

In that great and very beautiful work, *Romola*, "George Eliot," as the authoress styles herself, has given us the picture of a man, good, generous, handsome, nay, beautiful ; a fine companion, pure in youth, and with all the appliances and means of doing good and securing happiness ; who once indeed never thought of doing anything base ; but, "because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing so much as his own safety, he came at

last to commit some of the basest deeds ; such as make men infamous." Here we see that pleasure is not happiness. If we ensue (to use an excellent word) that, we shall be sure to miss real happiness. Nor is it quite what we call "good," although it is good in itself, and is produced by that which is good. At the same time it is not content ; yet it produces content ; and a righteous—not a stupid—content may, after long years, slide into happiness. To be great and happy active and happy, rich and high up in the world and happy—to be one or all of these is extremely difficult. How calmly and how truly these sentences fall from the pen of the author of *Romola* ! Is she who wrote them happy ?

"It is not easy, my Lillo, to be something that will make you a great man, and very happy besides—something that will not hinder you from having a good deal of pleasure. It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling with the rest of the world, as well as ourselves ; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being that we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in this world, that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasures and rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful."

This is a good sermon on St. Paul's text, "Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ;" and every good man who may, as we have said before, lead a very unpleasant life, and yet be very happy, knows it. But the world, especially the young world, does not realize it. We all like material success and greatness: we build our souls a lordly pleasure-house, and then we are surprised that we are not happy, because, as *Romola* says, "Calamity comes just the same." It comes equally to all, but hardly the same. To a man whose soul is enfeebled by the result of mistaking pleasure for happiness, calamity is calamity indeed. He has no hope, no strength; whereas, to the truly wise and good man, we are not quite sure whether calamity does not enhance, or at least purify, his happiness.

To the general world these lofty imaginings can hardly be addressed. Trial is necessary to us all, and unless we have it we cannot be good. No gun-maker would turn out an unproved gun; and surely we must not look for an unproved man. Perhaps a man may be a great deal happier because he does not marry the woman of his choice; and he will be almost sure to be happier if he does not inherit a large fortune than if he does. Most novelists seem to treat us as if we were children, and as if the best boys were to be put off by a big piece of pudding. The pudding is either in an estate, a fortune, or a wife, or perhaps in all three; and a man who does nothing remarkable is prevented from doing anything all his life by being condemned to an existence of genteel idleness.

Now idleness is not happiness. " 'Taint bein' idle, that's a fact," says the shrewd Sam Slick : " no human bein' who was an idle man was ever a happy one. Employment gives the sarse to appetite, and the digestion as well. Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by comparison. When the harness is off, if the work aint too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. When pleasure is the business of life it ceases to be pleasure ; and when it's all labour and no play, work, like an unstuffed saddle, cuts into the very bone. Neither labour nor idleness is the road that leads to happiness. Hard work is the best of the two, for that, at all events, gives sound sleep—the other has restless pillows and unrefreshing sleep ; one is a misfortune, the other 's a curse ; and money aint happiness, that's as clear as mud." Yes, it is just about as clear as mud to most people who go on running mad after the old folly ; and then, when all ends in disappointment, they are very nearly ending in the madhouse.

An author who is fond of writing little bits of glittering verbiage, which look like sense, just as a stone apple looks like an apple, but is not, vents his indignation upon those writers who tell people to *cultivate* happiness. "No mockery," he cries, "in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as being told to cultivate happiness. What does that advice mean? Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in mould and tilled with manure : happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven."

Now that is all very fine, but it means nothing ; or if it means anything, what it does mean is false. The potato is

a good simile, the "glory" a false one. By "glory" he means a ray of light ; but his similes run away from him. So also Mr. Tupper writes, "Happiness is a roadside flower, growing *on* the high road of usefulness." Poor flower ! it would soon be trampled out if it grew *on* that place ; it might grow by the way ; but, as Mrs. Malaprop says, allegories are headstrong, and an allegory in poetry often turns it into nonsense. Another poet tells us that happiness is a *perfume* that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self ! So here is one simple adjunct to the state of man—a most important one—which is described as a "glory," or ray, a wayside flower, and a perfume. After all, we like the dogmatic writer's simile the best, and would treat it as a potato to be cultivated.

For we can cultivate it. We have, we hope, shown that it does not depend upon circumstances ; that it is not "a glory shining down from heaven" only. It is within the reach of any one of us who will put forward his hand to grasp it ; but he must grasp firmly, not grope blindly. "We will not say," writes Goethe, "that man is the creature of circumstances : it would be nearer the mark to say, man is the architect of circumstances. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials, one man builds palaces, another hovels ; one warehouses, another villas : bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect makes them something else. Thus it is that, in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother—vacillating and incompetent—lives for ever

amid ruins : the block of granite, which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone on the pathway of the resolute." And if the architect determines to build a house of comfort, he can do so : if he wishes to construct a prison of gloom, still he can do so. If he waits and waits till the day is past and his time is over, he leaves a mass of unfinished ruins ; the life-architect builds that common tenement for an immortal soul, a wasted and useless life. If one should base his happiness on greatness, he will find others constantly above and before him ; he will cry, like Alexander, to conquer a new world, or he will sigh, like Solomon, that the very enjoyment of prosperity is damped by the reflection that all is vanity. If he bases it on riches, he will find that not only do they make wings and fly away, but that they are the most delusive of all, only attracting to us the base and the bad ; if on friendship, he will find the falseness of friends ; if on learning, the hollowness of that. If he runs a career of vice, he is soon checked ; if of luxury and enjoyment, pleasures pall, and disease follows ; but if he founds his happiness on doing good and fulfilling his duty, he will reach the goal and win the reward. It has been said that philosophical happiness is to want little and to enjoy much ; vulgar happiness, to want much and to enjoy little. Between the philosopher and the fool there lies all the difference.

When Sir Walter Scott lay dying, after a busy life, a greatly successful one, every moment employed, and in doing his duty too, paying debts he did not contract, and working

for others, but at the same time reaping success after success applause after applause, the observed of all observers, the most renowned and beloved man in his country, he called his son-in-law, Lockhart, to him, and said, "My dear, be a good man, be a good man : nothing else can comfort you when you lie here." Herein lies the whole secret. It is no secret : everybody knows it ; nor does man know it alone. The dog which drives a flock of sheep successfully through a field or gateway bounds back for his master's applause, happy in the possession of it. The general who does his duty falls on the field, and is happy. "They run ; they run !" cried an eager soldier on the heights of Abraham. "Who run ?" eagerly inquired the dying Wolfe. "The French," was the answer. "Then I die happy : I have done my duty." A child knows when he is happy, and dances about when he is a good boy ; and are we to be told that when a man has conquered a low desire, trodden a vice underfoot, forsaken an indulgence, or done a generous action, that he does not know it ?

Knowing how to plant our potato, and to cultivate our happiness, there is one more thing to be learnt, and that is, not to cultivate it too much. We may kill plants by over-kindness ; and, if we are wise, we shall not endeavour to strive after too much, even of happiness. We must not build too high. In this world we never have perfect happiness ; that is, not at the same time intense and enduring. Jefferson, the American, a great and good man, did not believe that the Almighty intended man to possess it ; but he said He

had put it in our power to approach very nearly to it. Do we require too much, we are disappointed ; but if we are satisfied with little, we may have it. And when we say *WE*, we mean all the world, with only sufficient exception to prove the rule. A Pole, born under the rule of a Russian, gagged, and bound, and beholding his country desolate ; an African, born to be the victim of the senseless black tyrant Dahomey ; a man with an hereditary disease or madness—these are the exceptions. Beyond them, a little shoe-black has an equal chance with a king—we think a higher chance than any king. Cheerfulness and thankfulness for small mercies must be the plants also cultivated, because happiness thrives in their atmosphere. Beyond that, believing that the world really cannot give it nor take it away, because it lies deeper than the world, at the very inmost recess of the heart, is the grand specific for true greatness as well—that of trying to help others, and to conquer yourself. Even the prosaic Rowe rises to poetry when he announces this truth : “ To be good is to be happy. Angels are happier than men because they’re better.”





DREAMS OF WORLD-HAPPINESS.



IT is not the fate of every author that he adds an expressive word to a language, a word which will probably keep its place as long as men aspire and our language last. What is Utopia, and a Utopian? The first question this Essay will attempt to answer; in the second the word has somewhat drifted from its original sense, its meaning now being a benevolent idealogue, one who wishes to leave the world better than he found it, and who believes in progress and perfectibility. Almost all earnest and good men are at one period of their lives Utopians, and dream of a happy republic, like that of Sir Thomas More, where "rumours of oppression and deceit" might never reach them more; but comparatively few are acquainted with more than the faintest sketch of the Chancellor's book. The very list of Utopian writers is a long one. It began long before Christianity was established, and it has lasted to our own day. It will last as long as unequal divisions, poverty and riches, luxury and squalor, ease and hard work, co-exist in this world. That these "happy republics" have succeeded better upon paper than they do in reality is

no argument against their designers. That certain obscure and poor religionists have carried out their principles till they have planted a happy and virtuous community in the wilderness, and have made the desert blossom like a rose, will show that, after all, Utopia is not a wholly visionary place, and that, in the grey age of the world—we being now in its youth—we may perchance perfectionate, and reach a state of society infinitely more pleasant and virtuous than this.

Even an imperfect list of those who have projected Utopias will be instructive. We begin with Plato and his *Republic*, and we proceed to the *New Atlantis* of the philosophic Bacon; the *City of the Sun* of Campanella; the *Other World* of Hall; the *Isle of Placures*, by Fénelon; the *Austral Discovery* of Retif de la Bretonne; *Gaudentia di Lucca*, an account of an unknown country in the deserts of Africa, by Bishop Berkeley; the *Basilliade* of Morelly; the *Oceana* of Harrington, our grand republican spirit; the dream of *Perpetual Peace*, by the Abbé St. Pierre; *The Fortunate Isles*, by M. de Clairfonds; the *History of the Troglodytes*, by Montesquieu (a fragment); *Micromegas*, by Voltaire; and, lastly, *Universal Brotherhood; or, The Christian System of Mutual Assistance*, by Goodwyn Barmby, published in London and New York about twenty years ago. This list is by no means perfect; but it contains the names of some very great men, who were bold enough to feel and to assert that, in their belief, whatever is, or was, is not and was not best; that “a brighter morn awaits the human day;” and that society in the bright future—

“ Like a penitent libertine, shall start,
Look back, and shudder at his younger days !”

Of Plato's *Republic* so many people have written, and still write, that it is useless here to say anything. There have been many various estimates of the work. Some have taxed it with the grossest sensualism and cruelty. One gentleman has written to defend Socrates from any share in the suggestion of such a work : with others it is the very essence of political and moral beauty. Some assert that “ this is not what Plato approved, but what Plato conceived to be the best compromise with the difficulties of the case under the given civilization.” “ Now, on the contrary,” writes De Quincey, “ we have Plato's view of absolute Optimism, the true *maximum perfectionis* for social man, in a condition openly assumed to be modelled after a philosopher's ideal. There is no work, therefore, from which profounder draughts can be derived of human frailty and degradation, under its highest intellectual expansion, previously to the rise of Christianity.” This seems to us a true and philosophic view of the case. In Plato we are called upon to admire that which our present feelings tell us to be cruel, brutal, sensual, and merciless : the training of women as soldiers ; the community of women ; the gift of their embraces to those distinguished in arms, as a reward ; the fighting and wrestling of women, naked, with men ; the common rearing of children ; and the attempt to banish the maternal feeling as selfish and wrong. But what shall we say when we find that, in the latest Utopian, very nearly the same ideas are reproduced ?

Mr. Goodwyn Barmby, who superadds to the dreams of the Utopian a dreamy and oily lubricity of style which it would be dangerous to describe, has many pages devoted to the "Sexual Relations," as well as a picture of the "Beau-ideal of the Routine of a Social Community." He declares "that the sexes should enjoy their natural liberty ; that marriage should be abolished ; that it produces much evil and misery ; that it is the cause of all sexual crimes ; that woman at present is an enslaved female ; and that in a state of sexual freedom alone can we enjoy 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.'" Was there ever a poor, unhappy quotation so cruelly ill-used ?

The truth is, that at the bottom of all these communistic and Utopian schemes there is some desperate rottenness. Those who oppose the philosophic consideration of these matters urge that the communist means the liberty of helping himself to every man's goods ; but without going so far as that, and conceding that there is room for gradual improvement, for lifting the labourers, and for extinguishing the tyranny of poverty, we must add, that they who wish for a happier state of society have been singularly led away by their leaders.

The *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More is a work singularly free from the faults and follies of others—of Plato, for example—but it has many of its own, and a certain craftiness which may be traced by any acute observer, not only in the works, but in the portrait of its author, and from which, good as he was, Sir Thomas was never quite free. The institution of

monogamy, the modesty preserved between the sexes, the mildness of the laws, and the abolition of castes, prove that Christianity had made a lasting impression on the human mind, and that Utopia is a very much better ideal than the *Republic*. The government in Utopia cannot be called Republican, although its basis is election. It approaches more nearly the patriarchal system. Over every thirty families a philarch rules, over every ten philarchs a proto-philarch. The council of protophilarchs and senate is elected every year, and the chief magistrate is elected for life by these two assemblies, but is removable, should he misconduct himself, by the majority. Every one makes his wants the measure of his desires. Labour is general, and property is common. Plainness and durability are sought for in clothing ; no value is set upon the precious metals ; and intellectual pleasures are the most highly esteemed of any. They dine together in huge halls in Utopia, and these halls are filled with an exquisite music and a ravishing odour during meal-times. Each family makes its own clothes ; the same trade descends from father to son ; and, in consequence of the equal division of labour, no one works more than six hours a day, and labour being such a very light and pleasant relaxation, no one seeks to evade his proper share of it. The women are married at eighteen and the men at twenty-two, and care is taken that deformity and disease are not propagated by these marriages.

Sir Thomas More was, as every one knows, a Romanist, yet in *Utopia* it seems to us that he shows few signs of it.

There are few priests in his model island, and these "have no authority but that which arises out of the respect paid to them." They are also allowed to marry. "The wives of their priests," he says, "are the most extraordinary [finest, or most intellectual] women in the whole country. Sometimes the women themselves are made priests, though that falls out but seldom, nor are any but ancient widows chosen to that order." On one point alone Sir Thomas wishes to make the priest sacred, and herein an annotator fancies he smells the Papist. "None of the magistrates have greater honour paid them than is paid the priests ; and if they should happen to commit any crime, they would not be questioned for it : their punishment is left to God and their own consciences." This certainly savours somewhat of the peculiar faith of the author, but it is noble and very trusting. He feels himself bound to apologise for it, and says, somewhat lamely, that "nothing that is of great consequence to the public can come from the indemnity which the priests enjoy." Why not? When there is a battle the priests, like Moses, retire afar off and pray, and when the fight is ended run in to stay the slaughter. But it is in this very question of war that the weakest part of More's scheme peeps out. Undoubtedly, thinking it to be a great evil, More permits the end of it to be arrived at by the most obnoxious means.

"As soon as they declare war they take care to have a great many schedules, that are sealed with the common seal, affixed in the most conspicuous places in the enemies' country. This is carried secretly, and done in many places

at once. In those [schedules] they promise great rewards to such as shall kill the prince, and lesser in proportion to such as shall kill any other persons who are those on whom, next to the prince himself, they cast the chief blame of the war. . . . They consider the risk that those run who undertake such service, and offer a recompense proportioned to the service. They keep the promises they make of this kind most religiously. They do very much approve of this way of corrupting their enemies, though it appears to others to be a cruel and base thing."

Cruel and base indeed; and although Sir Thomas declares it to be an act of mercy to mankind, it is not to be doubted that, instead of preventing slaughter, it would very much increase it. For such an occasion the Utopians keep gold and silver, otherwise esteemed by them as the corruptors of mankind. More adopts Plato's crotchet—which we have seen carried out by that anti-Utopian monarch King Dahomey—of training women for war. Divorce with the Utopian is an easy matter, but to marry again not so easy. "When a married couple do not agree, they by mutual consent separate, and find out other persons with whom they hope they may live"—the implied caveat is very good here—"more happily." The lawyers of this court are, however, very slow. They proceed in so tortoise-like a manner because they believe that too great a facility in granting leave for new marriages would very much endanger and shake the happiness with which the married people live together.

"They also," says the quaint Chancellor, "take great

delight in fools." By fools we must of course understand jesters and merriment-makers ; and of them we need say little, save that habitual cheerfulness is of immense use in a state. The great Utopian does not overlook the probability of crime entering into his happy island, because crime goes everywhere ; but his method of treating criminals is very much like that very wisely instituted by those who created our ticket-of-leave system. That is, the criminals are reduced to slavery, wherefrom, by a gradual scale of ascension, they rise and emancipate themselves. The enemies of the system are of course at liberty to say that this works better in the regions of the ideal than in the real. We can only say that, whatever prejudices there are against it, a system which returns seventy-five per cent. of reformed and "re-educated" men upon society is very much better than that which would crowd our gaols with hopeless wretches, and force upon the country the immense expense of their maintenance ; for the possibility of getting a hopeful prospect of useful work out of criminals is very small.

We must shortly leave this little island, this *New Atlantis*, set in a mysterious sea, and to which we all wish we could sail, and which, in some shape or another, forms the nucleus, as it were, of many a poet's dream. What a pleasant world it would be were it without crime and sorrow ! But the great Ruler has seen otherwise ; and perhaps, when Lord Bacon and Sir Thomas More grew wiser and less romantic as they grew older, they found out that the gardens of the Hesperides did not bring forth such golden fruit as they thought ; nay, that

to pluck the apples of true happiness they must wait until the soul again entered paradise.

These dreams, these mere imaginings of social reforms, have had great weight in the world. Every now and then a man gets up who fancies that he can reform it. So thought Robert Owen ; and his wild attempts in Lanarkshire did a great deal of good, although, as regards his system, it resulted in a miserable failure. Three sects are still up in the world, trying to form out of the angular pieces of society a sort of beautiful mosaic. One is that of the Mormonites, the great bribe to join which is of a nature quite subversive of true happiness ; yet the universal industry and equality of Joe Smith's followers have, even with a corrupt centre, done much good, and have rendered a desert a land flowing with milk and honey. The Moravians, the second sect, are very much to be honoured. Nothing, perhaps, nearer to the spirit and practice of a community of early Christians has been practised than their doctrine. Lastly, trying to realize their Utopia without the trouble of children or the ties of marriage, separating the sexes and devoting each to a separate life, meeting only together for the sake of worship, which is performed in a saltatory manner, we have the Shakers. The culmination of their Utopia would, in about one hundred years, leave an entirely empty planet. But in spite of much that is impossible, which is well shown in Hawthorne's capital romance *The Blythedale Romance*, where he introduces and sketches Brook Farm, a Utopian establishment set up by those curious people, we must own that there is something very great and

generous in the idea, something which shadows forth a grander soul in man ; and if the world has not realized the splendid dream, it has yet been greatly benefited by the publication of these crude but beautiful idealogies.





WAR IN THE WORLD.



ONTAIGNE, writing, as he very frequently did, about himself, drawing his experiences chiefly from his own heart, and telling people exactly what he thought at the moment, naturally does not let the passing events of the day go by without observation. Thus he tells us how his brother, being second to a gentleman in a duel, and having despatched his man, ran in to part the principals; and thus also he lets us know, incidentally, many curious particulars of the wars of the Guises, and the raids of the free companions in Guienne; and if our great master turn aside for that, we may surely gossip about war itself, and glance at the little and contemptible war—if war can ever be contemptible—which is disturbing Europe, and the very large and unsatisfactory war which is tearing America in pieces. All our tea-table philosophers and softly benevolent thinkers—they who take their “sentiments” from the words of wisdom which surround Maunder’s *Treasury*—are ready to prove by line and rule that war is not a necessity; that it is cruel, rapacious, and

utterly unfit for philosophers, much less Christians, to indulge in ; and yet the horrid fact remains—we must and do have war.

This is very unpleasant, especially to those who believe in an immediate millennium ; but it is more unpleasant when we concede that the more quiet and dispassionate a thinker is, the less biassed, and the more determined to look upon the question on all sides, the deeper will be his conviction that, if matters proceed as they are now proceeding, we shall soon have a general European war. Whenever it commences it will be a sanguinary and a disastrous one. There is Waterloo to be avenged by one people, Solferino and Magenta to be wiped out by another, and a little credit account of Sebastopol to be looked into. Probably we shall find in this result a solution of Mr. Cumming's "Great Tribulation Coming on the Earth ;" but we need not go to Daniel and the Revelation to foretell tribulations : they are of that sort which write their advent pretty plainly in political events, in arming and fort-building, in the preparation of fleets, and in the invention of all kinds of model instruments of destruction, all of which are to be noted now, and which are not very comfortable things for a philosopher to contemplate. These, indeed, are the true signs of the times, and those who read them need not be inspired.

We all know that Lord Chesterfield foretold very accurately the French Revolution, simply by looking around at the gaunt and angry faces, and the starvation and tyranny, which were to be seen any day and every day all over France before

1793. So now, when we read French newspapers, and listen to French talking and gossiping, and see, moreover, a fleet grow day by day, and an army of 600,000 men maintained without any actual necessity for it, we may well look up and expect the coming storm. And yet there is nothing more certain than that all of us hate war. It is a hungry, abominable, detestable, wicked thing. It is plainly murder on a large scale, and nothing else.

“War is a game which, were the people wise, kings should not play at.” A very deep and wise sentence that, though written by a madman. But people are not wise. We dream of the era of peace, but dream only. We bid the joyous Christmas bells to “ring out the thousand wars of old, ring in the thousand years of peace ;” but we are just as quarrelsome and vindictive and full of fight as our neighbours ; and a very good thing it is that we are so, as we shall presently see. We paint pictures of Peace and War : the one smiling, sunny, and sweet ; the other bloody, horrent, full of dying men and horses, of shouting and noise, of crackling flames and clouds of smoke and dust. We chronicle the horrors of war ; the tears of the orphan and the widow ; the lone age of the mother and father ; the maimed and defaced image of God, which begs through the streets in a bowl, or drags its broken trunk to die in a ditch. There are not twenty-four more horrible pictures etched than those of Jacques Callot in his *Miseries of War* : they were true two hundred years ago ; they are true now. Of the other abominations we speak not : in our heart of hearts we all hate them, and sigh

for the fulfilment of old Merlin's prophecy, and the advent of King Arthur, who, dying, said—

“I come again
With all good things, and war shall be no more.”

But we know now that this good time has not yet come. We are nearly as far from it as we ever were : there is, at all events, no immediate sign of the millennium. The Exhibition of 1851 gave an immense prominence to the arts of peace. It was, as it deserved to be, wonderfully successful. Aggression, fighting, sieges, battles, and batterings seemed to be forgotten. The aristocracy of labour drove the other aristocracy quite out of the field. Fighting was reckoned absurd, and people who saw the grand results of peace were to be knit together in one holy bond of universal brotherhood, and were to beat their swords into pruning-hooks, and to make knives and forks of their spears. But yet in 1852 there were several hundreds shot down in the streets of Paris—France was at war with herself ; and in 1854-5 France, England, and Turkey were at war with Russia, in spite of the remonstrances of those three members of the Peace Society who travelled all the way to St. Petersburg to ask the Emperor Nicholas what he meant by it.

Then came the reports of the first battle. The very papers which had been preaching “peace” sent out word-painters of great force to describe a field of battle : the scattered brains, the lopped limbs, the strange contortions of the dying ; the surgeons with their bare arms dipped to the elbows in blood ;

the dead, some stiffened into a semicircle in their agony ; some on their knees ; some with clenched teeth and hands, as if still fighting in death ; the field of battle by night ; the lanterns of the relieving-parties ; the hasty trench, and the burial of the dead. We soon grew used to horrors ; to which the description of the great fight between two boxers, which some years ago quite shocked us, is but a flea-bite.

Our imperial ally, and our imperial enemy, soon grew tired, and a peace was patched up against the will of this peaceable nation, which was still in love with war ; but other wars succeeded. Five powers had been engaged in war ; another, Austria, was dragged into it ; and Italian principalities took their share. All this seems to give direct contradiction to the assertion, that as nations grow more civilized they grow less addicted to war. Man's taste for blood is somewhat tigerish, and the appetite increases by what it feeds on.

We may at least question whether this be an era of peace. Since the year 1815, when the peace was concluded, and our troops were yet in possession of France, a period of nearly fifty years, our country has had nearly one hundred wars on hand. Our soldiers have covered themselves with glory, and our nation has made fine strides in civilization ; but we have not been at peace. Burmese, Affghan, Chinese, and Continental wars have filled our hands, and the trade of soldiering has been pretty busily carried on. We have been more "civilized," to use a general term ; but it is to be doubted whether any hundred-and-twenty years have been so full of wars as those which range from 1744 to 1864. There is no

real foundation for Buckle's assertion that "this barbarous pursuit [war] is, in the progress of society, steadily declining. In the middle ages," he continued, "there was never a week without war. At the present moment war is considered a rare and singular occurrence." In the face of present facts this is a rather bold assertion. Wars are perhaps not brought so closely home to us as they were; but, when almost every family in England can tell of some one lost in the Crimean campaigns or Indian fights, we cannot say that war is of rare occurrence.

Now the chief question is, since we all admit war to be a material curse—although, like other curses, it may bring blessings in its train—the great question is this: Is war a necessity? Can nothing be done to put an end to carnage, and to that tremendous and useless expenditure of the lives and moneys of a country which war carries in its train? Can we not throw back the six hundred thousand armed men, the finest men of the nation, who are now idling in marching and counter-marching, in drilling and the manual exercise, in France, into agriculture and trade? Can we not set free our own two hundred thousand, the million soldiers of Russia, and the two or three millions belonging to the other states? Any one who could really solve this question would indeed benefit all mankind. Louis Napoleon himself dreamed, or pretended to dream, about this. "It would be an easy matter," he wrote in 1832, "for the sovereigns of the world to consolidate an everlasting peace. Let them consult the mutual relations and habits of nations amongst themselves; let them grant the nationality, the institutions, which they

demand ; and they will have arrived at the secret of a true political balance. Then will all nations be brothers ; they will embrace each other in the presence of a dethroned tyranny, of a world refreshed and consolidated, and of a contented humanity."

This is all very fine ; but which sovereign is to begin ? Louis Napoleon will not begin, that is certain, but on the contrary has, by his continual arming, placed this country under an enormous burden of taxation for defensive war. Nor will Austria or defeated Denmark do so ; nor will the Pope, who has at last made his sham army very like a fighting one ; nor will Russia ; nor Prussia, aiming at the chief place in Germany ; nor Sardinia, emerging from the state of a third to that of a second-rate power. Who will bell the cat ? Plainly, no one now. We have had our dream of peace. We are now entering upon a cycle of war. Before this is terminated it is no doubt but that the whole face of Europe will be considerably changed.

Presuming we cannot get rid of war, let us try the experiment upon a smaller scale. Can we get rid of "law?" Not of that power which controls us and binds us to each other, but that which is vulgarly understood by those three letters—the power which two men have of worrying each other so that a third party may reap all the benefit. Will any one who has a fine estate disputed, or one who fancies he has a right to money, or simply no right, but a chance thereto—will any of these give up their positions without law ? If we were to advise our readers to do so, would they act upon our

advice? We think not; and yet better counsel could not be given nor followed. Every one has heard the statement of a learned judge, that it is better, far better, for a poor client to forego his rights than to enter on a Chancery suit. Laws were made for rich men, not for the poor; so war, the ultimate appeal of kings, seems to be fit only for rich nations. "The last louis d'or," said one great monarch, "wins the game." "Victory is, after all, upon the side of the biggest battalions," said another conqueror. Certainly many large nations have been made smaller by war; it is very seldom that we find small nations made larger.

The cost of military preparations is, we learn from a peace authority, in Austria, thirty-three per cent. of the whole expenditure of government, exclusive of the interest of the debt. In Prussia it is forty-four per cent.; in France, sixty-eight per cent. (twenty years ago it was only thirty-eight per cent.); in Great Britain, seventy-four per cent.; and in America (United States), eighty per cent.; the difference in the per-centage of the latter arising from the very cheap way in which the executive is there carried on, not on account of the greater war preparations of the States. Now no one can but wish that all this expense were saved, and that we, for one nation, only expended twenty pounds sterling where we now pay one hundred. Nay, as we pay considerably more for the interest of the debt incurred through fighting than we do for the whole of the executive, there is positively a difficulty in calculating the advantages which would have arisen had we always secured to ourselves the blessings of unbroken peace.

But every ledger has a debtor and creditor account. Everything has its two sides of the argument ; and every evil has its distinct compensation. Manners grow ripe and rotten in a continued peace ; corruptions are rife, tyranny increases, the insolence of the rich and the misery of the poor are equally enlarged. But war binds a nation together, teaches it the value of its poorer people, brings out promptitude, despatch, fortitude, bravery, and many virtues. It shows it also that there are many other qualities to be admired besides success in trade. It brings people upon their knees before God. Its reverses are more keenly felt, its punishments more vividly recognised, than perhaps any other. Nor are its lessons soon forgotten. The French remember them yet. It is a pity that they still do so. "Ah," writes one of their authors, "we are far from Waterloo now ! We have more than half a million of armed men ; we have an enormous fleet of ships ; we are wealthy, and not reduced to our last franc and last soldier, as we were then." And the moral he preaches is, of course, revenge. This is very terrible. We feel that we have on the opposite shore a neighbour full of courage, vigour, and thirsting for revenge and glory ; a word understood by him in only one way. We find that he is eager to be the first nation in Europe, to have his deeds constantly talked about ; "the most brilliant and the most dangerous of the nations in Europe, adoring chance force, success, splendour, more than true glory, and best fitted to become by turns an object of admiration, of hatred, of pity, of terror, but never of indifference."

We bow to this decision of one of that brilliant nation : we cannot be indifferent. We cannot rest in tranquillity when other nations re-arrange the boundaries of Europe. Were we only to oppose gentleness to our aggressive neighbours, we know from an old fable what the result would be. The proposition of one enthusiastic Quaker, that we should let an army of fifty thousand men land and march on to London, and welcome, but not oppose them, and so shame them out of their outrage, will not hold water. We sigh, therefore, but buckle on our armour.

Man is a splendid animal, and, following his animal propensities, cannot get on without war ; nor will he do so till all the kingdoms of all ages, and all the armies that ever were mustered, all that Cæsar led or Nero oppressed, all that Xerxes assembled, the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies enrolled, the Consuls, Alaric, Attila, Mahomet, Genghis Khan, the Crusaders, and the Kings of the East and West and their generals, from Narses and Belisarius to Turenne, Marlborough, Napoleon, and Wellington, enlisted and led to battle—till all these rise again from those graves into which ambition or oppression hath hurried them, till then man will still, with periodic madness, indulge in war.





THE BARBARITIES OF WAR.

MANY months have now elapsed since the Federals, with a determination and persistency we cannot but admire, commenced the siege of Charleston—a siege henceforward to be celebrated for the amazing obstinacy and bravery of the defenders—and that the Federal general experimented with a new engine, Greek fire. The purport of this “Greek fire” is to set in flames houses, hospitals, churches, and the city generally, and to act upon the combatants by injuring the non-combatants (by the way, we did not hear that Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, or any of the peace party, sent word to their friends in America that they had better not employ such barbarous means of fighting); and in pure self-defence the Confederates have been fain to go to their own inventors for the same or a like combustible. Here is something which, ten years ago, we should have read with horror:—“On —, near the Bay Road, Captain Travis made two distinct experiments of his fire or composition, using on each occasion less than half a pint of the preparation—a fluid. Both were eminently successful. Instantaneously, on being exposed

to the air, the fluid becomes a blaze of fire, with heat intense, resembling that of a liquid metal in the smelting process. A pile of green wood, into which it was thrown, ignited immediately, like tinder. Without delay, within ten seconds, a number of buckets full of water were thrown upon the flames, a dense volume of smoke ascended, the hissing and singing sound of a quenched fire was heard ; but lo ! the burning fluid licked up the water, destroying its oxygen ; the fluid seemingly added to the flame, and the wood cracked and hummed, and the flames arose again defiantly unquenchable. On the occasion of these experiments 'Travis's Greek fire' burned for something over a quarter of an hour in full vigour and force. Its heat is intense, and flies at once into the body of the substance it touches."

From another quarter of the globe we read, about the same time, that a British admiral, with an exceedingly Dutch name, had demanded from the Japanese compensation for the murder of Mr. Richardson, an English subject. Now this demand was fair enough, and so far so clear. The Japanese paid the compensation, but, on their refusing to complete the transaction by a punishment of the murderers, the admiral, as a guarantee, seized three steamers. Upon this the Japanese, being previously prepared, fired upon the British ships, killed two excellent officers and several men, and knocked our war vessels about very seriously. Of course Jack Tar replied, silenced the forts, and in the course of events, although it is evident that there was no direct attempt to do so, he set fire to the town. Thereon Mr. Cobden wrote a most bitter letter,

asserting that Englishmen are disgracefully savage, and comparing and contrasting also the American and English methods of making war.

Now we are merely debating the question. We are on neither side. The art of war is of course a murderous art ; and as all arts are excellent or futile merely in the measure that they are efficient, the more murderous the agents he employs, the better the warrior—that seems to be the gist of the popular argument. “We do not want a little war ; we do not want an ineffective war : we want,” cry the Americans, “the Union to be restored, at all costs. We cannot restore it by peace ; we resort to war : that war must be effective, if we kill out all the rebels. We must hold the place.” This is evidently the more general feeling of the North. Their best preacher, their most scholarly novelist, and their highest poet, have all spoken and written for Union at any price—nothing else, but Union. In one of his recent poems, on the sinking of the *Cumberland* by the *Merrimac*, Longfellow wrote—

“Ho ! brave hearts that went down in the seas,
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream !
Ho ! brave land ! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam !”

These are fine lines ; but the spirit which would cement a fictitious union with so much blood is hardly to be praised. The comparison of the Stars and Stripes with the Saviour's coat is in bad taste.

As we have seen, America is not alone in her barbarities. In Poland lately war was carried on with so much brutality, that her chief city, Warsaw, was sore of war indeed. Not only are little girls of ten, twelve, and fifteen years of age imprisoned, but they are put to the torture (that is, they are whipped severely), until they tell the names of the guests whom their fathers entertain. It does not matter whether you rack their bones, pinch their thumbs, or whip their bodies ; you force confession out of them by torture. Formerly, in our good old times, we in some cases tortured people by the mere sight of the rack. When Felton declared, nobly and boldly, that he alone had plotted against the Duke of Buckingham, whom he slew, he was taken into a darkened chamber, and shown the rack. "Men, when they are tortured, Mr. Secretary," he said to Lord Dorset, "sometimes reveal strange things. If you put me to the rack, I will accuse you, my Lord of Dorset, and nobody else." It is to be wished that some of the young Polish ladies would imitate Felton, and thus escape torture.

When Mr. Cobden denounced the chance shell which set fire to the Japanese houses, and passed in dumb silence the Greek fire of the more educated barbarians ; when our friendly allies the Russians returned the most diplomatic, polite, and yet insulting replies, to our suggestions of amendment, and declared that theirs was a paternal government (under which, by the way, defenceless peasants were found in the woods with about eighteen bayonet-wounds in each, and an indefinite number of stabs and bruises), we may be sure

that neither eastern, western, nor central civilization has anything to boast of. The only plea that we can make is this : war is a barbarism ; with some people it *must* be resorted to. If we own this plea, and resort to it, then it should be like physic, only administered in the sharpest and most effective manner.

Certainly, one of the most effective methods of finishing an enemy is to burn him up. Torquemada and other inquisitorial enthusiasts have from time to time called in fire to aid in the conversion of souls, and have deemed the greatest barbarity not inconsistent with the deepest concern for salvation. But, as sound doctors tell us, there is always a doubt about sharp remedies. "'Tis a sharp remedy for all our evils," said Sir Thomas More, as he felt the edge of the axe ; but it is to be doubted whether he thought it the best. Quacks, and those ignorant people who follow them, like something to be *effective*. A learned doctor, speaking to a man who sold violent pills and drastic patent medicines, said, "My friend, if you want to humbug the people, why not do it less dangerously and more gently?" "Bless your innocence," said the quack, "the people wouldn't believe in me unless I made 'em *holler out!*" It is sad that this principle should be so generally believed in. We all worship force ; each of us loves effect ; and that is why, after a series of preachments on the blessings of peace and the universal brotherhood of love, humanity takes refuge in Greek fire. "'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful," but it is too true.

It is worth while to remember that the invention of Greek

fire, and its use, are owing to those who claim to be the most civilized people in the world. When it first came out the expiring Roman empire was bathed, as it were, in a stream of intellectual sunshine, the splendour of which has never been exceeded. It was the setting glories of the sun before the night of the dark ages. All that learning and philosophy could teach, they had taught. Poets and historians were then splendid wholes : the rapt teachings of Plato, the mystic records of the studies of Pythagoras, were to them well known. The whole of the philosophic teachings of Cicero, the whole of the lost books of Livy, even the originals of our Gospels and Epistles, and other gospels, epistles, and evangels, too, which have not come down to us, were amongst them. The barbarians had not mutilated the statues nor set fire to the pictures. Art had culminated ; intellect was worshipped ; a princess had held the reins of government who had the heart of a poet and the head of a philosopher ; an emperor had given not only laws, but a most splendid example to his subjects, and had tried in his patient and philosophic life to exhibit a finer ideal than that of the Galilean whom he despised. Yet this same princess, an ornament to literature, and to her sex absolutely, has transmitted to us the recipe of the cunning thing which so effectually and sharply cures the evils of war ; and this is Greek fire.

Whether we really know what it was, or whether the effects of it were so much exaggerated that we fail to recognise the true thing, it is hard to say. According to the recipe of the

learned Anna Comnena, it was made of sulphur, resin, and oil. Others say sulphur, naphtha, pitch, gum, and bitumen. It was not inclosed in a shell, but it is said was thrown from the Roman engines in solid lumps. Indeed, if the compound which tips our lucifer-matches or our "flaming fuses" were properly charged and projected with force, it would attach itself to what it hit, and burst into flames. Greek fire was, however, much more combustible than such a mixture. In its course through the air it took fire with a great noise, and looked something like a comet, a nucleus with a train. If it fell upon combustible matter, such as the sails, cordage, or the decks of ships, it set fire to them, and aided and increased their combustion; and some historians tell us that it still burnt under the water, nor could water extinguish it. Callimicus, acting under the command of Constantine Pogonantes, used it against the Saracens in a sea-fight near Cyzicus (where an English company is now planting cotton), and destroyed all the ships of his enemy. But Saracen and Christian equally applied it. At the siege of Damietta the Turks used it with great effect against the French under Saint Louis.

Ancient Greek fire, however, differs very much from the modern invention. Of course our English chemists have for years known of a substitute for the old composition; and it says much for the humanity, though perhaps very little for the "vigour" and "sharpness," of the English Government, that they, during the Crimean war, were over and over again implored to use it against the Russians, but that they steadily

refused to do so. General Beauregard thought that it was "a villainous compound, unworthy of civilized nations ;" so thought Lord Raglan, the Duke of Newcastle, and the rest of the English ministry. Mr. Wentworth Scott brought out this "villainous compound" some few years ago, says a writer in the *Social Science Review*, "and, during the Russian war, he was untiring in his efforts to get it practically in use in our army and navy." Circumlocution bears the blame of having refused Mr. Scott's "fire :—" let it also have the praise of rejecting so cruel and so barbarous an engine of warfare. Captain Disney also applied to our Government ; and again Circumlocution stepped in ; that is to say, a number of soldiers and gentlemen at the War Office were old-fashioned enough to refuse to be the first to apply so deadly and destructive an engine against the shipping and the houses of Sebastopol. Dr. Richardson, who has experimentalized with it, wrote a letter to the *Times* in 1855, in which he urged its adoption, since he happened to be aware that the Continental chemists, and notably Professor Jacobi, were making experiments with a view to the production of a liquid fire which would soon have enveloped the whole of the English and French fleets in flames. Happily, Peace, like an angel, came and put a stop to the prosecution of these intended barbarities, or the generosity of the Allies would have been sadly repaid. After the end of the Crimean war Captain Norton continued the experiments, and he has invented a small shell for a rifle, which will burst on hitting stretched canvas, and thus, upon touching the sails of a ship, would quickly ignite them. We

believe that Government is in possession of not only one, but a dozen various chemical preparations which could burn any wooden ship, or set any town on fire. The scientific writer whom we have quoted has a preparation which will keep for years, and which will serve all the purposes of Greek fire. We believe that it is a solution of phosphorus in bisulphide of carbon and naphtha.

The physical question, Can we, or can we not, use such an engine of war? is therefore easily answered. We can do so; and we have seen that other nations, less scrupulous than ourselves, have done so, and will do so again. The moral question remains to be argued. But then morality, especially in war, is a very lax and stretchable matter. Even our peace party—a party, however crotchety, always to be mentioned with honour—will tell us that, if we have war, we should have it “short, sharp, and decisive.” It is the long wars that eat the heart out of a nation, that are so expensive and depopulating. The Americans have used this Greek fire at Charleston, and none of their papers or preachers exclaim against it: indeed, in reply to our questionings, they might exclaim, “What about the red-hot shot with which Lord Heathfield defended Gibraltar? How about the fire-ships which Drake, Raleigh, and Frobisher sent into the Spanish Armada?” It is true that on both those occasions we were acting on the defensive, and that, as a rule, we have been found, side by side with our old antagonists the French, to be noble and generous in warfare. But what of that? War is wrong altogether; it must exist as long as men continue what they

are ; and if we go back to first principles, they had better fight with their fists, like English boxers. It is barbarous to use a club or a bow ; but what do we say to rifled cannon, bayonets with a triangular blade, Toledo swords, the Gourka creese, with which part of the British army is armed ; to fusees, shells, bombs, torpedoes, grenades, serpents, and the whole devilish enginery of "*glorious war?*" If we employ one, where shall we draw the line, when stop? If *we* stop, will others do so? Is it very pleasant to reflect that, during the time our shipbuilders were forbidden to work for the American combatants, they were at work building iron ships for the Russian non-combatants—ships which are only likely to be employed against the English and French navies—and that all our forces, all our ships, all our men-of-war, are at the mercy of a foe who will not scruple to use Professor Jacobi's liquid fire, and who, if he did so, would bring our naval force very shortly to the end of the fabled Phœnix which expired in flames?

These are serious considerations. They will show us at least that, what with smoking us out, choking us to death, and setting fire to us, our foreign warrior-chemists will not have much mercy on us. They, as well as we, desire to make war decisive and short. All that our chemists can do is to try to discover the sharpest and most combustible agents, and, at the same time, "the art of effectually neutralizing," to quote Dr. Richardson, "an agent of destruction which we may scorn to employ, as beneath our civilization." At any rate, we may well agree with General Beauregard's

indignant protest against such being used against towns wherein are many women and children. If we are to fight at all, let us have reasonable rules of the ring, like prize-fighters do. Moreover, the barbarities of war have a tendency to cure themselves. Soldiers who are hardly pressed and brutally fought with, fight with more bitterness. There is also some comfort in the reflection that the "brutalities of warfare" do not pay in the long-run. Degrade the soldier to the mere chemical sneak, the poisoner in uniform, the town-burner, and the death-fumigator, and "*glorious* war" will soon be over. It, after all, proves nothing. The French knights, who said that "gunpowder was the grave of valour," will, after long years, have their prediction realized ; and we may, even in our generation, witness some attempt at the realization of that fond prophecy of that glorious time—

“ When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are
furl’d,
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World ;
When the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm
in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.”



THE BARBARITIES OF PEACE.



IN the magnificent sonnet which Milton addressed to the Lord Protector Cromwell occurs a noble and never-to-be-forgotten line—

“Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war;”

words which are often cast in the teeth of warriors, and are now fairly enough thrown to the combatants who are fighting to the great distress of themselves and of the whole world : in short, a man thoroughly enamoured of peace would never be tired of enlarging on her blessings, and on the curses and calamities of war. But if peace has blessings, she has blotches upon her fair face—corruptions, rottenness, utter abominations, cowardices, and such-like ; cheatings and wrongs, money-makers in the ascendant, Bureaucracy and Mammon-worship, the faces of the poor ground. Why, in the face of these evils, do we prate of the blessings of peace?

“Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovelled and hustled together, each sex, like
swine ;
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie.
Peace in her vineyard—yes ! but a company forges the wine !”

Now these corruptions of peace, in society as it is at present constructed, are really eased off by war. In war there is a spirit and a brotherhood, a feeling that the rich and poor are kin to each other, a sympathy for a common object, which makes the great much more kind to the poor.

An uninterrupted prosperity, and a continuance in peace, may put a nation very forward in the arts and sciences ; but they may, at the same time, and indeed they often will, render it luxurious, selfish, arrogant, and unfeeling. To individuals, as well as to nations, moderate misfortune is a great good and a clear gain : prosperity is always a trial and a snare. Goldsmith, who clearly saw this, has embodied his sentiments in some vigorous lines in the *Deserted Village* : he tells us, that in too much prosperity, and consequent luxury, kingdoms—

“ to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own :
At every draught large and more large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.”

A great many of the statements we daily see in the newspapers show us that England is not free from this enervating luxury, and that we need all the supervision of the best thinkers and statesmen among us to correct the evils which this luxury creates. The sorrows and evils which it does create we have in this paper ticketed by the general title of “The Barbarities of Peace.”

Among them we may fairly include the condition of the courts and alleys of our towns, and of the cottages of our labouring agricultural population. Mr. Bright, in one of his speeches at Rochdale, said perhaps rather too much when he asserted that the English agricultural labourer was the worst paid, worst fed, and most neglected and ignorant being he had met with. Upon the whole, there can be little question that the English peasant is better fed and better lodged than the French, Russian, or German peasant, although some assert that a German peasant is a very different being to his fellow agricultural labourer in England ; but if we look upon England as a pre-eminently rich nation, then the condition of our peasant is a very bad one. It will need a wise head to remedy this ; for unless an immense deal of capital, of machinery, and of educated skill, is brought to bear, the occupation of farming is not a paying one. The plan hinted at by Mr. Bright, of breaking all the larger estates into small ones, and of a legal re-division of the land, would do no good. A farm-labourer is not poor because he does not till his own land, but because the price of corn is low, and always will be low whilst we have to compete with Swedish, French, Russian, Egyptian, and American corn-growers. The price in the market of a quarter of wheat always rules the rate of the agricultural labourer's wages. If the farmer got more, he would give more, because he would be incited by the reward to spend more labour on his fields, and to make them produce more. But while the pay of the labourer is beyond the landlord's control, the cottages of labourers are not ; and

these cottages are at the best but barbarous dwellings, ill-ventilated, ill-drained, old, rotten, and unrepaired, and yet excessive in their rent, and very dear to hold. The farmers of England do not seem to have sufficient capital to remedy this crying evil ; and, moreover, living from their youth upwards in its midst, they do not look at it as any one coming fresh upon the scene does. Even the labourers themselves seem content to be lodged much worse than the squire's dogs or his horses. Sixteen or seventeen huddled together in a room, the sexes promiscuously mingled, the clothing insufficient, the air inside the house fetid and impure—these are not things as they should be. An appeal should be made to the country to alter such matters, to advance money that more cottages may be built, and to repair and put in order such houses as are already standing. We may assure ourselves that, unless the towns take up the matter, and that speedily and resolutely, it will not be done, and that these fever-haunted and miserable cottages will become again and again the seed-plots of agricultural misery and crime—crime which will cost the country its thousands upon thousands.

The dwellings in town, in courts and alleys, wynds and back lanes, are sad enough ; but self-interest has thrust the neglect under our noses, and lectured to us from that most entrancing of all points, self-preservation. We are now in a fair way to remedy a great deal of this. Model dwellings have been raised in many places. Miss Coutts, as is usual with her in all good works, has been foremost to remedy the evil where she could ; and, after the successful experiment of

Alderman Waterlow, whereby he proved that eight or nine per cent. could be easily cleared upon buildings containing excellent dwellings for the working classes, the City of London has voted that £20,000 shall be expended in that way in the new thoroughfare, Farringdon Road. This is a gratifying beginning. Unless working people have comfortable homes, it is useless to try to Christianize them, and to lecture them about the effects of industry and the duty of saving. An unhealthy and an uncomfortable body will sooner or later lead to a very morbid condition of mind, in which the patient will hardly be able to distinguish right from wrong. We do not put this forward as an excuse for brutality, but it is some excuse for humanity. Professedly philanthropic people are very fond of talking about the depravity of the London thief and the London blackguard, forgetting that the true way of reforming that obnoxious character is to give him an interest in a better, freer, and more comfortable life, and to prove to him that his fellow-men regard him with somewhat more affection than they do a wild beast, which they seek to knock on the head, or shut up, immediately they see him.

But social barbarities are by no means confined to the poor. Think of that where a Dr. Byrne hit upon the discovery of a lunatic who was shut up by his own brother, and subjected to an imprisonment to which that of the man with the iron mask, or those of the victims in the dungeons of London or the *oubliettes* of Paris, show, by contrast, like angelic treatment. To be imprisoned until his joints had stiffened and grown into solid bone ; to be left without clothes,

and chained up until the man resembled a hideous ape ; to be fed only with such modicums as just kept life together—this was the fate of the lunatic, and this was the practice of an English brother ! It makes us blush for the name we own : it makes us doubt our boasted piety, learning, and civilization. Every Englishman's house is his castle, is the maxim ; and therefore none of those who now hunt the criminal would interfere, although this barbarity was known, and although the howlings and cries of the poor wretch, racked with cold, disease, and hunger, were nightly heard. By the side of such a story—unhappily, it would appear, not a solitary one—the alleged cruelties in private mad-houses, cruelties and atrocities no doubt often exaggerated, sink into the shade : it is sufficiently clear, however, that the legislature should at once do something to prevent the possibility of such a recurrence. Idiotcy, insanity, and mental diseases are increasing amongst us ; and since we have a capital Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, we may as well have another for the Prevention of Cruelty to Human Beings.

During Christmas, and the festivities attendant upon it and the New Year, more than a dozen milliners are probably worked to death, and many others into incurable diseases and paralysis. This unhappy state of things is not restricted to our country. Wherever the requirements, or fancied requirements, of fashion exist, there will the cruelties of money-making men, ready to grasp all they can get, and careless of the well-being of their work-people, be exhibited. Well might a poet call such persons “ trade's unfeeling train.”

Those who embark in huge adventures must, from the necessity of the case, be urged into competition, and be driven to the strictest exercise of their money-getting wits. Although a benefactor in many cases, yet trade, pushed too far, is enervating to the manliness of a nation, and cruel to the young and the weak. But no social revolution can obviate this : wise political measures, undertaken under the guidance of those who know the necessities of the working classes and the demands of trade, should be adopted and passed ; not, indeed, to restrict the freedom of the trader, but to do away with the license which the dazzling prospective of a large fortune too often leads him into. And herein we see the advantage of an aristocracy, which depends upon its territorial grandeur, and upon the antiquity of its birth and the achievements of its ancestors. A millionaire may have achieved his coveted fortune, but he cannot achieve the long list of ancestors, and the free and lofty mind which an absence from all sordid motives of gain can give. The noble, the priest, and the scholar leaven the mass, whilst they themselves are improved, and, in their turn, taught. Had we no higher orders amongst us, and none to quench the maddening thirst for gold, we should probably lose half our fine feelings, our sympathy and our love for our fellow-man, and degenerate into a sickly crew of masters and work-people, with every kind of chicanery in the upper to grind the lower, and the lower to cheat the upper half of society.

The position and the number of our criminal classes may be reckoned as amongst the barbarities of peace. In the

model states of Plato, Sir Thomas More, and other social reformers, criminals appear only upon paper, and are easily dealt with. Many very excellent people, who dream of a rose-coloured world in which dwell none but good people, are almost pathetically sorry for criminals, and talk as if society was banded against the honest man, and that he was systematically driven into crime. Some foolish novelists have taken up this cuckoo cry ; and at the present moment about twenty different cheap novels are issued, in which such men (or rather ruffian brutes) as Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, Blueskin, and others, are painted as heroes, and bold, dashing fellows, full of generosity and high feeling. There can be no more doubt about the rain bringing up a crop of turnips, or a field of wheat, than there is about such books producing a crop of young thieves. In another set of books—for these dirty and licentious fictions proceed only from one or two presses—the fallen and the vicious of the other sex are made heroines. Now, surely, without at all interfering with the political liberty of the press, the writers, publishers, and illustrators of such fictions, or of periodicals containing such fictions, should be prosecuted.

We do not wish to bring back the hard reign of the Puritans. We know well enough that undue severity always rebounds into license ; but surely a man who steals from the heart of a boy honesty, and from that of a girl chastity of thought and feeling, and who by his writings leads them to the brink of moral destruction, should be reached by the arm of the law. It is of little use building reformatories, if we

allow the crop of young thieves and rascals who fill them to be perpetually cultivated too. The satires of Swift are terribly scathing, and bitterly and blackly does he paint and describe the state of mankind; but he never could say anything half bitter enough against creatures who quietly allow their young to be mistaught, untaught, misled, and corrupted, and who then complain about the large crop of criminals, and of the sad effects and terrible cost of crime.





GENTLE WORDS.



IN some of those wise verses which the Laureate wrote when a very young man, a little more than twenty, indeed, he dared to give advice to a statesman, and it is such advice as statesmen from age to age may listen to :—

“ Watch what main currents draw the years :
Cut Prejudice against the grain :
But gentle words are always gain :
Regard the weakness of thy peers.”

And if we could but remember that line in italics always to act on it, our passage when out in the world would be considerably smoothed. A young man, however, can hardly look upon his peers and regard their weakness in the quiet, calm, superior way Tennyson tells him to do ; and his generally impulsive nature drives him to regard the oldsters amongst whom he moves as earnest, good men, who “ mean well,” and not only do that, but think fairly too. Hence he flies into a rage at the careless way in which people speak of important matters ; and, not regarding the weakness of his

peers, addresses them with hot words, like Achilles when he scolds Nestor. This is a sad mistake : when he has done so he is sorry for it. He had better have treated "his peers" as born fools, for to fools all wise men are tender.

Perhaps, to a sensible man, the most painful feelings of being in the wrong box—a box which almost all of us at one time or another get into—are occasioned by his having been betrayed into using hard words. There is even in that deep a deeper still, and that is, when he has written hard words—words which he would give all the world, if he had it, to recall, but which remain spoken, or worse, written in black and white.

Fielding, in his wonderful book, wonderful because of its deep insight into human nature, makes a husband and wife, no less than the great *Jonathan* and his spouse, quarrel, and then very affectionately make it up. This is every-day life, and all very well ; but there is a hard word which sticks between them, and the gentleman is ashamed of having used it, and the lady of having endured it. So this comes continually up ; it rises like *Banquo's* ghost, not in agony, but in a very unpleasant fashion. "Why, Mr. Wild," says the wife, "*why* did you say so-and-so?" and Mr. Wild, flinging himself out of the room in a fury, makes the quarrel perpetual.

An ill-tempered letter, once sent, will embitter a lifetime. We once saw an old gentleman, with a wise, fine head, calm face, and most benevolent look, but evidently thin-skinned and irascible, beg of a postmaster to return him a letter which he had dropped into the box. To do so, as everybody

knows, is illegal ; but, won over by the old gentleman's importunity, the postmaster complied, upon full proof, in comparing the writing, &c., being given. Then, with a beaming face, the old gentleman tore the letter into fragments, and, scattering them to the wind, exclaimed, "Ah ! I've preserved my friend." The fact is, he had written a letter in a state of irritation, which was probably unjust and hurtful, but which he had wisely recalled. "Written words remain," is not only a proverb, but a very grave caution ; and hence the advice, never to write in anger, or, at any rate, to keep your letter till you are cool. A very good practice, when you are indignant at any one's conduct, is to write a letter couched in the strongest terms possible, as abusive as you can make it, as satirical and as ill-natured as the matter will afford, and having done all this, to direct, seal, and put it in your desk for a few hours, then read it for your own satisfaction, and—tear it up.

The fact is, all hard words are a mistake. Most of our quarrels arise from a total misunderstanding of each other, and few of us are so bad as to deserve the rabid censure which ill-temper will pour upon us. It would be absurd to deny the fact that the most conscientious men do not sometimes provoke the harshest terms and constructions being applied to their conduct ; and yet conscientious men, we may be sure, think they are in the right when they act. Then comes the corollary to be drawn from this, that when two conscientious men quarrel, both think they are in the right, and neither deserves hatred or vituperation. Hard words, at

least, will not mend the matter. One might as well try to mend glass windows by pelting them with stones. Soft words, however, fall like a healing balm on the hearts of all, and we are told that they turn away wrath : if so, it is worth while employing them.

We are all of us fond of gentle words. A female philosopher, and one to whom few women, or men either, could compare in depth of observation and shrewdness, said, that "Politeness costs nothing, and gains everything ;" an observation which is directly opposed to the common rough proverb, "Soft words butter no parsnips." The very existence of this proverb is a proof that it is not a true one, at least applied in the raw and inconclusive way in which some persons put it. It really is an apologetic proverb, and it means that, after all, the hearer is tickled with the politeness, but real satisfaction is not yet made. Soft words do butter parsnips ; and many an oily fellow, whose talent, industry, and conscientiousness are small, owes his position and advancement in life to the soft words which drop continually from his mouth, and which "butter his parsnips" exceedingly well.

All of us like a polite man, and most of us are susceptible of a compliment ; yet there seems to be a general feeling that a man or woman who is complimentary is false. It is not often, nor is it necessarily so. A man may be a complimentary man simply out of the benevolence of his heart : he may say pleasant things to you because he really thinks so. His praise may take the highest form of compliment, and be

actually false and exaggerated as regards the object, yet, as regards himself, quite true. Take an instance of this in loyalty, which is a good old passion which noble nations always share, but which is essentially complimentary ; that is, it really does step beyond the bounds of reason and of truth. We say in the Church services, “under our most religious and gracious queen or king;” we style the monarch, in the *Court Circular*, “young and beautiful;” we call every colonel or military man in the House of Commons “gallant,” and every barrister “learned;” the judge on the bench even says “learned brother” when he is correcting an error into which some horsehair-wigged blunderer has tumbled. Now all this, which loyalty to our Queen and Constitution prevails upon us to adopt, is beside the truth. In many instances the terms may be true; in most instances they may be false; yet who would like them done away with? They absolutely make life elegant, and sweet, and graceful. They are the ermine and the dignity to the judge, the bands and gown to the parson, the symbolical orb and sceptre and sword to the monarch. In that great Western republic where, as Sir Edward Lytton quaintly has it, “boots are imperfectly blacked,” the judge sits in his shirt-sleeves, the barrister wears no wig, the crier of the court has no gown; and the jury, who tumble in unwashed and greasy from their labour, spit about the court, whittle sticks with their knives, and stick their unblackened boots up in the air on the rail in front of them. It would be utterly absurd to say that justice may not be done just as well in one of those courts as in

ours ; but outward form should, we think, accompany solemn occasions, and Justice should scarcely be treated as if she were a slut and a jade.

Strong-minded people often affect to despise compliments ; and yet, as Dr. South observed, very few people like to be entirely without them. “Hardly,” says he, “will you meet with anybody, man or woman, ever so aged or ill-favoured, but if you venture to commend them for their comeliness—nay, and for their youth too—though ‘time out of mind’ is wrote upon every line of their face—yet they shall take it very well at your hands.” And why not? Very often a compliment arises out of pure good-nature ; and Mr. Dickens has shown, in his rollicking, jolly characters, how very pleasing such good-nature is to the very best of us. As an old gentleman tottering to the grave is coming slowly along in the bright sunshine, surely any one who would meet him and tell him that he could scarcely feel the sunshine or enjoy the air, that he was feeble, rheumatic, and with one foot in the grave, would be a very unpleasant, even if a very truthful person. A polite man would try to seek out something pleasant, something to cheer the old fellow ; a complimentary man would most likely venture on a smooth word, a fib, perhaps, to compliment the old gentleman ; and, although truth might suffer, a great many people would think the last man the wiser and the better.

Gentle words, by which we have here intended compliments, are not always politeness, because any one can be very polite—cuttingly, freezingly, cruelly polite—without

being complimentary. To be complimentary is to be more than polite. Hammond thinks that compliment, "as opposed to plainness, must signifie giving titles of civility that really do not belong to those to whom they are thus given ;" and Raleigh uses the word, which was a young word then, in a bad sense. He makes some allowance, but not much. "There is some difference," says he, "between these mannerly and complimentary lies, with those which are sometimes persuaded by necessity upon breach of promise, and those which men use out of cowardice and fear." So that we may take a compliment to mean that kind of compliance, or acquiescence, or assent with the will of another, or that kind of deference which one pays to another with an intent to flatter any weakness, prepossession, or prejudice.

Such a kind of soft words may, as we have said before, be indulged in from the very basest of motives, or may arise from a pure overflowing of simple good-nature. Certain it is, that, condemn them or not, we all of us use them, and most of us like them. Let us listen to one man proposing the health of another at a public meeting, and we shall find that he will garnish his speech with many compliments. He will exaggerate his little virtues, say nothing of his faults, and attribute all the success which he has achieved, not to friends, not to adventitious aid, not to money, place, chance, a lucky hit, or anything of the sort, but to the divine energy of the immortal Tomkins himself. "When other men were abashed," he will say, "Tomkins was not cast down ; when other men trembled, Tomkins stood firm ;" and he will go

on thus for half an hour, whilst the blushing recipient of all these honours knows how untrue much of it is, and how he would have run away if he could, or how he owes all his success to a sharp-sighted wife, who backed him up, jeered him, consoled him, comforted him, worried him, and bullied him at home into the very pathway of golden success.

The reason for all this is, that such smooth words persuade us that we are much cleverer, or better, or better-looking, than we really are ; and if they do not quite succeed in doing so, they at least put us into a good humour with ourselves. If we sift the matter, we shall find that God has implanted in us all a most powerful and useful moral agent, called love of approbation or praise ; and that a compliment is very like the real and genuine thing, which even the veriest Timon amongst us likes. If used for base purposes, it is base : if used for simple good-humour and good-nature, it is one of the most delightful things in the world. The only men who dislike compliments are satirists ; not the good-natured, but the ill-natured sort ; and they cannot well make out whether the compliment be sincere or not. Hence the often-quoted line, the author of which so few people know—

“ Praise undeserved is censure in disguise.”

One of our modern satirists used to turn quite rusty, and would become acid in temper, when any one praised him warmly. “ As for compliment, and that sort of thing,” he wrote, “ I do not understand it. It quite shuts my mouth : I do not know what to answer.” He had been so used to sneer and roast

other people, that he was always fearful that others were basting him with the same sharp sauce.

Hammond's definition of a compliment, that it is applying a higher title to a man than he deserves, is very well understood everywhere, and nowhere better than amongst the Keltic races in France, Ireland, and Spain. Does not every shop-keeping Englishman remember how in France (formerly) he has been called "mi-lord?" Will not a *garçon* at the Trois Frères, or a shopman on the Boulevards, address your French friend, who is merely a lawyer or doctor, as M. le Comte? In Spain are there not many Dons and Hidalgos who have no right to the title, save that which is from the complimentary lips of the keeper of the podesta? And as one lands at Kingston, and walks towards the Dublin railway, how many car-boys will address you as "Giniral dear," or "Noble captain," or ask the "meejor" if he wants a "kyar" and a mare that will go any pace! Does not the young blushing ensign like to be mistaken for a captain, and the old navy lieutenant for an admiral? And do we not all like this somewhat? Are we not tickled? If we meet a respectable working man, whose back is bent and whose hands are hard with toil, is it so very strange that he should prefer to be called a gentleman? In America, where there is a great external equality, every one is a gentleman: a barber will say to his customer, "Sit down a minute, and I will call a gentleman to shave you;" and the gentleman-servant is careful to inform the gentleman-scavenger that he must clear away the unsightly heap of house-dirt and refuse which stands before the

door. Perhaps this is going a little too far ; but we are sure of this—that it is better to sin in that way than to use the stupidly proud and supercilious airs which some of us do towards our servants and tradesmen. If we pay honest money, we want honest service, and there the matter ends. We do not demand fulsome compliments, nor do we assert that we have a right to humiliate any one. A little plain good-nature, and a true desire to conciliate people, will go further than the most complimentary speech ever uttered, because it will last longer, from being natural and true.





DREAMLAND.

HAPPY is the man, says a proverb, who can tell all his dreams ; and, following out the spirit of this saying, Izaak Walton, when he would tell us of the innocence of “a fair and happy milkmaid,” adds, that she was so pure and clear in her thoughts and mind that “even her dreams were pleasing unto God.” The climax of this sentence is very beautiful, but there are probably very few of us who can deserve such praise. Even the great Milton was haunted with bad dreams ; and he reasons out the matter, declaring that—

“ Evil into the mind of man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or stain behind.”

Now, probably there is hardly a man or a woman living, of twenty years of age, who has not had wrong and vicious dreams—dreams of violence, murder, and other sins—dreams which make the sleeper start into life from the arms of Death’s twin-brother, Sleep, and hastily thank God that the vision was untrue.

Of the various mental phenomena which are common to man, not one has met with more general attention than dreaming. There is always an interest attached to it, and for ever there will be something to say upon it. Sister and brother, husband and wife, father and child, tell their dreams to each other. Silly as the incidents may be, there is always something interesting. Wild as the dream may be, it may come true. So it was that upon dreams and their interpretation the soothsayer laid the basis of his juggling power ; and by their true interpretation the patriarch of Scripture rose from the slave of a soldier to the throne of a tetrarch. But although in this and various other instances we must accord great weight to the actual dream under consideration, we need not consider that, as a rule, dreams are to be valued. When the chief baker and butler tell Joseph, "We have dreamed a dream, and there is no interpreter of it," Joseph at once answers, "Do not interpretations belong to God?" With this proviso and limit (a very important and significant one) all dreams recorded in Scripture must be taken, and not a few of those which are unrecorded, but instances of which may recur every day. If the Almighty gives an interpretation, then we may be sure that He sent the dream. If we have a vision in the night, when our lids are closed, which is "*mendax, inane, fallax, vanum, leve*" (lying, empty, deceptive, shallow, and light), terms so liberally applied to dreams by the Romans, then we may be certain that our dreams arise from very natural causes—some of which we are about to examine.

So far as we are acquainted with mental phenomena, we may easily suppose that dreaming is nothing but a continued state of mental action after sleep has set in. This state of mental action is more or less disordered. In perfect sleep all the organs of the brain are quiescent, and there is no dreaming. But, on the contrary, if any irritation, such as fever, a heavy meal, or drunkenness, should throw the perceptive organs of the brain into a state of action, whilst the reflective ones continue asleep, we have a consciousness of scenes, colours, or occurrences, which we are unable to rectify or to pass judgment upon. This, which has been pretty well established by the science of phrenology, combined with a study of the functions of the brain and its diseases, the poets, always in advance of the *savans*, as receiving their inspiration direct from God, had long ago perceived. The jumble of dreams Dryden very well describes :—

“ Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes :
When Monarch *Reason* sleeps, the *Mimic* wakes,
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A court of cobblers and a mob of kings.”

These images are very incongruous ; for when Reason is asleep, as in the brain of a madman, Fancy or Imagination takes the wildest strides. Things occurring in America and Europe, in the first century and the nineteenth, a hundred years ago and yet in the present moment, jumble themselves together in dreams. So they do in the brain of a madman.

In London, in the present year, a young fellow declared that he was Albert Edward Prince of Wales, and broke a tradesman's window because he would not take down the arms and cognizance of the Prince over the door. The young man was quite aware that there was another Prince of Wales elsewhere, and that he was the true and lawful heir to these realms and the armorial bearings complained of. But, although he knew this well enough, he thought it no absurdity to believe that there were two Princes of Wales, both true and good men, existing at the same time. A dreamer will imagine that he can fly, swim, live in fire, or have his head cut off, without injury.

But, besides these wild and vain dreams, there are others which are very logical and reasonable. Notwithstanding the dictum that, when in perfect health, we ought not to dream at all, some dreams are very healthful in their tone. By them the mathematician has often worked out the problem which puzzled him in his waking moments. The poet, as was the case with Coleridge and his *Kubla Khan*, has dreamed a glorious poem ; and, waking, he took his pen, and "eagerly wrote down the lines preserved. At the moment he was called out by some person on business, and, on his return to the room, found that all, except some eight or ten lines, had passed away for ever from his memory." Coleridge is not the only instance. In a volume of *Ghost Stories*, published by Bentley, there is a complete story, full of life and incident, related by the author just as he had dreamed it. Sartini, a celebrated violin-player, composed his famous

Devil's Sonata in a dream. Pitt and Sheridan dreamt out some of their celebrated speeches. Condorcet, who left his calculations in an unfinished state, took up the thread of them in a dream, and finished them. These asserted instances, and a thousand more, show that our busy, busy brain, the perpetual worker, too often wakes while the body sleeps, and continues its active, almost ceaseless work. The poor animal to which it is bound, with a tired digestion and wearied muscles, lies down upon the bed to repair the day's work and labour ; and then, at a greater freedom from the quiescent state of its material companion, up starts the spiritual mind, and follows out and completes the deductions it had before made. It even condescends to forecast the event, and to warn the body of evil, true to the curious and mysterious compact which for seventy years, or for whatever may be the term of man's life, has bound the two together.

"From our very birth we dream," says Macnish. "From what we can judge, the visions which haunt the minds of children are often of a very frightful kind. Children, from many causes, are more apt to have dreams of terror than adults. Their minds are exceedingly susceptible of dread in all forms, and prone to be acted upon by it in whatever shape it assumes."

That may be one cause. There is, however, another. The fancy and imagination of children are easily impressed ; and, either from folly, abundant and immortal as it is, or from some wicked agency, people are fond of frightening and impressing children. Our story-books have in them silly

pictures of enormous giants ; our pantomimes have the very incarnation of evil in them ; and, with hideous masks and ghostly noises, the devils, witches, and monsters skip about the stage. This may be fun to us men, a sort of brainless, silly fun ; but it is not so to the child. To him it is reality ; and when the little pure hands are clasped upon the pillow, and the fair cheek, flushed and rosy, lies down upon the soft bed, the little head, upon which cluster soft and golden curls, is inwardly haunted with the foolish story from its coloured, lying book, from a nonsensical pantomime, or from the tongue of a silly nursemaid. People, if they are wise, will try to put some little bound to these very patent follies, the evils of which most surely last through life.

The horrible dreams of guilty people are well known. It is in the night, the long dark night, that Conscience wakes and holds her court. There is no appeal from that court. The murderer may escape the police, or, by the intervention of a clever lawyer and the expenditure of money, he, when tried, may be declared a lunatic, and sent to spend his life in cared-for indolence ; he may even escape suspicion : but he cannot escape conscience. The Furies still follow Orestes ; nothing can drive them away ; and we see this grand truth continually appealed to by those who best appreciate and who always spread grand truths—the poets. So, in Shakspeare, you come suddenly upon Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep, talking of her guilt, and wringing her hands, in the vain endeavour to wash from them one little spot of blood. But nothing can remove it : it will rather “the multitudinous

seas incarnadine, making the green one red," than go away. The newspapers now and then tell us of some murder found out in the same way, of conscience becoming a burden, of the old sin rising for ever before the mind, as it does in Hood's beautiful poem *The Dream of Eugene Aram* :—

“ But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red.”

Nor does the irreligious man or the pagan escape more than the Christian. Some men will not own their torments ; but surely all feel them.

Nothing can exceed in dread and horror the picture of the last days of the Emperor Caligula, as given by Suetonius. “ The emperor,” says the historian, “ was tormented by nervous irritation, by sleeplessness ; for he enjoyed not more than three hours’ nocturnal repose, nor even these in pure untroubled rest, but disturbed by horrid phantasms ; as, for example, *he fancied he saw the sea, under some definite shape, talking with himself!* Hence it was that he had fallen into habits of ranging all the night long through the palace, sometimes throwing himself on a couch, sometimes wandering through the vast corridors, watching for the earliest dawn, and anxiously evoking its approach.” In the morning he said, “ Would God it were even !” In the evening he said, “ Would God it were morning !” Sacred and profane history attest the power of conscience—a power often exerted in the

pauses of the night, and visiting the guilty in phantasms, in midnight terrors, and in dreams.

Of the prophetic power of dreams volumes might be written. The ignorant common people, who are gulled by dream-interpreters, dream-books, oracles of a greater fatuity than even the untaught and pretended astrologers ; such people, having an untrained brain and much imagination, place great faith in dreams. Such faith is, however, mere *faith* : it depends not upon reason, but upon the want of it ; not upon proof and experience, but upon prejudice. But notwithstanding this, we are quite ready to believe that very few people exist who do not know, or at least talk about, some particular dream. One has need to well sift these stories, and, when sifted, to employ a little thought upon them.

Waking, the process of thought is gradual, often slow and deliberate. Dreaming, it is the reverse. "A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy," says Dr. Forbes Winslow, "is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed [*in dreams*], or, rather, with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would seem as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind ! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity."

Let us then divide the dreams into two heads. First, the serious, solemn, and reiterated dream ; and secondly, the futile or idle dream. The latter more often comes true, yet the instances of the former are alone related. A. meets B., and is invited to dinner. At dinner some particular subject of conversation is started. A. starts, and cries out, "God bless me ! why, I remember now that I dreamed I dined with you, and that we talked about so-and-so," using the very words. The occurrence is treated, very properly, as a singular coincidence, and little more is thought of it. But if, as was the case with Andrew Marvell's father, "a godly minister," going to a christening party, talks very seriously of his death, of his being warned in a dream, and, returning, as he is about to cross the estuary, throws his staff ashore, and cries out, "Ho, for heaven !" and that afterwards the boat goes down in the middle of the stream and he is drowned ; if such occur, as it really did, then solemn people talk about a miraculous dream ; and in effect it was so. But how often do godly ministers dream that which never comes true ! How often do wives, like Cæsar's wife, dream that their husband's horse stumbles, or the train runs off the rail, or that the object of their love is brought home a mangled mass of shapeless humanity ! How often do they dream such, and yet receive their husband safe and sound ! The fact is, that the verification of a dream is the exception ; its total "nullification," if we may use an American coinage, is the rule. Macnish tells us that "the verification of a dream necessitates the suspension of a law of nature, and is there-

fore, in essence, a miracle." Perhaps he is right. If we were only wise enough to believe that the great Ruler makes no utterly unalterable law ; that He governs, teaches, and rules mankind, in some way, with or without infringing laws which He has made—we might believe that dreams were sometimes agents of the Lord ; that, like Joseph, we might be "warned of God in a dream." It is certainly not inconsistent with His justice, nor with the known law of conscience, that the murderer of Maria Martin should be, as he undoubtedly was, discovered by a dream, dreamed repeatedly by the victim's mother ; nor will it be inconsistent with the mercy of the great Ruler that Colonel Gardiner, on the eve of a guilty assignation, should be warned, and turned from his sinful purpose, by a dream. Mr. Vanderkiste, an excellent city missionary, relates, in his work on the *Dens of London*, a dream by which a young woman was prevented from committing murder ; and, in the month of January, ten years ago, a curious dream was published in the papers, which was verified by the address of the dreamer, and by personal inquiry. A woman's husband lay convalescent in the hospital : the wife dreamed that he choked himself with a piece of meat, and ran to inquire about him. The answer given was, that the husband was well, and was at that moment eating his dinner. She turned away, *and at that moment her husband did choke himself*; and, although surgical aid was at once on the spot, and his throat was opened, he died. Here, then, was a futile dream without adequate result ; and here we must leave the subject of mental history and phenomena.

We know very little : what we do know we had better use in humility and faith. Even a dream may serve the purpose of Providence, or it may be simply ridiculous and empty. Man, at least, is not the only animal that dreams. Horses whinny and plunge in their sleep ; cats catch mice, and in imagination start and purr ; and dogs try over again the hunt :—

“ The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay, stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged, *in dreams*, the forest race,
From Teviot Stone to Eskdale Moor.”





ON TAKING HEED OF TO-MORROW.



AMONGST many of the ideas of a perfectly innocent life, which some persons take up, there appears to be one which delights in such an extreme generosity and want of caution, that people who take care of themselves pass for stingy, mean, and unworthy persons. It is a common saying which attaches itself to a man who is prudent, "Ah, he knows how to take care of himself!" as if doing so absolutely detracted from his virtue and value.

In good truth, this knowledge does nothing of the sort. A man or a woman who knows how to take care of himself or of herself is much the better person for it. If a man does not know how to take care of himself, how shall he know how to take care of others? The objection to the philosopher of old, who wanted to advise others how to govern a state when he could not govern his own wife, holds good here. So much is this the case, that in every community the first men are those who know "how to take care of themselves," and, having done that pretty well, they learn how to take care of others. Applying this in a large way, and finding that system, and

system alone, succeeds in the world, and that the chief certificate of a man's success is a certain wise selfishness, a number of clergymen and others have commenced, first in Ireland, and then in England, a society called the "Systematic Beneficence Society," by which they seem to intend to reduce almsgiving, and the charitable help which one man extends to another, to a certain system, as regular in its method as our present system of taxation : nay, what is more, one of them, Dr. Candlish, a gentleman of much learning and eloquence, proves that the early Christians did the same thing, and that the apostles recommended a certain amount of voluntary taxation, which, being made ready for them, and "laid by" at certain periods, was taken up every now and then by the travelling presbyters, or by the apostles, as early bishops of the church, and afterwards distributed to the poor.

Now, amongst the many fallacies of the careless and profuse, there is not one perhaps more prevalent than that which connects a causeless liberality and profusion with true religion. Generosity is of such an enticing nature, that we all love it. When a man foolishly spends his estate, to the great detriment of his neighbours and servants and the irreparable injury of his family, we are ready to pardon him. "Poor fellow!" we say, "he was too generous : he was nobody's enemy but his own." We pardon *Charles Surface* in the play, who would sell everything, even to the pictures of his ancestors, rather than *Joseph Surface*, who indulges in the vice of hypocrisy. We are not going to defend hypocrisy,

nor to declare that *Joseph*, with his sententious maxims, was a whit more amiable than *Charles*. He was an unmitigated scoundrel—a type of that taking-care-of-himself which we have no desire to recommend; but what we want our readers to consider is this, that both brothers were equally far away from true wisdom and goodness. Rackety, insane behaviour, midnight orgies, indulgence in loose society, and the mad profusion, miscalled generosity, which one sort of young man indulges in, are absolutely more widely harmful than the sly and less manly vices in which the other, who seeks the world's applause, indulges.

There can be little doubt that, knowing the uncertainty of life, its chances, changes, and accidents, the philosopher would be as careful as the Christian is enjoined to be, and that any man who reflected would find—as he does find—the necessity of laying by. But the Christian apostle goes yet further in ethics. He tells a man plainly that he does not live for himself, and that he must support others; he is rather indignant to find that when he comes among them he has sometimes to whip up the languid and ungenerous givers; and then, with a worldly provision and prevision which would do honour to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he says, “Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come” (1 Cor. xvi. 2). Hereby he presses on us the duty of a provision for old age: he addresses also a community which earns its subsistence as the great majority of us do—precariously, by trade or profession—and the

members of which have an unequal or fluctuating income. Every one is therefore to lay by, not a certain sum regularly settled, but a portion, varying according to the profits of his income, or weekly gain, "as God hath prospered him." At the same time man is to be careful for himself and his family; he is to work while he can, and not to squander his money. "If any provide not for his own," wrote the same great apostle, "and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel;" that is, he will do more harm to Christianity than one who does not believe in the faith.

When looked at in this way, the duty and importance of being provident become very great. The scheme of subsisting by chance is to be abandoned. A good man will do all he can to make his work profitable, and to lay by sufficient, so that he shall not be a burden upon his fellows; for if there be a thought deeply hurtful to the generous mind of a gentleman and a man of honour, it is that which suggests to him the possibility of his being a burden upon others. Therefore, we are first to lay by for ourselves, to provide for our families; and then, with a fair share of our superfluities, to support the destitute and the old, the weakly, the sick, and those who are unable to earn their own subsistence. Such is the state of society sketched out by the early Christians, and now recommended by a society composed of the good, the earnest, and the learned; in which is more than one bishop, an Irish viceroy, a solicitor-general, and clergymen and ministers of every Protestant denomination. It cannot fail

to strike every one as somewhat curious that, just as the dogmas of Christianity are being attacked, just as the worm is, as it were, nibbling at the very tap-root of its Divine origin, its beneficent doctrines put forth vigorous shoots all over the world, and its earnest disciples go on with their works of quiet, unostentatious goodness, quite undisturbed by the learned dust and polyglot clamour which is being raised around them.

We will therefore assume that the duty of laying by, either as a provision for one's self or for others, is fully admitted ; that all will agree that it is the wisest way ; that whether it be done by insurance, by provident societies—which should, it would seem, be rigidly scrutinized—or by Post Office or other savings-banks, it is really every man's duty to do it. This being granted, then comes the question, how to do it : we have already disposed of the why and wherefore. This question we would answer by one word : systematically. Lay by week by week : make the sum, though little, as large as you can conveniently spare, but put it by week after week. Keep yourself firmly from touching it, and devote it to some high and necessary purpose. The arguments in favour of weekly storing which Dr. Candlish puts forward are, its harmony with the habits of society, its great conveniences for the working and the middle classes, its immense productiveness, its excellent moral discipline, its reflex economical advantages, and its scriptural authority. To these arguments he supposes that the lax and careless will bring forward at least seven objections, which, by the way, are all adjective

assertions of not very great weight. The objections are, paltry, artificial, mechanical, secularizing, troublesome, distasteful, and novel. These objections he again meets with three other adjectives, which are commendatory : simple, spiritualizing, and excellent. So that we have now placed all that has been said for and against this new-old method of doing one's duty in this world.

"Provision," wrote Sir Philip Sidney, in his stately novel, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, "is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift is the fuel of magnificence;" but grand as this sentence is, and much as is prudent provision worth to the rich man, it is worth double and treble as much to the poor man. The rich man may be thrifty and prudent to keep up his estate : the poor man must be so, or he will lapse into further and more deplorable poverty. He does not save that he may be hospitable, nor does he ever hope to be munificent. What he does he must do from necessity ; and if he does this systematically, he will find it an easy matter ; and he will also find that every day, as his savings increase, there will well up an increase of purpose in his heart, and of respect towards himself. He must not do this out of selfish and covetous regard for the goods of this world, but out of necessary caution, and the knowledge that want may come, and does come, very suddenly, upon many of us. How commonly this is the case we have only to look round us to know. The two high professions, for they are, indeed, high ones, of literature and art are generally well paid. If a man have an ordinary success in either of these professions, he will be

able to make money very fairly, sometimes to a considerable extent. But the nature of these occupations has led men who devote their lives to them to be more improvident than perhaps any other classes of men ; and, moreover, the uncertainty of their gains communicates a large amount of uncertainty to everything they do. In industry they probably equal, and, when thoroughly devoted to what they follow, they exceed many others ; but from want of system they fail ; and, although nearly half a dozen charitable institutions are devoted to their relief, we still have every-day examples of the improvidence which brought Otway, Chatterton, and Savage to deplorable deaths, and which embittered the lives of Goldsmith and Theodore Hook. It is plain that men constituted as these were never thoroughly understood that it is better to be just to themselves than generous to others, or the sacred duty of "laying by."

With the working classes this duty is self-evident. The man who would be their true friend is not he who preaches to them a political crusade, who continually dwells on the inequality which subsists between rich and poor, but who tells them to rely upon themselves, and to take every opportunity of raising themselves. Self-help is the best help in the world : when once a man applies to it he will not readily apply to any other help. A workman, if he devote himself to the special duty of making his home happy, and of improving his condition, will soon raise himself above what demagogues call the oppressed classes. In Great Britain no one is oppressed but he who chooses to submit ; and our

industrious and hard-working population every day give instances of men who, without any special good fortune, or any extreme talent, still raise themselves, by a steadiness of purpose and by systematic thrift, into rich men, who are able to sit in Parliament, and to become members of the great governing classes of their country. The great want of the working classes is want of thrift. Instead of preaching to them a crusade against the upper classes, and growing fervidly eloquent upon the inevitable differences in the conditions of the rich and the poor, their true friends will try to urge them to more continuous industry, and to a habit of saving where they can. There is no law in England, or in any other country, most certainly least of all in our own, which will prevent care and industry from making money, or will set aside the weight which the possession of that money will give a man. A thrifty man, with a purpose in his mind, may put before himself any aim he likes, and, if he has health and strength, he can achieve it. He may become a lawyer, a surgeon, a painter, an author, or a merchant. He can never be submerged if he relies upon purpose and thrift. The history of our great men teems with examples of such purpose crowned with success; and the two most popular works of the day, *Self-help* and *Industrial Biography*, by Mr. Smiles, are actually based upon the fact. Blot out the history of self-made men, and where would the history of our country be?

As to the methods of laying by, we can have little to say. There are many securities in England, many ways of em-

playing capital. During the immediate process of laying by, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as he once strongly recommended fourteen-shilling claret, now, for the working and middle classes, recommends most highly the Post Office savings-banks, and in these the provident of such classes have already deposited nearly three millions of money. It is probable the insurance companies will find themselves obliged to compete with Government in the price they can offer for the poor man's money ; but at any rate the poor man will not find any especial difficulty in investing his money if he once acquire the practice which all his best friends, and which prudence, wisdom, and religion itself so urgently recommend, of LAYING BY.





ON THE LENGTH OF OUR DAYS.

THE civilization of to-day is distinguished from that of past ages in nothing more than in the respect it pays to human life. Barbarism is cruel, lavish, and wasteful ; semi-civilization often equally so ; but when true enlightenment and Christianity step in, the respect paid to the perennial miracle of life is at once marked and established.

Life of any sort, in the very highest or in the very lowest form, is a standing miracle. From the lowest polype, scarcely to be distinguished from a plant, or the vegetable hardly to be separated from a stone, the same miracle is there, acting in higher or in lower degrees. The higher we ascend the greater grows the wonder, the more intense and complicated the marvel. Human life is itself a congeries of miracles. From the bulb of the hair, the brightness of the eye, and the redness of the lip, to the indurated skin upon the sole of the foot, the body of man is indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made." Not only this, but his origin and his growth, to the maturity of the man, is but an extension of the miraculous chain. The pulsation of the heart, the extension of the finger, is each

wonderful : what, then, are the reception of outward nature upon the eye, the growth of thought in the brain, the eloquent language of the tongue? Full of wonders are the Almighty's works. The Caffre or the Earthman, the Caucasian or Mongolian, the criminal or the philanthropist, the ignorant or the philosopher, the peasant or the peer, equally exhibit the miracles we speak of. We are far and away above rank or precedence in this matter : ours is an affair of ganglions and nerves, muscles and bone, flesh and blood ; in fact, of life !

Life, being miraculous, is therefore precious. There is, humanly speaking, nothing so shockingly wicked as taking life. Murder comprehends all kinds of sin ; and this, whether it be short murder or long murder, quick murder or slow murder ; the murder which is done with an oath, an angry word, and a sudden blow, or the murder which is done by overwork in factories, in close courts, by bad air, by foul feeding, and a thousand of those necessities which, forced upon the human race by society, thin its ranks and shorten to every individual member the length of its days. If the sunshine be a glorious thing, and light and air, blue skies and fair winds, glorious agents in producing health and life in that wonderful materia which lies about us, he who, directly or indirectly, deprives anything of these is guilty of murder. He may do this ignorantly, he may do it without thought, he may totally overlook or utterly deny his moral responsibility, but, nevertheless, he is guilty.

So much for the importance of the subject. We shall now endeavour to show that more knowledge would enable us to

extend the sum of human life, because such knowledge as we have has enabled us to do so already to a great extent. We shall also try to prove that human life is not necessarily short ; that its extension depends, under the will of God, very much upon man himself ; that if, as we believe it to be, it is good, it is a duty to preserve and increase it.

It is well to follow those scientific men upon whose researches this essay has been built, in the divisions into which they have marked out their subject—Life. Naturally it divides itself into two parts : the first, wherein the body increases in strength and size—infancy and youth ; the second, wherein it decreases—manhood and old age : but these again may be subdivided. The first ten years constitute infancy ; the second ten, boyhood ; the third ten, youth ; from thirty to forty, second youth, in which all the illusions of the first two often die out ; the first manhood, from forty to fifty-five ; the second, from fifty-five to seventy ; then comes decay ; from seventy-five to eighty is the period of old age, and at eighty-five the second old age commences. These divisions seem to us very reasonable, and we predict that one who lives a life in all things temperate and natural will find these not strongly marked indeed, but insensibly shading into one another. Should any of our readers quote against us the tenth verse of the 90th Psalm, “The days of our years are threescore years and ten,” we can only say that in that “song of Moses” the royal psalmist took poetic license. Many of the patriarchs doubled, nay quadrupled, the given period : nay, at that time the sum of life on an average was longer, as

now it is much shorter ; and we would further answer, that to make an average fall below, is equally false with making it fall above the truth. If we fix the limit of life at seventy, old age must begin very much earlier than the time at which we have fixed it.

But is there a necessity that human life should end at seventy? History and experience say No. There be many grave seniors as lively at seventy as others are at fifty ; many there be stronger and better men. Is there any comparison to be drawn between the lives of the inferior animals and of men, by which we may judge of the average length of our own? Buffon has told us that all the larger animals live about six or seven times the space in which they continue to grow. Others, and those more scientific, following after him, have reduced this to five times the length. But the true data are here found compared and arranged by other writers who have followed Buffon and Cuvier. The length of life is a multiple of the length of growth, thus :—Man grows 20 years, lives 90 or 100 ; the camel grows 8 years. lives 40 ; the horse grows 5 years, lives 25 ; the lion grows 4 years, lives 15 to 20 ; the ox grows 4 years, lives 15 to 20 ; the dog grows 2 years, lives 10 to 12 ; the cat grows $1\frac{1}{2}$ year, lives 9 or 10 ; the hare grows 1 year, lives 8. These figures are given by M. Flourens, who places the proximate multiple at 5.

Thus, by physical analogy, we shall find that man grows for twenty years, and his natural term of life should never be less than one hundred. Great prudence in living, immense strength of constitution, and other circumstances, should

secure for men even a longer period of existence. But then we go to bed late and rise late, we strain our faculties, mispend our youth, distress our minds, crib, cabin, and confine the body in the very narrowest limits, and then expect the body to endure all this ; and when it suddenly grows old, or succumbs, we put down the fault at the wide door of Nature. Was there ever so illogical an animal as man ? There are those who doubt whether dogs cannot reason. When they do reason they will certainly do it better than we do.

The growth of man, or rather the termination of the growth, is very easily determined. The true sign of the term of animal growth is to be found in the reunion of the bones to their epiphyses. So long as this union does not take place, the animal grows. As soon as the bones are united to their epiphyses the animal ceases to grow. Any person of an inquiring spirit, when picking a chicken, can ascertain this truth. A certain substance like gristle, of a very elastic nature, will be found at the end of each bone, which in the very young is so far from being united, that it parts from it with the greatest possible ease. This is not thoroughly united to the bones of any animal till it has ceased to grow. In man this is when he has reached twenty years of age ; and the law is therefore not very far wrong when it fixes the term of man attaining the rights and responsibilities of manhood at twenty-one years of age.

Poets have told us that a man may have lived a very long life in a very short space. The value of time is relative. With our increased means of speed, our method of thought,

our manner of acquiring knowledge, there is no doubt but that a man of thirty who has, at school, college, and business, well filled up his moments, has lived longer than the village patriarch who has passed his bucolic existence quietly at home. "It may be," cries one hero of our modern writers, "by the calendar of years, you are the older man ; but 'tis the sun of knowledge on the mind's dial, shining bright and chronicling thoughts and deeds, that makes true time." "Ay," says another, "we should count time by heart-beats : he lives longest who knows most, thinks the wisest, acts the best."

Measured in this way, our poets and *litterateurs* have lived long ; but in duration of time, as we shall see, they have found that an active, earnest, and sad existence has not conduced to its length. When Jacob was brought before Pharaoh, that monarch, no doubt struck by his appearance, said, "How old art thou? And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years : *few* and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and *have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers* in the days of their pilgrimage." On looking back, Jacob found one hundred and thirty years a short life : he lived seventeen years after that. Compare with these years and with those attained by other patriarchs, whom it would be superfluous to quote, the short days of our great thinkers. Spenser died aged 46 ; Shakspeare, 52 ; Keats, 24 ; Byron, aged only 36. Thomson lived till he was 48 ; Milton, till he was 66 ; Coleridge, till 62 ; and Pope

attained, with his poor, emaciated, crooked little body, the age of 56 ; whilst Gray lived just one year less ; and the meditative, calm, and religious Wordsworth lingered on till he was 80. And yet it was he who wrote—

“ Oh, but the good die first,
And we, whose hearts are dry as summer's dust,
Burn to the socket.”

With due deference, with every tender recollection for those gone before us, we deny this. It is a poet's thought, and that only. The really good, the hard-working in brain and heart, often live till the end. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others will prove this. Oftentimes the timid and tender-hearted turn to the wall and die, as the Frenchmen say, of chagrin, when they, could they have lived on, would have been a blessing to all around them.

Our lawyers live to a great age. The dry study of the law seems to be a preservative. The average age of lawyers above literary men is a lifetime, being 24 years. Now the average age of the population of the United States is only 22 years and 2 months ; that of England and Wales, 26 years and 7 months

Gradually, but surely, the advance of science has improved the chances of life. The insurance offices of to-day can afford to insure at a lower premium than they could when they were first established. In the aggregate life is getting longer. In England also we find that life is longer than elsewhere. Thus, in and since the year 1821, we have had one death in

every 58, before that period, one in every 46 persons annually. In Germany, since 1825, one in every 45. In the Roman States, which in this and in many other instances afford the lowest (and highest) number in statistical inquiry of the states of Europe, we find one death in 28. Turning to Asia, we have in Bombay one in every 20.

But these inquiries have made us to deviate slightly from our track. How long ought we to live? That is the great question. Individual instances, those of Parr, Jenkins, Cornaro, and many others amongst the moderns, and the patriarchs—of the lower age only—amongst the ancients, prove that a greater age has in individual instances been constantly attained. Thomas Parr, a Shropshire labourer, lived till he was 150. He was an abstemious man, and of very strong make. He married firstly at 80, secondly at 120. Golour M'Crain, of the Isle of Jura, who died in the reign of Charles I., is said to have kept 180 Christmases in his own house, and was the oldest man on record for upwards of 3000 years. Henry Jenkins, produced as a witness in a court of law, swore to a hundred and fifty years' memory : he died at 169, or thereabouts. The old Countess of Desmond was known by Sir Walter Raleigh, yet she had lived in Edward the Fourth's time. Lord Bacon sums up her age to have been 140 at the least. He adds, *ter per vices dentisset*—she had cut three sets of teeth. Galen, the physician, lived till he was 140. Platerus tells us that his grandfather lived till he was 120. When Sir Walter Raleigh discovered Guiana he saw an old king of Aromaia who was then 110

years of age, and who had come to see him, the same morning, fourteen miles on foot.

In our own modern times we could—should we not tire our readers—quote very many instances of centenarians, and of those of greater ages. Upon some one disputing the fact, a prominent newspaper was overwhelmed with instances. Certainly, at the very least, the “threescore years and ten” span of life is continually exceeded. In the obituary of *The Times*, 8th December, 1859, there were nine deaths of an average of 85 years each. On the 19th of the same month, taking the paper hap-hazard, we find seven deaths giving an average of above 80 years each. The males in these predominate over the females. These instances of longevity are so common that every now and then *The Times* calls attention to its obituary by a paragraph. Of a score or so of the peers of England who died during 1859, the united ages of sixteen amounted to 1229 years, giving an average of 76 years to each. Our hereditary legislators generally live to a great age ; so do our clergy : our artists are short-lived, our literary men still shorter.

The only secrets of long life appear to be temperance, sobriety, chastity—three virtues strongly inculcated by the Christian religion. Calmness and evenness of temper, faith and its concomitants, cheerfulness and hope, are great conduces to a long life, and also to a happy one. The old adage of a short life being a merry one is very false. Accidents excepted, the short lives are generally the most miserable ; the shortest lives on the average being those of the over-

worked factory people. Neither drunkards nor gluttons, nor the idle, dissolute, and lazy, can hope legitimately for length of days. Cornaro, who was wild in his youth, lived to a great age by reforming his excess, and eating so little that at last an egg per day sufficed him. The rich man, says Sir W. Temple, who wishes to live happily, must live like a poor one. Reflecting that in our society, since the invention of cooking, each of us eats annually fourteen hundred and sixty meals—not counting luncheons—in the course of the year, it behoves us to eat sparingly. Many of us, too many, dig our graves with our teeth, according to the old saying. But, did we prize life as we ought, did we use our time as we should, there is little doubt but that, as we have shown, we should be able not only to render human life more worthy of its all-wise Creator, but also to extend the sum of our existence very materially. And who will deny but that life in any state or class is a blessing which we may all legitimately desire to prolong ?





SOMETHING SUPERIOR.



T is not without reason, as it is fit that it should not be, that our pastors and masters are continually preaching to us the necessity of being humble and lowly. It is, perhaps, not a very pleasant thing to insist on, but there is hardly one of us who does not wish that he were somewhat higher than he is. Women wish it as a matter of course ; their ambition being, as a rule, greater than man's. A man may, as an exception, be content to be nothing ; a woman never is and never can be : she worships and loves power, rises more easily into it than man, and when in power bears herself better than man. Writers of comedy and of novels have often drawn pictures of very vulgar, coarse women, and no doubt there are many such. But woman is neither so coarse, nor so vulgar, nor so awkward as man ; that is to say, a great big girl is not so awkward as a hobbledehoy ; nor is a grown-up woman so coarse as a man in the same circumstances ; and even in the midst of their coarseness some of these women will give a genuine touch of love and feeling which will make a man forgive them for their want of politeness. If a woman has had,

in society or elsewhere, any chance of observing what good manners really are, she at once catches at them, because she at once perceives how gracious really good manners are, and also because she wishes to rise above her level.

But, rise as high as we can—we men or women—we shall always find at a point above us certain “superior” people. You constantly hear and see such people. They are perhaps not so rich, so good-looking, nor so clever as yourself, but they are “superior people.” They are born such, and such they continue. It is not because their birth is high, or their connections are high, although they always make believe that they have a little of both of these advantages ; nor that their power is actually greater—but there they are. If you are an author, you will find such men hard-hearted, cruel, and often very stupid critics, who multiply faults, and who are quite blind to beauties—but who habitually look down on the writer. They have the entry everywhere : you have not. They have never written a clever book : you have : they meet you at a party and patronize you, that is all. They are at all Literary Fund dinners ; they take the chair at charities ; their names are mentioned in the papers ; and you are—nowhere ! It is the same in all the ranks of life.

Now this is sadly annoying. It is all the more so because it is so true. It is only the old story over again of the Preacher’s lament, that the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but that time and chance have happened and will happen to all men.

In Mr. Trollope’s story of the *Small House at Allington*,

a very clever, sad story, a tale of many worldly Pharisees, and yet very true, there is a certain *Lady Dumbello*, whose character is depicted by her name. She is a dumb belle, and a very dumb one too, but by force of character as a superior woman she takes the first place everywhere. All the ladies, even her betters, bow to her, and she reigns the first person in every assembly. She is not particularly wicked, unless it be in that she is not at all good ; but she has positively not the least virtue—actively speaking—nor amiability. She is all self, and yet she sails placidly up to the top of society, just as cream will rise to the top of a cup of tea.

One cannot help feeling bitterly annoyed at these superior people ; but then our annoyance is of little use. Even those who raise them to their height know nothing in their favour, nothing except one thing—they are silent and safe ; if they do nothing clever, they say nothing foolish.

Silence and imperturbability are the two requisites for a man to get on in the world. He should not feel too much ; he should not be too clever : he should be able to put up with a good deal of snubbing and rudeness, and conceal his feelings. He should not show his cards, for reticence is the secret of success, but be at times capable of being close, sudden, and determined. If he be in official business, or in any of the pursuits into which our society is cut up, he may rise superior to many a better man by merely holding his tongue, and looking as if he understood things. This is not a very high estimate of matters in the world ; but yet practice tells us every day that it is not a very high world, although it is the

highest that we know at present, and although, in its general aims, estimate, and practice, it is considerably higher than the world of the "noble savage," or any such primitive and normal personage.

The kind of "superior people" whom Bulwer, Trollope, and other writers describe, who are really merely blown-up and inflated living bladders, easily seen through and despised by all true men, are born to their greatness; that is, they arrive at their sham position by nature, not art. They must be naturally dull and naturally proud, and they therefore consider themselves very much better than other people. Bulwer relates that, meeting once with one of those superior persons, who rose from rank to rank in diplomacy without once serving his country, who was always considered a wise man without ever opening his mouth, and who was the very embodiment of political success, he tried to draw him into conversation; but the attempt failed; he, however, perceived just this much—that the great diplomatist was a great fool. When, therefore, the minister, some few days afterwards, spoke of this "superior man," the baronet said, honestly, "Well, *I* don't think much of him. I spent the other day with him, and I found him insufferably dull." "Indeed!" said his chief, with horror; "why, then, I see how it is: Lord Blank has been absolutely speaking to you!" This is but another version of Coleridge's story of the apple dumplings: in both stories if the heroes had not opened their mouths, they would have still been considered superior persons.

All men in the world are fond of making some figure in it. This is natural enough, and it would be base for any one to be entirely void of emulation. At school we place boys in classes, we pit them one against the other, we encourage emulation. We like aspiring people, and speak with contempt of those persons who do not push along in life. We do not like to see the same spirit of clownish content exhibited by a nation, and forget the wisdom of Goldsmith's lines, when he tells us that a people may—

“Be very poor, but yet be very blest.”

We set down, and not unnaturally, half the evils which afflict the Irish and other Keltic peoples, not to emulation, but to a want of it—to a too easy content—a satisfaction, indeed, with a poor lot, which we can only look upon to condemn.

When a boy goes into the world, if he be of the higher classes, this system of emulation is kept up. It was only the other day that the Duke of Argyll, in making a speech to a number of working men, urged the encouragement of this passion, and he quoted a much sounder and deeper thinker than himself, Mr. Gladstone, in praising the effects of it. “The students of our universities,” he said, “are encouraged in their studies by a spirit of incessant competition and a hope of splendid rewards.” That was the real secret of their success, said the Duke; “and with respect to that class of boys who have ambition and a desire to distinguish themselves,” he continued, “who are capable of being incited in this way, the effect is a good one. If we look back to those

who have composed the various governments for the last half-century, we shall find that a very large proportion of them have been men who have won the highest honours at the two great universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and who uniformly distinguish themselves in after-life."

We are afraid that this Scotch duke is, with his usual impetuosity, pushing things a little too far. Our greatest men have not always been fortunate enough to have been able to incur the expenses of a university career. Some time ago we were taught that it was the undistinguished boy at school, like Sir Walter Scott and Lord Nelson, who made the best play in after-life. Nowadays, when it has been decided that all things shall go by competition, we are constantly told of successes of this or that prizeman, or that man who won a double-first. But we sadly suspect that these very clever men make but little name in history. A boy, as Douglas Jerrold said of a popular lecturer in his youth, who "strikes twelve all at once" may be a very clever, ready, sharp boy, but he is very seldom that sort of slow, reflective, heavy-brained boy who slowly but surely grows up into the great man.

Whether, however, a man succeeds as a boy, or whether he does not, he will try to do so as a man. Every man has self-love, and self-love is never deserted by hope; and we have seen in our day so many surprising turns of fortune, such unexpected results, and men of such little known talent or prowess do such wonderful things, that no one wonders at men still striving to become "superior people," and even

in their old age rising or endeavouring to rise above their fellows.

This spirit certainly constitutes the happiness of private individuals. But while this emulation, this vaulting ambition, this determination to be somebody, has its bright side, it has also its dark one, and a very dark one too. It causes private frauds and wrongs, cruelty, oppression, and war. It has animated every cruel conqueror since the world began ; for it is not field added to field, or territory to territory, which causes pleasure ; it is the fact that of our doings the world will be talking, and that our deeds will fill the post-horns of all Europe. If society were bold enough and strong enough, as in a constitutional government it is, the emulation of warriors could be kept within bounds, and loyal men will themselves so keep it. The Duke of Wellington certainly had ambition, and as great a genius and fortune as his great opponent ; but whereas one noisily rewarded himself by placing the crown of France on his own head, the other thought himself sufficiently rewarded with a handsome estate, and blushed as he received the thanks of the Houses of Parliament. The two rules always to be kept in view by society and by loyal men are, first, that no one, let his own merit be what it may, should be allowed to take his own reward ; and the second is, that he should have no more than honestly comes to his share. Those who are kept within due bounds seem to us by far the greater men. Scipio Africanus, Lucullus, Cromwell, the Duke of Wellington, Garibaldi, are greater than Alexander, who paid himself with the whole world ;

than Julius Cæsar, who conquered Rome merely to make it his own ; or than Napoleon Bonaparte.

A long success in life, which often falls to men who are at the same time skilful and ambitious, generally destroys the simplicity and the hearty honesty of a man. He contemplates the difficulties he has overcome, and he regards himself as a hero ; he believes his merit to be beyond that of any one else, and he seeks to reward himself as fully as he can. When he does give way to his ambition he generally ruins himself or the state.

In private life this endeavour to be a "superior person" is all very well if kept within bounds. "Cutting a dash," "astonishing the Browns," or "living for appearances," are all vulgar phrases, but they explain one very vulgar wish—that is, of getting on unfairly beyond others, and of appearing what we really are not. These attempts, begun in bad taste, and fostered by pride, generally end in lamentable failures. When they are failures the man or woman who has failed gets no pity. Simple worth and truth, and a decent respect for himself, will prevent any one from indulging in such silly vanity ; and the man or woman who never tries to be what he or she is not, but just exactly what he or she is, will be clothed with a natural and earnest grandeur, and will be, after all, in reality, the "superior person."





CONCERNING BEAUTY.

THE most of us desire to be beautiful ; and so universal is the desire, that we doubt whether there would be even “a glorious minority of one” if the all-giving Jove could, as in the fables of Æsop or Phædrus, give man a choice of two things, beauty or goodness. After beauty, we desire wisdom ; yet this is more the desire of man than of woman ; for with the latter, even more than the former, beauty is power ; and it is perhaps on account of the universal power which beauty gives that it is so largely coveted ; for, however saint or ascetic may rail, there is no limit to the effect of beauty on the human mind, nor to the desire to possess, to be near to, to love it. You may see a heavy-browed, wise man, of great fame and learning, speak in a court of justice, and you may hear the impudent barristers browbeat and cross-question him with an insinuating doubt and a questioning sneer ; but let the next witness be called, and let her be a beautiful girl—worthless, perhaps, and stupid—and judge, jury, and counsel for and against, will speak with gentler voices and with admiring looks. Let Socrates come up to

plead before the Greeks, and people will not heed the rugged face and stunted form of the wise man ; but if Cressida trip forward, the sagest counsellors and greatest warriors will listen with a pleased respect, and do her reverence. It is the old, old story of the Judgment of Paris. Power and imperial government, wisdom and martial glory, are pitted against beauty, and beauty wins the day. We do not need any explanation of the ancient fable : we can all of us recognise its truth.

It should follow, if humanity were wise, that a quality so universally desired should be really worth having ; yet, inasmuch as it more often brings misery than happiness, it is doubtful whether it be so. Now, whilst it brings not with it happiness, but rather misery, the most beautiful persons in the world having been, almost without exception, not only miserable themselves, but the cause of misery to others, does beauty, the conferrer of power, give wisdom ? No ; on the contrary, as the prettiest and gayest flowers are scentless, so the prettiest girls and the most handsome men are generally the most stupid of their sex. The reason is very plain : the universal accompaniment of beauty, even from its childhood, is power and success ; and the pretty child (girl or boy) gets kissed and petted, toyed with, spoiled, and deferred to. It may be all very well for plain Miss Smith, that she is born to be a governess, to work hard, and to study, and to become accomplished ; but it is presumed that beautiful Miss Jones, whose fine eyes and complexion cause everybody to look at her, will be sure to marry well. Her face, as the old song

says, is her fortune ; and a very ample fortune many have found it to be.

When we come to look closely into the matter, we shall find there has been so much nonsense talked about beauty that it has really become hard to define what it is. The best definition is, that it is perfect harmony of feature ; but we often see, more especially among the young, those who have hardly a single fine feature, but who are yet very beautiful. Of course the complexion must be good, and the eyes expressive, but beyond that we hardly need to go. Taken, as we have said, singly, eyes, nose, and mouth are faulty ; but together they may have a charming effect, which we have only to look at to acknowledge. It is not, indeed, as Pope has it, when criticising poetry—

“ A lip or eye that we can beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.”

Hence it is difficult to express why a face will please, control, and, even more, will charm and captivate us, and yet we all know that it will do so.

It is probably the undefinable quality of beauty that has led philosophical poets and poetical philosophers to believe that only the good are beautiful—a suggestion so far from being accepted that even Mr. Martin Tupper has expressed his opinion on it. “Fairness in the creature,” says he, “shall often co-exist with excellence ; yet hath many an angel shape been tenanted by fiends ;” by which allegorical expression he means to repeat a truism which even a parrot could under-

stand—namely, that very beautiful people are often very bad ones. But Spenser puts forward, in a very few words, that inner Platonism which we all believe, or have believed at one time of our lives :—

“ Every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in.”

Then comes his peculiar philosophy—not only his, but, as we have said, ours and all the world’s :—

“ For of the soul the body form dothe take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.”

Which is, as our readers will see, very different from Mr. Tupper’s assertion, but, transcendently dealt with, much more true.

Until we are actually convinced by sad experience that a very handsome man may be a rogue, and a very beautiful woman something worse, we are all Platonists. Shakspeare makes *Othello* so admire beauty in *Desdemona* that he questions and wonders that wickedness can for a moment dwell in so fair a form. Distinct from him in genius, in sex, in time, Hannah More, an eminently pious woman, believes that “beauty is goodness,” and that, where it is not, “goodness heightens beauty ;” and a learned but very prosy professor confesses that he has come to the conclusion, “that if man or woman wishes to realize the full power of personal

beauty, it must be by cherishing noble thoughts and purposes; by having something to do, and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it." That is to say, the professor is practically a Platonist, and believes with Spenser that the soul is the body, that it forms and moulds the body, and that it can make the little ugly traditional *Æsop* a beautiful *Antinous*. If we were to put it in that way, the professor would laugh at us. *Æsop* cannot, any more than the leopard, change his skin or his form. People are born beautiful almost—as we manage matters—by chance. Two young, healthy, and fair-looking people marry, and their children will necessarily be beautiful. If a state so chose, or a community, like that of the Jesuits at Paraguay, would wisely regulate marriages, and lead young people to fall in love with a little forethought, the human race would be much improved in form, and the hap-hazard selection of species, hitherto left to nature, might be completed by man. Whether this would be worth the trouble which it would entail is another question.

Whether the Platonists merely hinted at moral beauty, and whether people have not confounded it with material beauty, is worth consideration. It is very certain that all the benign affections, love, hope, pity, pure joy, and many other intellectual qualities, add to and call forth beauty. On the other hand, meanness, fear, cowardice, wickedness, and cunning call forth the bad expressions of our features, and render us ugly. We shall find that whole races of men and women

may be educated into a certain facial exterior. Almost every one will have observed the generally calm, benevolent expression of the clergy, and the stolid look of soldiers and policemen ; the quiet peace of farmers and agriculturists, and the sharp, anxious expression of town-dwelling tradesmen. The Swedenborgian doctrine of the soul-body, doubly existing, might also explain, in some measure, the theory of moral beauty. Besides the actual and tangible body, Swedenborg taught that we have a spiritual body, which will rise again with us, and upon which our vices and our follies will leave hideous blemishes and spots, whilst our good deeds will elevate and embellish it. But to the common world such doctrine is by far too transcendental, and there will ever remain the common belief in the power and force of beauty. Keats sings, in a line more often quoted than understood—

“ A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness.”

And he refers to the moon and stars, and the loveliness of flowers, of the sea, and the moral beauty of poetic story. His line, as we have said, is often misunderstood ; we need not, therefore, wonder that the commissioners of the Great Exhibition took the line as their text, applying it to beauty and fineness in art and useful manufactures : this new application would have made Keats smile whilst it made him proud.

There is nothing about which we are so much divided as

human beauty. What one man calls beautiful will not strike another. We elevate our ideals into our beauties, or call our mere fancies by that name.

“The Ethiop gods have, like the blacks,
Thick lips and woolly hair :
The Grecian gods are, like the Greeks,
As keen-eyed, cold, and fair.”

And so also the Esquimaux would shudder at the swarthy brow of Egypt, and think the pear-ripe beauties of Italy and Spain, with all their grace, hideous. Here in Europe we love and admire the slender and youthful grace of women ; but in Africa Captain Speke met with those who were engaged in fattening beauties, and rendering these obese and unwieldy women the envy of their own sex and the admiration of others. One poor creature was so fat that she could not stand. By much coaxing and persuasion Captain Speke raised her to her feet ; but the exertion was too much, the blood rushed to her head, and she fainted. Such beauties, very luckily, are only prizes for kings.

Curious, indeed, has been the varied estimate of female beauty in the East. Here follows a somewhat minute analysis of Arabian beauty, given by Mr. Lane, in his Notes to the Introduction of his edition of the *Arabian Nights*. “Four things in a woman should be *black*; the hair of the head, the eyebrows, eyelashes, and the dark part [pupils] of the eyes : four *white*; the complexion of the skin, the white of the eyes, the teeth, and the legs : four *red*; the tongue,

the lips, the middle of the cheeks, and the gums : four *round*; the head, the neck, the forearms, and the ankles : four *long*; the back, the fingers, the arms, and the legs : four *short*; the hands, the feet, the tongue [this metaphorically], and the teeth : four *wide*; the forehead, the eyes, the nose, the lips, and the fingers : four *thick*; the lower part of the back, the thighs, the calves of the legs, and the knees : four *small*; the ears, the breasts, the hands, and the feet." This list was written by an unnamed author, quoted by El-is-hákee. Lane himself says, "The Arabs like a woman whose face is like a full moon, presenting the strongest contrast to the colour of her hair, which should be black as midnight, and descend to the middle of her back. A rosy blush should overspread each cheek, and a mole is considered an additional charm, which is compared to a spot of ambergris on a dish of alabaster." The beauty here spoken of is doll-like and sensual.

To the true artists and best judges of the subject, beauty in woman may yet want the charm which goodness, intellect, and kindness give it. A beautiful fool is common enough in our island, where good looks have increased, and are increasing, from the results of culture and thorough health. It is not only harmony of feature, but really "the mind, the music breathing from the face," as Byron fantastically puts it, that charms men of intellect most. Thus, a painter, who has studied the human face, is invariably more delighted with one of varied expression, with one in which intelligence beams and shines, than with one of simple, quiet repose, or

calm and stupid content. In some of the most celebrated beauties, whose charms have been sung by poets, and who were able to captivate kings and conquerors, one fails to see much beauty. We may perhaps find voluptuous ease and sensuality, as we do in the celebrated beauties of King Charles the Second at Hampton Court ; but really fine faces we miss. Some twenty or thirty years ago, when the Countess of Blessington was in the height of her reign over fashionable publishers, there was a *Book of Beauty* published ; but if we look over those dead and mummy volumes, we fail to see the beauty which our mothers claimed, and can only account for its absence by the bad taste of the publishers, or by the suggestion that the simpering young ladies paid for the insertion of their portraits. Nor can we ever quite agree with the common notion of beauty in men ; most women liking those who resemble hair-dressers' dummies, very red and white and staring, with straight noses, and no more expression in their faces than a Dutch clock or a muffin.

The fact seems to be, there is no positive standard of personal beauty. There should be ; and it would be difficult to form a definition of its requirements, to meet all tastes, even had we space.





ON BEING CHEATED.



LS credulity a virtue or a vice? This question admits of many answers. Some persons deny that there are any vices ; and to satisfy other inquiring minds one would have first to define credulity, and secondly to define vice. We all like credulity when it will suit us. In a young and pretty woman, into whose ear some flattering tale is whispered, credulity is, in the eyes of the whisperer, simplicity ; and simplicity is the very crown and top of virtues with woman. Not one of us can bear to contemplate a “knowing woman.” Not one of us would like a woman who would ponder, weigh, hesitate, and doubt. It is she who claims to have been the earliest disciple, and to have held hard all through doubt and fear and weakness to the living Miracle. It is woman who is pre-eminently blessed in having been thought worthy to have the singular merit and praise of being “last at the cross and earliest at the tomb.” The mother was the first apostle of the Son ; and so we typify Faith, drawing that abstraction as a woman holding a cross, and with pure eyes turned heavenwards, and raising a finger and pointing to the skies.

As woman had faith then, so she has it now. Women form the larger part of every Christian congregation ; the exception, as in the churches where lawyers and students congregate, being merely sufficient to prove the rule. Nay, they have faith in the veriest charlatan of a preacher ; and even Joe Smith can reckon them amongst the chief and most numerous converts of his woman-slaying Church. It is not wonderful that woman should bow down to the preacher who rescued her from patriarchal and Eastern slavery, from frequent tyranny and constant degradation, and placed her on a throne as the equal of man ; but it is much to be wondered at and regretted that she should also extend her faith to those who would degrade her and bind her again in the chains of polygamy.

Was it faith or credulity in woman which made her become an easy conquest to so wretched an impostor ? Without the assistance of woman, Mormonism would at once die out. She is at the same time the chief disciple and the prize of those cunning and unconscientious men who carry forward that gigantic system of wrong. But, beyond this, woman has shown that her devotion constantly oversteps the bounds of judgment, and that her faith degenerates into credulity. When, so recently as the year 1838, the fanatic John Nicolls Thoms, of Canterbury, asserted that he was the Saviour, and brought on a riot, in which, after Lieutenant Bennett was shot dead by the fanatic, he himself was killed, a poor woman, Sarah Culver, was apprehended for being discovered washing the face of the dead fanatic, who had assured her that, should

he die, she was to put some water between his lips, and he would rise again in a month ! Nor was this credulity of faith confined to women alone. The rioters, likening themselves to the disciples resisting the Roman soldiers, told the magistrates that they would have withstood thousands of armed men, since Thoms—who, by the way, had assumed the more aristocratic name of Courtenay—had told them that they could not be shot. After the death of the impostor large sums were offered by poor people for a lock of his hair, or a fragment of his blood-stained shirt, to preserve as relics. “The women,” adds the reporter, “with whom he was a prodigious favourite, are described as receiving these relics with every mark of enthusiastic devotion.”

While woman’s credulity generally takes the very amiable phase of faith and devotion, that of man is generally marked by a coarser and more selfish instinct. This is but natural, since in all matters, whether evil or good, which concern any system of ethics, we shall find man more coarse, strong, vivid, and active, than his partner, woman. The numerous victims of enthusiastic Jeremy Diddlers it would be impossible to describe. A fresh crop arises every morning ; and the knaves, who seem to be exactly fitted for the dupes, manage to cull and harvest each successive crop, to pick it as readily as a gardener does his mushrooms, and to look with just as much certainty for more. All towns are infested with the genus which preys upon its fellow-men, the individuals of which are in slang language termed “rooks.” No one can open a newspaper without seeing an instance in

which some very simple fellow is made a victim. The publicity which the press gives to these transactions, and the warnings of the police-magistrates, are alike useless. The rook plies his trade the next morning, and the pigeon falls into his trap and gets plucked. It is generally managed in this way:—A young fellow, with simplicity painted on his face, we suppose, is walking London streets, when a gentlemanly man walks up to him and asks him some question. The first man is the pigeon, the second the rook. Mr. Pigeon gives the required answer, and Mr. Rook forces his conversation on him. He then proposes to have a glass of wine or of ale, or some refreshment, and pigeon accedes. Whilst having it, in drops a second Mr. Rook, and he and the first begin to dispute, then to bet. Mr. Pigeon is appealed to, and is quietly “drawn in,” and in about half an hour finds that he has lost five, ten, or twenty pounds. It was but lately that a young lawyer lost fifty pounds in that way; and yet the scheme is as old as the hills. Ben Jonson describes such a scene; and hundreds of years before he lived, and in great cities which were in ruins before London was built, human folly and human greed were exhibited in the same way. Whatever we may have said against woman as to her credulity in matters of faith, we may generally assert that in such cases they would be wiser than men. In gambling, in being “picked up,” in being cheated and deceived, woman shows more defensive aptitude than man. Her caution is larger, and, as a rule, she does not make so sudden a fool of herself as a man does. The cock pigeon

blunders into the trap : the hen pigeon has hers baited. A fine dress, a promise of fortune-telling, a little soft talk even from the lips of a roguish fool, will set woman off her guard; but then these are necessary ; and the stories of victims of gipsies and fortune-tellers, of cut-purses and tally-men, amongst women, which we hear, read of, or meet with, will still prove that woman has not all at once surrendered, as man, in his blinder confidence in his own powers, constantly will do.

Nor is this gullibility or credulity exhibited only in the lower or the middle classes. At Baden-Baden and Homburg they have gaming-tables, and a few years ago they had them in London, to which young men are and were enticed simply for the purpose of being ruined and robbed of their patrimony. At Crockford's Club House, at the top of St. James's Street, now the Wellington Restaurant, just before the celebrated proprietor died, three young pigeons were plucked in one season whose united fortunes amounted to more than a million of pounds sterling ! The place was notorious ; there were, we may be sure, many people to warn them of the effects of gambling ; the misery it brings with it had been vividly pictured in novel and in play for many years ; and, by a sure instinct, if a man will but trust it, any young fellow can divine very easily when a man means to cheat him. " Marry," says the Lord Hamlet, "this is miching mallecho : it *means* mischief !" We can all see when a man means mischief. Yet these young fools, who were of high or good birth, with their eyes open, went into the trap just as

easily as a fly does into the web of a spider. How this is to be accounted for, and what is the proximate cause of human gullibility, we shall presently see.

Not only individuals, but whole communities, are ready to be made victims. During the prevalence of the silly wish for speculation which broke out in the last century, and which was called by the popular name of the "South Sea Bubble," the blacksmith and the duke, the shopman and minister of state, the parson and the people, were all bitten with the same mad rage. No one knew exactly what the real purport of the Company was ; no one could possibly tell, by experience or otherwise, what would be the result of their speculation ; but, inflated with the vainest hopes, expecting that fortunes were to be made for really nothing, people rushed to Exchange Alley, and besought the brokers, with tears, to take their money, and to rob and cheat them. Not only the South Sea Company, but all other companies flourished ; and it is stated, on good authority, that one rogue of a projector had the impudence to propose a company to carry out some tremendously money-making scheme, the shareholders of which were not to be allowed to know what the scheme was. This implicit faith which he demanded was readily given : many deposited their money ; and in a few days the projector, either growing timid, or having pocketed enough, ran away.

Many years ago, as we may see by the old numbers of *Punch*, the English were seized with a madness for railways. Everybody was to travel. Every town and village was to be

cut up by a railway, or was to be united to London, and was thereby to flourish exceedingly. The idea, put forward in a number of flaring advertisements, which lied considerably, took the public mind, and people very nearly ran mad about it. Land-surveyors and map-makers made money with the greatest ease : they had so much work to do in preparing plans that many of them did not change their clothes or get to bed for days and days together. Parliamentary agents were equally busy getting the concurrence of Members of Parliament. A thousand schemes, utterly absurd and impracticable, were put upon paper ; and, to our cost and sorrow, many, many lines, which never should have existed, were commenced and carried out. The whole carrying trade of England changed hands at once, and with disastrous effect. Thousands of private speculators were ruined, a few hundred stockbrokers made their fortunes, and England was burdened with a system of railways which is far from being satisfactory, and in which we find two or three long and circuitous routes running to the same place, and encouraging, twenty years after, another and more direct route to be planned, so as to save time.

Whether it be in furniture, in pianos sold second-hand by officers' widows, mock diamonds, bad watches, wooden nutmegs, tea which is formed of old tea-leaves re-dried and coloured, dogs which are painted, sparrows which are dyed, horses which are docked, or books and pictures which are put into a big house and then sold as the effects of a nobleman—in all and each of these, and in a thousand other

instances, we shall find man preying upon his fellow, deceiving him, and putting to proof his simplicity and gullibility. Even the most astute are deceived, and special trades exist for the purpose of deceiving them. For instance, one would believe that pawnbrokers formed an acute, sharp class of men, and they are so ; yet a sub-class, called the *duffer*, exists, which lives by manufacturing goods, tools, and implements, with showy outsides, for the purpose of pawning at much above their value, and thus deceiving the pawnbroker. The articles, as well as the makers, are called duffers ; and, to protect himself, the dishonest pawnbroker, when he has been deceived, quietly re-pawns them, or sends out persons with tickets for sale, the pigeon in the last case being persuaded that he is purchasing a watch or a piano which has been pledged far below its value ; he then eagerly buys the ticket, and redeems the “duffer” or the “duffing” article.

Now the whole cause of this long round of cheating and being cheated, the motive power of this perverse and noxious system of human industry, is to be found in two springs. The first is that perverse feeling which makes a man love cheating and dishonesty ; the second, that cunning selfishness which persuades us that we can buy under the market price, and get wonderful bargains. Almost every man, we need not say every woman too, believes that he or she has a prescriptive right to get things cheaper than any one else. Hence, instead of going to the regular pianoforte-makers, where they can try and buy an instrument which would be exchanged if disliked, they snatch up one from “a widow

lady," under the idea that they are paying twenty pounds for something worth seventy. The young fellow who is cheated in the street has the prospect of enormous gain held out to him. The countryman who is taken in with the pea-and-thimble dodge at a fair is cheated with his eyes open, because he believes that he can pocket a sovereign for almost nothing, and because some one points out to him, as he thinks, where the pea is. The men who lose large estates at the gambling-table are in the same category—mere bargain-hunters, with an unconscientious low cunning, which leads them to be victimized. Even our friend *Moses*, in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, who sold a horse for a gross of green spectacles, was led into that mess by his own cunning. His mother *Deborah* cries out, "Ay, Moses is a dead hand at a bargain;" and, trying to be over-cunning and to get too much, he gets too little. In short, human gulls are not so much boobies and fools, as those over-sharp, very cunning fellows, who "see through all things with their half-shut eyes," who pretend to be able to know everything, who are over-wise in their own conceit, and who, whilst they are dreaming of cheating others, generally manage to get thoroughly well cheated themselves.





UPON EVIL WISHES AND CURSES.



MELCHIOR CAMUS, who was no friend to the Jesuits, told Philip II. of Spain that they once carried about them a certain herb which kept them entirely free from any contact with sin. The King was naturally curious to know the name of this herb; and, being pressed, Melchior owned that it was nothing less than the "fear of God;" but he added, "If they had it then, they have quite lost the seed of it now, for it does not grow in their garden." We now find others besides the Jesuits have lost the seed of this little plant. If Louis Napoleon had had it, he would not have laid hands upon Savoy; nor would Victor Emmanuel have abetted him; nor then, it follows, would our acquaintance Pio Nono have made the world ring with a futile curse, all the deeper because it was bottled up in language a little more stately and polite than curses usually are. Both he and Cardinal Antonelli, as also Signori Aloys Serafino, the Apostolical Curser (or cursor), and Phillippus Orsani, the Magister Curser, would have remained silent. There is an eternal satire in events. The very same *Times* which gave the Pope's curse as the "latest

intelligence," contained also a report of the confirmation of one of our own princes in the Protestant faith, that great enemy to Popery. It is, however, more than probable that the Pope and others may accuse us, as Pitt once accused the English in regard to taxation, of "an ignorant impatience of 'cursing.'" We ought perhaps to bear it, for we are indirectly implicated, and say nothing about it. We should be as silent as the celebrated jackdaw of Rheims, which the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of that town cursed. The wretched bird had stolen some spoons; and the archbishop, not being able to discover the perpetrator (for then detectives were not), solemnly cursed that thief. "In holy anger and pious grief he solemnly cursed the rascally thief! He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed, from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head; he cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking, he cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, and winking; he cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying; he cursed him in walking, in riding. Never," adds the grave historian, "was heard such a terrible curse; but what gave rise to no little surprise, nobody seemed one penny the worse."*

- * "He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying."

Ingoldsby Legends, vol. i., edit. 1862, p. 144.

The fact is the same with us. The only person who will be the worse for it will be the Pope. The proverb, so often quoted, about curses being like little chickens, and coming home to roost, is very true. We have grown out of any material belief in them. A bad action curses itself, and vice, as well as virtue, is its own reward. The theory of compensation is universal, and he who indulges in bad language does not add to his respectability. When Pio Nono, in his grandiloquent commencement, refers to the "eternal memory of this matter," he may have done so to his own hurt. Yet there is this to be said of him : his people, and many others even from this favoured land, have so often persuaded him of the efficacy of his blessings, that he needs must logically believe in the weight of his curses. He blesses the people, and he blesses the cattle ; and we have no doubt but that his pleasure and his anger are equally efficacious.

Moreover, the Pope claims the right of cursing from a very high source : it is one part of the power of the keys ; although he has not lately opened the cupboard which contained the anathema. The last who did so was Pius VII., in regard to Napoleon I. The other *impious* Pius does so evidently with a view of trying the nerves of Napoleon III. There are those who declare that the first Emperor never thrived after it. It will be curious to note the effect of this latter clap of thunder. Will it not be as useless as in reality that theatrical clap is, which, in the midst of the drama of *Leah*, startles everybody, and apparently slays an innocent old Jew, instead of an apostate and a would-be murderer?

We talk wildly of the lightning and the blasting bolts of Heaven, and every paltry, petty, huckstering fellow amongst us would use God's store-house of curses in blasting his opponent or his neighbour !

The quiet and very undisturbed way in which Europe received the little message, which, by the way, was sold at Turin and elsewhere for ten centimes, marks as much as anything can the change which has taken place in opinion. It may be that some think it for the worse, others for the better ; but the change is there. Philip Augustus, King of France, wishing to divorce Ingelburg, and marry Agnes de Meranie, the Pope put his kingdom under an interdict, no more solemn than this one with Sardinia. The churches were shut for eight months ; they neither said mass nor vespers ; they did not christen, confirm, nor marry ; and even the poor babies born during the period came in for their share : they were considered illegitimate ! Every man, whilst the land was under the curse, was divested of all his civil or military functions ; he was forbidden to laugh, smile, change his clothes, eat with enjoyment, wash his face, comb his hair, say his prayers, bathe, change his shirt, converse with a friend, or in fact do anything which could make life worth the fee-simple of a farthing candle. As for ploughing, working, shooting, riding, tilting, hunting, fishing, or hawking, they and all other amusements were out of the question. What is worse, the people believed in the curse, and that gave it force. But another King of France burnt the Pope's bull, and kicked his legates out of the kingdom ; and as for

your stolid Englishman, he never, even slightly, believed in it. The King's officers, in the time of John, used to squeeze gold from the fat abbots and priors, as well as from the Jews : and bell, book, and candle could not drive them away, if good (gold) angels beckoned them on.

It is hard to say how many times Luther was cursed ; but his sturdy Saxon frame did not wither under it. Yet the form is terrible enough : it is very ancient. The Pope has many blessings, but he has only one curse ; but that is a comprehensive one. It includes everything. The Latin is given in *Tristram Shandy*—a much deeper work than many suppose—and is known here as the curse of Ernulphus.

The French paper *Le Nord*, upon the publication of the latest issue of Rome's thunder, contained a translation of the anathema, or, rather, part of it, but yet it was nearly two columns of close print in length. The commencement is tremendous. The offender was cursed inside and out, and all over ; in head and foot, back and front, and both sides of him ; in or out of doors, in every function and in every action, asleep or awake, in resting or moving ; from the scarf-skin of his head to the tip of his toe-nail and the end of his ears : in all his bones, joints, parts, and members, within and without : "may there be," emphatically, "no sound place in him !"* The curse of Kehama was nothing to this one. It is so terrible, so comprehensive, so blighting, that it is no

* The wonderfully humane and acute touches of Laurence Sterne, a moralist by far too much abused and too little admired, may be

wonder that the priest-ridden countries of the Middle Ages withered under its potent spells.

When the Pope cursed Luther and his adherents, the method of the denunciation was carried out with all that fine theatrical effect which had been displayed in the churches many hundred years before. Every Christian was called upon to shun the accursed crew. On Sundays and festivals the priests marched in great force to the altar, and, after the publishing of the edict, a heightened effect was given by the cross from the high altar being thrown flat on the ground, and the signal of redemption thus being taken away. The vessels and ornaments were stripped from the church ; the singing-boys flung down the incense-pots ; and twelve sturdy priests, chanting at the top of their voices, dashed down the twelve lighted torches and trampled out the lights. In the midst of the darkness the bells tolled sonorously, and then ceased ; the preacher waved his hands in the pulpit, and with a clash clasped up the Book of Life and carried it away, leaving the people to grope their way out of the church in sadness, perturbation, and dismay. A man so cursed was like a leper : all fled from him ; his very wife and children

seen in the account of *Dr. Slop's* reading out this curse on *Obadiah*. The truth of Byron's line—

“ A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,”

was never better illustrated. Poor *Uncle Toby*, who had been wounded, only whistled as he heard the first part of the document ; but when it comes to where his own wound lay, he cries out in pity.

shunned him ; his servants refused to minister to him ; his serfs closed their doors to him ; his neighbours thrust him forth ; till, like a leper, he sought refuge in the wilderness, or sunk and died ; and, the ban still clinging to him, he was buried like a dog.

When the Church of Rome was the great protector of learning, and stood like a strong tower against the lawless force of ignorance and brute power, the belief in the anathema must have worked with a salutary effect. Lawless force was often kept in check by the charmed circle which the Church drew around those whom she wished to protect. She claimed high authority for her blessings, nor less so for her curses ; and in this authority she taught others to believe ; for when the Papacy took upon herself the place and authority of the Godhead, she took also this power : she assumed to work miracles ; she dealt with blessings. She seized also the thunder of Jupiter, as the high priests did ; and, like those of Baal, she rent her garments, and cried aloud for a punishment upon her enemies. Pio Nono tells us that it was not without prayers, and councils, and fastings, that he uttered his curse. Perhaps not. No man tumbles into a ditch with a full sense of where he is going. The worse part of error is, that the person manifestly in the wrong always will fancy himself in the right. Now, it is the business of a wise man not to prove others in the wrong, but to be sure that he himself is in the right. If a man were starting from London to Dover, he would not trouble himself that his opponents were wandering about Barnet or Finchley, but hasten on himself.

In the American mission-houses of Tonga they place up labels for the young to read and remember, just as we do in our schools, and as we did in our churches—golden sentences, full of wisdom. One of these is very wise and very characteristic : “ First, be sure you are right, and *then* GO AHEAD.” The Popedom, although not half so poor nor decayed as some popular prophets wish to make out, has never yet been quite sure that it was right. The consequence is, that it has gone ahead the wrong way, which is a serious inconvenience, and rather “pothers its cause.”

Before it vented its thunder it should have first been quite sure that it was real, and not sham thunder. The Jews themselves were sure ; nay, even as the promises of the law are material and worldly blessings, they are pretty well sure now. The promise of the New Testament extends more certainly to the next world than to this. The better a man is, frequently the more plagued is he in this world. All the curses of Ernulphus could not have exceeded the troubles of St. Paul nor the persecutions of the early Christians ; yet they were good men, and hoped for their reward in a world where, we are told, there are few popes, and no kings, save One.

The Jews, even in later days, have clung to their excommunication in common with other hierarchies ; and certainly any society has a right to expel and threaten unworthy members. That is a curious story among them of Uriel Acosta, a Portuguese of Jewish extraction, who, having embraced the religion of his ancestors, out of which his father had been persecuted, escaped with great difficulty, from the

terrors of the Inquisition, to Amsterdam. He was received with joy by his brother Hebrews ; but, being a learned man, he must needs enter into controversy, and found that the manners of the Jews were not conformable to the laws of Moses. He published a book on the subject, and for this work his brethren excommunicated and publicly cursed him. Now Acosta had already renounced one religion, and his mind was not one which could go back. His brethren denounced him before the tribunals as a man without religion: he was imprisoned and fined. He wrote again, and was again imprisoned. He was glad, after fifteen years' struggle, to be received into the bosom of his Church ; but, one day speaking freely with his nephew, he was again denounced by him, seized, imprisoned, and persecuted for ten years, till he again, says Bayle, "crawled on his belly before the high priest, and was forgiven ;" but, being again plagued by doubts, he composed a small tract confuting his enemies, and then laid violent hands on himself ; in fact, after trying to shoot his principal antagonist, and failing, he shot himself. So this sad story ends.

The sentence of the civil judge does not set aside the acts and offices of humanity, much less the duties of relationship ; but excommunication arms parents against children, brothers against brothers, breaks the bonds of hospitality and friendship, renders the victim even more abandoned than if he had the plague, and stifles all the sentiments of nature. Now amongst Protestants the Pope's brief will have little effect. The chief charge against the moribund and maledicent

power is this—that with its own faithful its behests have weight ; that they will and have added bitterness to the repression at Naples and the strife at Palermo; that in misfortune and distress, and the pangs of death, the curse will cling to its victims ; and lastly, that in the midst of the light of the nineteenth century the Pope has recalled the darkness of the ninth.

What is here said of large and political curses applies equally to our common wishes of hate : they only hurt him who entertains them ; and if we look at the matter quietly, we shall find that true religion is as wise as it is 'good, and that the man who entertains no malice, and vents no curses, is not only a better, but a much wiser man than the hot enthusiast who curses like *Caliban*, and with as little effect.





ON ONE OF OUR LAST ACTS.

MONS. DE MONTALEMBERT, whose temperate laudation of the liberties and character of Englishmen is worth reading, the more so as he differs from us upon many vital points, cites as one of our great privileges, and one which has an immense influence upon us, that of *libre arbitrement*, the power of making our own wills, and of willing our personal property to any one whom we may wish. This is a great privilege, and we ought to be proud of it ; but as sweet flowers distil poison, and the best things, when abused, are the worst, so this has proved an eccentric one in its use, no doubt, as many follow the poet's advice, and "die and endow a college or a cat," whilst others pension Pincher or a parrot, or leave an annual leg of mutton to be climbed for, or a new hat to a beadle, a new blue gown, coal-scuttle bonnet, and pint of tea to poor women ; a handle to the village pump, or ornamental pipes to the church organ. There is no end to an Englishman's eccentricities, and he is eccentric in death as in life. He will perpetuate a quarrel or found a college prize ; endow an almshouse or explore the

arctic regions by his will ; nay, he has been known to do worse things than these, as we shall hereafter see.

There is not a more solemn instrument in the world than a will ; and although it never should be the last act of a man, yet it will always be reckoned as his last, and will always carry with it the last associations of the writer. To make one carelessly, foolishly, or in anger, is unpardonable. To endow those delicately nurtured, with poverty which they cannot bear, and with temptations which they cannot resist, is something so diabolical, that divines have rightly reckoned it as one of those sins which cannot be forgiven. Calm and solemn, and at peace with all the world, should be that man or woman who makes a will : a last will and testament, beginning in the old form, with an invocation of the name of the Deity, yet often, by the wicked and covetous desires of men, set aside and negatived.

One of the first requirements in making a will is to know what will you intend to make. The second is to have an accurate knowledge of the English language. The want of a competent study of words has diverted not only thousands, but millions of pounds sterling from their intended course, and has made beggars of multitudes. Presuming, then, that you know what you intend to leave, and how to leave it, your next duty is to call in a lawyer ; but be sure that you first know what you intend to do. If you do not, it is absurd to suppose that your lawyer can help you. He has been all his life the victim of an ignorant jargon. The truth has been sedulously kept from him ; if he have had any practice, his life

has been a long initiation into means and ends of roguery and cheatery. So far is he himself ignorant of the weight of words, that Horne Tooke, who is not lightly to be named, declared that he lost a large estate because the highest legal authorities did not know the true meaning of "two adverbs and a conjunction;" and we owe our finest work on philology, *The Diversions of Purley*, to this fact. But, lest this should be thought too sweeping an assertion, we will bring Lord St. Leonards' own words, who, as ex-Chancellor and a high legal authority, must surely be recognised: "I could, without difficulty, run over the names of many judges and lawyers of note, whose wills, made by themselves, have been set aside, or construed so as to defeat every intention which they ever had."

If, then, a lawyer cannot help himself, he cannot help his client, unless properly and clearly instructed. So important is this, that any one would be shocked if he only knew the immense amount of misery which is entailed upon the unfortunate legatees who are forced to contest for their rights. A solemn attempt at a joke is the way in which Lord St. Leonards endeavoured to cover this cruel anomaly. "If," says he, earnestly, "wills were always well made, lawyers would starve." "Lawyers might well be in despair if every man's will were prepared by a competent person." The joke of which we have often spoken, and which accompanies this assertion, is, as usual, a bad one; for of all solemn nonsense, that of the law is, to a layman, the worst. Lawyers are not given to comedy, and their ponderous nonsense is about as

funny as the hideous grin which is produced upon the face of a galvanized corpse! "Notwithstanding," he writes, "that fees are purely honorary, yet it is almost proverbial that a lawyer never does anything well for which he is not feed. Lord Mansfield told a story of himself, that, feeling this influence, he once, when about to attend to some professional business of his own, took several guineas out of his purse, and put them into his waistcoat pocket as a fee for his labour."

But lawyers' fees are no joke at all ; yet, upon several occasions in life, they must be paid. Perhaps there is no time when a man feels less his own master, or more helpless, than when he delivers himself into the hands of his lawyer. He may be a shrewd man of business ; he may know much of the markets, of languages, something of medicine, a great deal of politics, and be an adept in the ways of common life ; but for all that he is no lawyer. Our laws are so complicated, so vast, and frequently framed in so ignorant and useless a way, that it needs the study of a life to master them. And, even then, one may not be successful. "And it is very strange, but very true," writes Roger North, "that if a layman [as the lawyers style those not bred to the profession] studies the law never so hard, and pursues a course of reading and commonplacing with all imaginable perseverance, yet he shall be far from capable to judge of, or competent to direct in, business." This is so far true that we have the common proverb, "He who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client ;" and, to prove it, North tells a story

of his father, Lord North, who, having made a will intending handsomely to provide for his wife and children, and to entail his estates, yet had drawn the will out so "that the good old lady would have been left without a bed to lie on but what she must have purchased by anticipating her jointure."

The printed forms of wills which are sold are, we are told, worse than useless ; that is, by using them a testator may be led to cause that to be done which is exactly contrary to his wishes. The law will dispose of any man's property in a very fair way if he dies intestate : a third going to his widow during her lifetime, and the rest being equally enough divided, if personalty ; but he will by that means leave nothing to his friends who are not his relations, and pay a heavier stamp-duty to the state. In leaving moneys, &c., to children, the words "issue," "heirs of the body," or "heirs," "are seldom used without leading to a law-suit." The word "issue" has filled the pockets of lawyers with fees, and the most honest of them will scarcely smell a Chancery suit without drifting towards it. The gentlemen of the long robe have a proclivity that way : they run down an incline, and cannot stop the train by any "break." The terminus, we need not say, is most frequently ruin. Scott and Dickens, authors who may be very reasonably quoted here as being both to a certain extent learned in the law, have illustrated with all their power the miseries of a Chancery suit—the long delays, the wordy strife, the waiting, the heart-sickness of hope deferred ; but were they to write in words of fire, and with a thousand-

author-power of eloquence, they could not adequately describe the misery occasioned. It is no excuse to our laws to say that half of this is the growth of the selfishness of litigants or the rogueries of lawyers. It should not be endured for one year in a Christian and intellectual nation. It is worse than useless to say that it cannot be cured : the finest intellects which have ever been practised in the law confess that it might be so, and easily ; but it will not be whilst we have so many lawyers in our Parliament. In the meantime, the very best, mildest, and most honest of men may be sucked into the dreadful whirlpool ; and *ex gurgite vasto* (out of that great gulf), from that horrid maze, there is little hope of escape. One suit also will beget another. Law-suits, like happiness, are born twin.

We have said that lawyers understand (or misunderstand) language differently either from Johnson, or Richardson, or indeed any lexicographer : their English is not “ dictionary English.” A bequest of “ jewels ” by a nobleman was held not to include his collar, garter, or the jewelled buckle of his hat. A watch is rightly not to be considered either as jewels or plate. Lord Hardwicke thought that current coin and other curious pieces kept with medals would pass as medals, but it was properly ruled otherwise. Household furniture comprises everything that contributes to the use or convenience of the householder or ornament of the house, and will carry linen and china. “ Household stuff ” comprises “ plate, couches, tables, stools, forms, beds ; vessels of wood, brass, pewter, earthenware, and the like ; but not apparel, books,

weapons, tools for artificers, cattle, victuals, corn, plough-gear, and the like." It is questionable whether these terms would convey a gallery of pictures kept as specimens of art, or a library of scarce books. To devise a house will not carry hangings and looking-glasses ; which are matters of ornament and furniture. There are many other seeming anomalies, which must all be duly weighed. Shakspeare left his second-best bed to his wife, and his will has been adduced to prove that he was an attorney's clerk, as indeed some crack-brained writers have attempted to prove that he was a chemist, a surgeon, secretary of state, or a painter. The fact is, that his judgment was universal ; and what he wrote was universally true, because his was the poetry of common sense. But a great to-do has been made because he left Mrs. Shakspeare, *née* Ann Hathaway, his second-best bedstead. Charles Knight, and other defenders of the poet, rule that the bequest carried other property with it, and that it was usual to leave wives in those grand Elizabethan days second-best furniture. Others declare that the poet, like other poets, was unhappy in marriage, and that he thus marked his spite ; which supposition, in regard to so healthy a mind as "Sweet Will's," seems to us monstrous. Shakspeare's last testament is in this respect a mystery. The truth is, we, very luckily, know as little about his death as we do of his life.

It is a common error to suppose that you must leave your heir a shilling "to cut him off" with. A father can very well do that without leaving him a farthing. Some great cruelties have been thus perpetrated by the will-makers, but they have

but covered themselves with execration. The practice of cutting off with a shilling was introduced to show the legatee that he was not entirely forgotten. It was a sort of *malice prepense* (premeditated spite), an insult added to an injury, as you add a goose's feather to an arrow to make it fly straighter and pierce deeper.

Hazlitt has said, that "the last act of our life seldom belies the former tenour of it, for stupidity, caprice, and unmeaning spite. We disinherit relations for the most venial offences, and not for base actions. We punish out of pique, to revenge some case in which we have been disappointed of our wills." One old lady left her money from her grandson because he did not cut his nails. Lord Fitzwilliam thought that he saw want of refinement in him whom he intended to be his heir. This was Lord Onslow; and the fault was, that, after helping himself to cream, he brought the rim of the cup in contact with that of the cream-jug, and his lip had touched that of the cup. Lord Onslow ridiculed this oversensitiveness, and lost the Fitzwilliam estates. Hundreds of such instances could be cited from those family archives which Sir Bernard Burke is so fond of quoting. That good man Jonas Hanway held that he who left anything to the poor in his will could have no merit in the gift, because after his death it was no longer his. We brought nothing with us: we cannot take anything away. Yet some have thought otherwise, and have done wisely: such was the founder of Heriot's Hospital in Edinburgh, and of our Guy's; and such, too, was that of the great Irish Dean, Swift's Hospital in

Dublin, which we hope may last as long as the epigram which accompanies it :—

“ He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools, or mad ;
To show by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much.”

But if some endow hospitals for the sick and wretched, others forget them for an animal. Lord Eldon left his favourite dog Pincher a clear annual income of £8 per annum ; “not more than enough to make him a good customer of the dogs-meat man,” it has been said. Perhaps not ; but more than is sometimes awarded to the annuitants of some of our charitable institutions. Such eccentric bequests betoken a feeling which the testators may blush at, and are like “the fantastic tricks played before high Heaven, which,” says Shakspeare, “make the angels weep.”





ON GOOD WISHES AT CHRISTMAS.



AT Christmas, which is a good holiday for most of us, but especially for that larger and better half of us, the young, there is, as everybody knows, a profusion of good things. The final cause of a great many existences is Christmas Day. How many of that vast flock of geese, which are now peacefully feeding over the long, cold wolds of Norfolk, or are driven gabbling and hissing by the gozzard to their pasture—how many of those very geese were called into being simply for Christmas Day! In the towns, with close streets and fetid courts, where the flaring gas at the corner of an alley marks the only bright spot, a gin-palace, there a goose-club is held; and there, for a short time, is the resting-place, side by side with a bottle of gin, of one of those wise-looking and self-concentrated gobblers, whose name men have generally, and, as we think, unjustly, applied to the silly one amongst themselves.

But it is not only the profusion of good things, of cakes, puddings, spices, oranges, and fruits, from sunny Italy and Spain, from India and from Asia, from America, North and South, and even from distant Australia; it is not that amongst

us, as, long ago, with the *Frankelēin* in Chaucer, that at this time—

“It snewed in his hous of mete and drynk ;”

it is not that we have huge loads of beef chines, ribs, sirloins, legs, necks, breasts, and shoulders of mutton, fillets of veal, whole hogs, and pigs in various stages, from the tender suckling to the stiff-jointed father of a family, whose “back hair” makes good clothes-brushes, and whose head is brought in at college feasts ; it is not that the air gives up its choicest fowl, and the waters yield their best fish : plentiful as these are with us, they are nothing in profusion to the kindly greetings and good wishes that fly about in the cold weather, and that circulate from land’s end to land’s end. The whole coast of England is surrounded by a general “shake hands.” The coast-guard on their wintry walks do not greet each other more surely than old friends all over England do : one clasps another, and another a third, till from Dover to London and so on to York, from Yarmouth on the East to Bristol on the west, from John O’Groat’s house at the extreme north to the Land’s End—the very toe-nail of England on the south—a kindly greeting, we may be sure, will pass. And a cheerful thing it is, on this day of universal equality, on this day which—

“To the cottage and the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down,”

to think that we can touch and hold each other with friendly hands all over our land. Ours is a very small land, but it is

very compact. We have for years heard a loud talk about the size and power of the northern Federation of America, should our peaceable neutrality offend them ; but we have done more than hear—we have seen that the testimony of history as to the want of cohesion of large states is quite true ; and we know that a compactly built small man is worth more as a soldier than a straggling, unwieldy, tall man. We have, at any rate, to thank our size, amongst other things, for the wonderful unanimity and friendliness amongst all of us. We all of us shake hands on Christmas Day. Leigh Hunt had a quaint fancy that he had, as it were, by lineal descent, shaken hands with Milton. He would argue thus : he knew a man who had shaken hands with Dr. Johnson, who had clasped the hand of him who had shaken Dryden's right hand, who himself had thus greeted Andrew Marvell, who knew Master Elwood, the Quaker friend of Milton, who knew Milton himself ; and thus, though our Sovereign has her hand kissed, not shaken, by her subjects, yet doubtless she will clasp the hands of her children, who, shaking those of others, will let the greeting and the good wishes descend to the lowest on that ladder of society which we are all trying to climb.

As for hearty good wishes, spoken in all kinds of voices, from the deepest bass to the shrillest treble, we are sure that they circulate throughout the little island, and are borne on the wings of the post all over the seas. Erasmus, coming to England in Henry VIII.'s time, was struck with the deep heartiness of our wishes—good, ay, and bad too ; but he most

admired the good ones. Other nations ask in their greetings how a man carries himself, or how doth he stand with the world, or how doth he find himself; but the English greet with a pious wish that God may give one a good morning or a good evening, good day, or "God'd'en," as the old writers have it; and when we part we wish that "God may be with you," though we now clip it into "Good b'ye."

Never was a nation more hearty in greeting than ours; but wishes are poor substitutes for actions; words never yet filled the place of deeds: there is, in fact, a wide, cold channel that flows between saying and doing. What we want to see on Christmas Day is, not that there should be any lack of good wishes and pleasant talk, for a cheery word in the morning will often make a poor creature happy for the whole day, but that these little cheery words should be accompanied with cheering deeds. In comfortable houses, where the painstaking head of the house takes a long look-out, and provides well for his family, there are many of the young who never think that there are two aspects of Christmas, one full of fun and mirth, the other full of trouble and alarm. Christmas Day is quarter day, and brings about the end of the year, with its bills, troubles, and worries. It brings every year the climax of many a poor fellow's ruin: it will find many of the young and old without a home and without a meal. It is hardly possible but that every one who reads this can, on casting about him, fail to pick out some poor person to whom an extra half-crown, shilling, sixpence, or even a threepenny-piece, would not do good. Where such can be found, let the

coin fly : it will do more good in the poor man's hand than in the well-to-do man's pocket. If possible, do not make it a matter of alms-giving : look out a job, an easy one, so as to appear to pay the poor man, and give him the satisfaction of having earned his money. That will be the truest charity, after all ; but better to do even with ostentation and vain-glory than not to do at all. The really guilty man is not he who has no good intentions, who never thinks of nor pities his fellow-creatures, but he who, feeling pity for them, and having means, does nothing to relieve them. Such a man indeed buries his talent, and can only expect the measure he metes shall be measured to him again.

Rich as we are all over England, we in winter need good wishes, and good deeds too ; and it is very certain that, when the English nation is once aroused, it sets to work with a will, and does gigantic deeds of charity. Of many noble records, undoubtedly the late relief of the Lancashire work-people will not be the least noble in our country's history. Let people only be once convinced that their alms are needed, and will do good, and do good they will. Surrounded everywhere by the lazy, hypocritical, and dissolute, it requires nowadays considerable tact to carry one's good wishes into effect. A political economist will tell you wisely not to relieve a street beggar, because the constant penny-dropping of good-natured people does, without doubt, produce beggary. It is a sad thing to say, but it is nevertheless true, that the sturdy professional beggar, if he thought the good Samaritan would pass from Jerusalem to Jericho, would

be sure to be lying by the road-side to cheat him out of his charity, his oil, his penny, and his keep at the inn. Hence, many people, rendered over-cautious from being cheated, would rather give to a distant charity than their own poor.

But in mid-winter we should remember very keenly that, in the midst of our population, there must always be much local want. It will not do for a man to wait till people beg of him. He should go and see who wants aid : prevention is better than cure. We may be all very angry with the poor, very much annoyed that they will not thrive. England is herself no doubt rather astonished that Ireland, Poland, Portugal, nay, even Germany and France, are not so prosperous as she. "If all the world were only as rich as we, and if they would be as industrious and hard-working, what a trade we should drive !" said a rich merchant. Probably ; but, logically, the matter is impossible. All knowledge, human and Divine, tells us this—that the poor we shall have always with us, and that riches and prosperity are not given to every man. "Luck !" cries a self-made man : "I never had any luck but getting up at five every morning, and working as hard as I could." Possibly not ; but others have worked well, and have not had their ventures blest. We are not all able to succeed in life ; it is but a narrow way, and when one walks foremost, the rest must needs follow. There are, besides, round about us many simple poor who never had a fair chance in their lives, and who are contented to be the workers of society, and to subsist without a murmur upon small and insufficient pay for years. To these quiet souls

our country owes much of its greatness, and we owe at least respect. Our good wishes of the season should surely not neglect them ; and a smile, a small present to their children, and a manly recognition of themselves, with a helping hand when we can aid them, are their due. After all, all that we can do is little enough, and that little should be done, and done with a will ; for both he who gives and he who receives will be blessed.

In such large towns as London, Edinburgh, Birmingham, and Coventry, there are every winter a crowd of poor from whom the usual stream of charity is diverted. To these we can point as fit recipients of good wishes, and good deeds too. To us return the seasons, full of change, delight, and pleasure. The cold of winter, which serves to brace our nerves, and to give us tone and health, carries often death to the weak and half-fed. Perhaps, were we wisely to consider, we should find that much of our luxury depends upon the presence and the labours of the poor in large cities. Tax-payers, and they whose sharp interest makes them watch the rates, may very well object to their presence. But in a populous, free country, like ours, there is and can be no possible riddance of what has been cruelly and unphilosophically termed the surplus population ; indeed, were there any, we have no right to employ it. But, as we have the poor here, we are bound, not only in common honesty, but in Christian love, to support them ; not to let them lie on that quiet, indolent bed of good wishes upon which too many of us are content to slumber. If every man

amongst us would determine to shake himself when he feels sleepy in doing good, and not rest so soundly upon the downy pillow, the world would be much better and much happier. We see one man giving himself over to evil ; we see another neglecting his family, and forgetting and destroying himself ; and we are content in wishing that such things did not exist at all—nay, that there was no trouble, vice, nor sin in the world, instead of taking care that, as far as in us lies, there shall be none. It is that sleepy, but good-wishing population of this earth that has given the hint to the Spaniards of that quaint proverb of theirs, which conveys so great and so alarming a truth, “Hell is paved with good intentions,” the meaning of which is plain enough to all of us. We must not only entertain good wishes, but carry them into effect. Very few men are absolutely malevolent ; for phrenologists tell us, that of all the “bumps” they can name, that of benevolence, which is a huge protuberance on the top of most persons’ heads, just over their foreheads, is the most common. We all wish well : we all have good intentions. In fact, it is much pleasanter to wish well than to wish badly. There are very few of us strong enough in character to hate people thoroughly, and to feel spiteful with all the world ; so what we do is quietly to wish it well, and to let it rest, declaring that it is not our business to meddle with it ; but a falser or more fatal assertion, now made every day, was never made.

And so, just to finish off the passing year well, to make some little amends for the starvation and the wars, the

wrangling and harsh quarrels, the common bloodshed and the cruel triumph—suppose, in our small way, we carry into effect some of the “good wishes” which belong to the season, and should properly possess all our hearts. Rich and poor will be all the better. The “merry Christmas” will leave the cloudy region of fiction, and be exalted into a fact; and, moreover, the beauty of this magic transformation will be finer than that of any glittering show or gorgeous pantomime; for, whilst the heart of the poor receiver will be warmed towards his fellow-men, the giver will be three times blessed, will believe in goodness, since he has shown it, and will live to thank the time when he made one good deed out of many ornamental, but useless “good wishes.”



A List of Books

PUBLISHING BY

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON,

Crown Buildings, 188, Fleet Street.



[March, 1869.]

NEW ILLUSTRATED WORKS.



AN ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. By Thomas Gray. With Sixteen Water-Colour Drawings, by Eminent Artists, printed in Colours in facsimile of the Originals. Uniform with the Illustrated "Story Without an End." Royal 8vo. cloth, 12s. 6d.; or in morocco, 25s.

"Another edition of the immortal 'Elegy,' charmingly printed and gracefully bound, but with a new feature. The illustrations are woodcuts in colours, and they are admirable specimens of the art."—*Art Journal*. "Remarkable for thoughtful conception and all that artistic finish of which this newly-born art is capable."—*Morning Post*. "Beauty and care visible throughout."—*Standard*.

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END. From the German of Carové. By Sarah Austin. Illustrated with Sixteen Original Water-Colour Drawings by E. V. B., printed in Fac-simile and numerous Illustrations on wood. Small 4to. cloth extra, 12s.; or in morocco, 21s.

* * Also a Large Paper Edition, with the Plates mounted (only 250 copies printed), morocco, ivory inlaid, 31s. 6d.

"Nowhere will he find the *Book of Nature* more freshly and beautifully opened for him than in 'The Story without an End,' of its kind one of the best that was ever written."—*Quarterly Review*.

Also, illustrated by the same Artist.

Child's Play. Printed in fac-simile from Water-Colour Drawings. 7s. 6d.
Tennyson's May Queen. Illustrated on Wood. Large Paper Edit. 7s. 6d.

PEAKS AND VALLEYS OF THE ALPS. From Water-colour Drawings by Elijah Walton. Chromo-Lithographed by J. H. Lowes, with Descriptive Text by the Rev. T. G. Bonney, M. A., F.G.S. Folio, half morocco, with 21 large Plates. Original subscription 3 guineas. A very limited edition only now issued at 4l. 14s. 6d.

The Seven Churches of Asia. The result of Two Years' Exploration of their Locality and Remains. By Mr. A. Svoboda. With 20 full-page Photographs taken on the spot. Edited with a preface by the Rev. H. B. Tristram, F.L.S. 4to. cloth extra, price 2 guineas.

"Some time since we reviewed the photographs taken by Mr. Svoboda on the sites of the famous Christian cities of Asia Minor, and found in them much that was interesting to the Biblical student and historian. We have in the well-printed volume before us twenty of these interesting illustrations, which fairly display the present state of the ruins so deeply connected with the early history of Christianity. Of these Smyrna supplies four, Ephesus five, Laodicea two, Hierapolis one, Sardis two, Philadelphia one, Magnesia Syphilusone, Thyatira one, and Pergamos three. To these the author has attached a carefully-written and very interesting series of accounts of the ruins and their history, taken from a popular and Scriptural point of view. Mr. Tristram has done his share of the work well, and edited a capital manual which is suited not only to general readers, but as a book of reference on a subject about which little is known, and that little not available without researches which would rival those of our author."—Athenæum.

Christian Lyrics. Chiefly selected from Modern Authors. 138 Poems, illustrated with upwards of 150 Engravings, under the superintendence of J. D. Cooper. Small 4to. cloth extra, 10s. 6d.; morocco, 21s.

Illustrations of the Natural Order of Plants; with Groups and Descriptions. By Elizabeth Twining. Splendidly illustrated in colours from nature. Reduced from the folio edition. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. cloth extra, price 5 guineas.

Choice Editions of Choice Books. New Editions. Illustrated by C. W. Cope, R.A., T. Creswick, R.A., Edward Duncan, Birket Foster, J. C. Horsley, A.R.A., George Hicks, R. Redgrave, R.A., C. Stonehouse, F. Tayler, George Thomas, H. J. Townshend, E. H. Wehnert, Harrison Weir, &c. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s. each; mor. 10s. 6d.

Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.
Cundall's Elizabethan Poetry.
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.
Goldsmith's Deserted Village.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard.

Keat's Eve of St. Agnes.
Milton's L'Allegro.
Rogers' Pleasures of Memory.
Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets.
Tennyson's May Queen.
Weir's Poetry of Nature.
Wordsworth's Pastoral Poems.

Bishop Heber's Hymns. An Illustrated Edition, with upwards of one hundred Designs. Engraved, in the first style of Art under the superintendence of J. D. Cooper. Small 4to. handsomely bound, price Half a Guinea; morocco, 21s.

The Divine and Moral Songs of Dr. Watts: a New and very choice Edition. Illustrated with One Hundred Woodcuts in the first style of the Art, from Original Designs by Eminent Artists; engraved by J. D. Cooper. Small 4to. cloth extra, price 7s. 6d.; morocco, 15s.

Light after Darkness: Religious Poems by Harriet Beecher Stowe. With Illustrations. Small post 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Artists and Arabs; or Sketching in Sunshine. By Henry Blackburn, author of "The Pyrenees," &c. Numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

The Pyrenees; 100 Illustrations by Gustave Doré, and a Description of Summer Life at French Watering Places By Henry Blackburn. Royal 8vo. cloth. 15s.; morocco. 25s.

Also by the same Author.

TRAVELLING IN SPAIN, illustrated, 16s. or Cheaper Edition, 6s.

Milton's Paradise Lost. With the original Steel Engravings of John Martin. Printed on large paper, royal 4to. handsomely bound, 3l. 13s. 6d.; morocco extra, 5l. 15s. 6d.

Favourite English Poems. Complete Edition. Comprising a Collection of the most celebrated Poems in the English Language, with but one or two exceptions unabridged, from Chaucer to Tennyson. With 300 Illustrations by the first Artists. Two vols. royal 8vo. half bound, top gilt, Roxburgh style, 1l. 15s.; antique calf, 3l. 3s.

Schiller's Lay of the Bell. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's translation; beautifully illustrated by forty-two wood Engravings, drawn by Thomas Scott, and engraved by J. D. Cooper, after the Etchings by Retschel. Oblong 4to. cloth extra, 14s.; morocco, 25s.

Edgar A Poe's Poems. Illustrated by Eminent Artists. Small 4to. cloth extra, price 10s. 6d.

A New and Revised Edition of Mrs. Palliser's Book of Lace, comprising a History of the Fabric from the Earliest Period, with upwards of 100 Illustrations and Coloured Designs, including some interesting Examples from the Leeds Exhibition. By Mrs. Bury Palliser. 1 vol. 8vo. cloth extra. [*Nearly ready.*]

The Royal Cookery Book. By Jules Gouffé, Chef de Cuisine of the Paris Jockey Club. Translated and Adapted for English use. By Alphonse Gouffé, Head Pastrycook to Her Majesty the Queen. Illustrated with large Plates beautifully printed in Colours, and One Hundred and Sixty-One Woodcuts. Super-royal 8vo. cloth extra, 2l. 2s.

. *Notice—Household Cheaper Edition.*—The unanimous welcome accorded to "The Royal Cookery Book" by all the leading reviews within the short time that has elapsed since its appearance, and the conviction that it is *the cookery book for the age*, induce the Publishers to issue for contemporaneous sale with this sumptuous presentation volume a Household Edition in one handsome large type book for domestic use. Price 10s. 6d., strongly half-bound.

The Bayard Series.

CHOICE COMPANIONABLE PLEASURE BOOKS OF LITERATURE
FOR CIRCULATION AT HOME AND ABROAD,

COMPRISING

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL, ESSAYS, NOVELETTES, ETC.

Which, under careful editing, will be very choicely printed, with Vignette Title-page, Notes, and Index; the aim being to insure permanent value, as well as present attractiveness, and to render each volume an acquisition to the libraries of a new generation of readers. 16mo. bound flexible in cloth extra, gilt edges, with silk head bands and registers.

Each Volume, complete in itself, price Half-a-crown.

THE STORY OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD. From the French of the Loyal Servant, M. de Berville, and others. By E. Walford. With Introduction and Notes by the Editor.

"Praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth.
This is the happy warrior; this is he
That every man in arms would wish to be."—Wordsworth.

SAINT LOUIS, KING OF FRANCE. The curious and characteristic Life of this Monarch by De Joinville. Translated by James Hutton.

"St. Louis and his companions, as described by Joinville, not only in their glistening armour, but in their every-day attire, are brought nearer to us, become intelligible to us, and teach us lessons of humanity which we can learn from men only, and not from saints and heroes. Here lies the real value of real history. It widens our minds and our hearts, and gives us that true knowledge of the world and of human nature in all its phases which but few can gain in the short span of their own life, and in the narrow sphere of their friends and enemies. We can hardly imagine a better book for boys to read or for men to ponder over."—Times.

THE ESSAYS OF ABRAHAM COWLEY. Comprising all his Prose Works; the Celebrated Character of Cromwell, Cutter of Coleman Street, &c. &c. With Life, Notes, and Illustrations.

"Praised in his day as a great Poet; the head of the school of poets called metaphysical, he is now chiefly known by those prose essays, all too short, and all too few, which, whether for thought or for expression, have rarely been excelled by any writer in any language."—Mary Russell Mitford's Recollections.

ABDALLAH AND THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK. By Edouard Laboullaye, of the French Academy. Translated by Mary L. Booth.

One of the noblest and purest French stories ever written.

*The Bayard Series,—***TABLE-TALK AND OPINIONS OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST.**

A compilation from the best sources of this great man's shrewd and often prophetic thoughts, forming the best inner life of the most extraordinary man of modern times.

THE KING AND THE COMMONS: Cavalier and Puritan Poems. Selected and Arranged by Henry Morley, Professor of Literature, London University.

It was in working on this volume that Mr. Morley discovered the New Poem attributed to Milton. A facsimile of the Poem and Signature J. or P. M., with parallel passages, and the whole of the evidence, pro and con, is given in the prefatory matter.

VATHEK. An Oriental Romance. By William Beckford.

Beckford's 'Vathek' is here presented as one of the beautifully got-up works included in Messrs. Low and Co.'s 'Bayard Series,' every one of which is a gem, and the 'Caliph Vathek' is, perhaps, the gem of the collection.—Illustrated Times.

WORDS OF WELLINGTON. Maxims and Opinions, Sentences and Reflections, of the Great Duke, gathered from his Despatches, Letters and Speeches. Printed at the Chiswick Press, on toned paper, cloth extra, price 2s. 6d.

One of the best books that could be put into the hands of a youth to influence him for good.—Notes and Queries.

RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA. By Dr. Johnson.

With Introduction by the Rev. William West, B.A.

We are glad to welcome a reprint of a little book which a great master of English prose once said, 'will claim perhaps the first place in English composition for a model of grave and majestic language.' It contains so many grave maxims, so many hints as to the conduct of life, and so much vigorous and suggestive thought, and shrewd insight into the follies and frailties, the greatness and weakness of human nature, that it is just one of those books which, like 'Bacon's Essays,' we read again and again with ever-increasing profit and pleasure.—Examiner.

"The Bayard Series' is a perfect marvel of cheapness and of exquisite taste in the binding and getting up. We hope and believe that these delicate morsels of choice literature will be widely and gratefully welcomed."—Non-conformist. *"Every one of the works included in this series is well worth possessing, and the whole will make an admirable foundation for the library of a studious youth of polished and refined tastes."*—Illustrated Times. *"We have here two more volumes of the series appropriately called the 'Bayard,' as they certainly are 'sans reproche.' Of convenient size, with clear typography, and tasteful binding, we know no other little volumes which make such good gift books for persons of mature age."*—Examiner. *"If the publishers go on as they have begun, they will have furnished us with one of the most valuable and attractive series of books that have ever been issued from the press."*—Sunday Times. *"There has, perhaps, never been produced anything more admirable, either as regards matter or manner."*—Oxford Times.

The Gentle Life Series.

Printed in Elzevir, on Toned Paper, and handsomely bound,
forming suitable Volumes for Presents.

Price 6s. each; or in calf extra, price 10s. 6d.

I.

THE GENTLE LIFE. Essays in Aid of the Formation of
Character of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen. Ninth Edition.

"His notion of a gentleman is of the noblest and truest order. The volume is a capital specimen of what may be done by honest reason, high feeling, and cultivated intellect. A little compendium of cheerful philosophy."—Daily News. *"Deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and circulated in every house."*—Chambers's Journal. *"The writer's object is to teach people to be truthful, sincere, generous: to be humble-minded, but bold in thought and action."*—Spectator. *"It is with the more satisfaction that we meet with a new essayist who delights without the smallest pedantry to quote the choicest wisdom of our forefathers, and who abides by those old-fashioned Christian ideas of duty which Steele and Addison, wits and men of the world, were not ashamed to set before the young Englishmen of 1713."*—London Review.

II.

ABOUT IN THE WORLD. Essays by the Author of "The Gentle Life."

"It is not easy to open it at any page without finding some happy idea." Morning Post. *"Another characteristic merit of these essays is, that they make it their business, gently but firmly, to apply the qualifications and the corrections, which all philanthropic theories, all general rules or maxims, or principles, stand in need of before you can make them work."*—Literary Churchman.

III.

LIKE UNTO CHRIST. A new translation of the "De Imitatione Christi," usually ascribed to Thomas à Kempis. With a Vignette from an Original Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Second Edition.

"Think of the little work of Thomas à Kempis, translated into a hundred languages, and sold by millions of copies, and which, in inmost moments of deep thought, men make the guide of their hearts, and the friend of their closets."—Archbishop of York, at the Literary Fund, 1865.

"Exinces independent scholarship, a profound feeling for the original, and a minute attention to delicate shades of expression, which may well make it acceptable even to those who can enjoy the work without a translator's aid."—Nonconformist. *"Could not be presented in a more exquisite form, for a more sightly volume was never seen."*—Illustrated London News. *"The preliminary essay is well-written, good, and interesting."*—Saturday Review.

IV.

FAMILIAR WORDS. An Index Verborum, or Quotation Handbook. Affording an immediate Reference to Phrases and Sentences that have become embedded in the English language. Second and enlarged Edition.

"Should be on every library table, by the side of *Roget's Thesaurus*." —Daily News. "Almost every familiar quotation is to be found in this work, which forms a book of reference absolutely indispensable to the literary man, and of interest and service to the public generally. Mr. Friswell has our best thanks for his painstaking, laborious, and conscientious work."—City Press.

V.

ESSAYS BY MONTAIGNE. Edited, Compared, Revised, and Annotated by the Author of "The Gentle Life." With Vignette Portraits. Second Edition.

"We should be glad if any words of ours could help to bespeak a large circulation for this handsome attractive book; and who can refuse his homage to the good-humoured industry of the editor."—Illustrated Times. "The reader really gets in a compact form all of the charming, chatty Montaigne that he needs to know."—Observer. "This edition is pure of questionable matter, and its perusal is calculated to enrich without corrupting the mind of the reader."—Daily News.

VI.

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE'S ARCADIA. Written by Sir Philip Sidney. Edited, with Notes, by the Author of "The Gentle Life." Dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of Derby. 7s. 6d.

"All the best things in the *Arcadia* are retained intact in Mr. Friswell's edition, and even brought into greater prominence than in the original, by the curtailment of some of its inferior portions, and the omission of most of its eclogues and other metrical digressions."—Examiner. "It was in itself a thing so interesting as a development of English literature, that we are thankful to Mr. Friswell for reproducing, in a very elegant volume, the chief work of the gallant and chivalrous, the gay yet learned knight, who patronized the muse of Spenser, and fell upon the bloody field of Zutphen, leaving behind him a light of heroism and humane compassion which would shed an eternal glory on his name, though all he ever wrote had perished with himself."—London Review.

VII.

THE GENTLE LIFE. Second Series. Third Edition.

"There is the same mingled power and simplicity which makes the author so emphatically a first-rate essayist, giving a fascination in each essay which will make this volume at least as popular as its elder brother."—Star. "These essays are amongst the best in our language."—Public Opinion.

VIII.

VARIA: Readings from Rare Books. Reprinted, by permission, from the *Saturday Review*, *Spectator*, &c.

"The books discussed in this volume are no less valuable than they are rare, but life is not long enough to allow a reader to wade through such thick folios, and therefore the compiler is entitled to the gratitude of the public for having sifted their contents, and thereby rendered their treasures available to the general reader."—Observer.

IX.

A CONCORDANCE OR VERBAL INDEX to the whole of Milton's Poetical Works. Comprising upwards of 20,000 References. By Charles D. Cleveland, LL.D. With Vignette Portrait of Milton.

"* This work affords an immediate reference to any passage in any edition of Milton's Poems, to which it may be justly termed an indispensable Appendix.

"By the admirers of Milton the book will be highly appreciated, but its chief value will, if we mistake not, be found in the fact that it is a compact word-book of the English language."—Record. "An invaluable Index, which the publishers have done a public service in reprinting."—Notes and Queries.

X.

THE SILENT HOUR: Essays, Original and Selected. By the Author of "The Gentle Life." Second Edition.

"Out of twenty Essays five are from the Editor's pen, and he has selected the rest from the writings of Barrow, Baxter, Sherlock, Massillon, Latimer, Stedys, Jeremy Taylor, Ruskin, and Isaac Walton. The selections have been made with taste and judgment, and the Editor's own contributions are not unworthy in themselves of a place in such distinguished company. The volume is avowedly meant 'for Sunday reading,' and those who have not access to the originals of great authors may do worse on Sunday or any other afternoon, than fall back upon the 'Silent Hour' and the golden words of Jeremy Taylor and Massillon. All who possess the 'Gentle Life' should own this volume."—Standard.

XI.

ESSAYS ON ENGLISH WRITERS, for the Self-improvement of Students in English Literature.

"The author has a distinct purpose and a proper and noble ambition to win the young to the pure and noble study of our glorious English literature. The book is too good intrinsically not to command a wide and increasing circulation, and its style is so pleasant and lively that it will find many readers among the educated classes, as well as among self-helpers. To all (both men and women) who have neglected to read and study their native literature we would certainly suggest the volume before us as a fitting introduction."—Examiner.

XII.

OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS. By J. Hain Friswell. Second Edition.

"The old project of a window in the bosom to render the soul of man visible, is what every honest fellow has a manifold reason to wish for."—Pope's Letters, Dec. 12, 1718.

"The chapters are so lively in themselves, so mingled with shrewd views of human nature, so full of illustrative anecdotes, that the reader cannot fail to be amused. Written with remarkable power and effect. 'Other People's Windows' is distinguished by original and keen observation of life, as well as by lively and versatile power of narration."—Morning Post.

"We have not read a clearer or more entertaining book for a long time." Observer. "Some of the little stories are very graceful and tender, but Mr. Friswell's style is always bright and pleasant, and 'Other People's Windows' is just the book to lie upon the drawing-room table, and be read by snatches at idle moments."—Guardian.

LITERATURE, WORKS OF REFERENCE, ETC.



THE Origin and History of the English Language, and of the early literature it embodies. By the Hon. George P. Marsh, U. S. Minister at Turin, Author of "Lectures on the English Language." 8vo. cloth extra, 16s.

Lectures on the English Language; forming the Introductory Series to the foregoing Work. By the same Author. 8vo. Cloth, 16s. This is the only author's edition.

Man and Nature; or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action. By George P. Marsh, Author of "Lectures on the English Language," &c. 8vo. cloth, 14s.

"Mr. Marsh, well known as the author of two of the most scholarly works yet published on the English language, sets himself in excellent spirit, and with immense learning, to indicate the character, and, approximately, the extent of the changes produced by human action in the physical condition of the globe we inhabit. The whole of Mr. Marsh's book is an eloquent showing of the duty of care in the establishment of harmony between man's life and the forces of nature, so as to bring to their highest points the fertility of the soil, the vigour of the animal life, and the salubrity of the climate, on which we have to depend for the physical well-being of mankind."—*Examiner*.

Her Majesty's Mails: a History of the Post Office, and an Industrial Account of its Present Condition. By Wm. Lewins, of the General Post Office. 2nd Edition, revised and enlarged, with a Photographic Portrait of Sir Rowland Hill. Small post 8vo. 6s.

A History of Banks for Savings; including a full account of the origin and progress of Mr. Gladstone's recent prudential measures. By William Lewins, Author of "Her Majesty's Mails." 8vo. cloth. 12s.

The English Catalogue of Books: giving the date of publication of every book published from 1845 to 1863, in addition to the title, size, price, and publisher, in one alphabet. An entirely new work, combining the Copyrights of the "London Catalogue" and the "British Catalogue." One thick volume of 900 pages, half morocco, 45s.

. The Annual Catalogue of Books published during 1868 with Index of Subjects. 8vo. 5s.

Index to the Subjects of Books published in the United Kingdom during the last Twenty Years—1837-1857. Containing as many as 74,000 references, under subjects, so as to ensure immediate reference to the books on the subject required, each giving title, price, publisher, and date. Two valuable Appendices are also given—A, containing full lists of all Libraries, Collections, Series, and Miscellanies—and B, a List of Literary Societies, Printing Societies, and their Issues. One vol. royal 8vo. Morocco, 11. 6s.

. Volume II. from 1857 in Preparation.

Outlines of Moral Philosophy. By Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, with Memoir, &c. By James McCosh, LL.D. New Edition, 12mo. 8s. 6d.

A Dictionary of Photography, on the Basis of Sutton's Dictionary. Rewritten by Professor Dawson, of King's College. Editor of the "Journal of Photography;" and Thomas Sutton, B.A., Editor of "Photograph Notes." 8vo. with numerous Illustrations. 8s. 6d.

Dr. Worcester's New and Greatly Enlarged Dictionary of the English Language. Adapted for Library or College Reference, comprising 40,000 Words more than Johnson's Dictionary. 4to. cloth, L, 834 pp. price 31s. 6d. well bound.

"The volumes before us show a vast amount of diligence; but with Webster it is diligence in combination with fancifulness,—with Worcester in combination with good sense and judgment. Worcester's is the soberer and safer book, and may be pronounced the best existing English Lexicon."—*Athenæum*.

The Publishers' Circular, and General Record of British and Foreign Literature: giving a transcript of the title-page of every work published in Great Britain, and every work of interest published abroad, with lists of all the publishing houses.

Published regularly on the 1st and 15th of every Month, and forwarded post free to all parts of the world on payment of 8s. per annum.

A Handbook to the Charities of London. By Sampson Low, Jun. Comprising an Account of upwards of 800 Institutions chiefly in London and its Vicinity. A Guide to the Benevolent and to the Unfortunate. Cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

Prince Albert's Golden Precepts. *Second Edition*, with Photograph. A Memorial of the Prince Consort; comprising Maxims and Extracts from Addresses of His late Royal Highness. Many now for the first time collected and carefully arranged. With an Index. Royal 16mo. beautifully printed on toned paper, cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

Our Little Ones in Heaven: Thoughts in Prose and Verse, selected from the Writings of favourite Authors; with Frontispiece after Sir Joshua Reynolds. Fcap. 8vo. cloth extra. *Second Edition*. 3s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE.



THE Life of John James Audubon, the Naturalist, including his Romantic Adventures in the back woods of America. Correspondence with celebrated Europeans, &c. Edited, from materials supplied by his widow, by Robert Buchanan. 8vo. With portraits, price 15s.

"A readable book, with many interesting and some thrilling pages in it."—*Athenæum*. "From first to last, the biography teems with interesting adventures, with amusing or perilous incidents, with curious gossip, with picturesque description."—*Daily News*. "But, as we have said, Audubon could write as well as draw; and while his portfolio was a cause of wonder to even such men as Currier, Wilson, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, his diary contained a number of spirited sketches of the places he had visited, which cannot fail to interest and even to delight the reader."—*Examiner*.

Leopold the First, King of the Belgians: from unpublished documents, by Theodore Juste. Translated by Robert Black, M.A.

"A readable biography of the wise and good King Leopold is certain to be read in England."—Daily News. *"A more important contribution to historical literature has not for a long while been furnished."*—Bell's Messenger. *"Of great value to the future historian, and will interest politicians even now."*—Spectator. *"The subject is of interest, and the story is narrated without excess of enthusiasm or depreciation. The translation by Mr. Black is executed with correctness, yet not without a graceful ease. This end is not often attained in translations so nearly verbal as this; the book itself deserves to become popular in England."*—Athenæum.

Fredrika Bremer's Life, Letters, and Posthumous Works. Edited by her sister, Charlotte Bremer; translated from the Swedish by Fred. Milow. Post 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

The Rise and Fall of the Emperor Maximilian: an Authentic History of the Mexican Empire, 1861-7. Together with the Imperial Correspondence. With Portrait. 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

Madame Recamier, Memoirs and Correspondence of. Translated from the French and edited by J. M. Luyster. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Plutarch's Lives. An entirely new Library Edition, carefully revised and corrected, with some Original Translations by the Editor. Edited by A. H. Clough, Esq. sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and late Professor of English Language and Literature at University College. 5 vols. 8vo. cloth. 2l. 10s.

Social Life of the Chinese: a Daguerreotype of Daily Life in China. Condensed from the Work of the Rev. J. Doolittle, by the Rev. Paxton Hood. With above 100 Illustrations. Post 8vo. price 8s. 6d.

The Open Polar Sea: a Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole. By Dr. Isaac I. Hayes. An entirely new and cheaper edition. With Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 6s.

The Physical Geography of the Sea and its Meteorology: or, the Economy of the Sea and its Adaptations, its Salts, its Waters, its Climates, its Inhabitants, and whatever there may be of general interest in its Commercial Uses or Industrial Pursuits. By Commander M. F. Maury, LL.D. New Edition. With Charts. Post 8vo. cloth extra.

Captain Hall's Life with the Esquimaux. New and cheaper Edition, with Coloured Engravings and upwards of 100 Woodcuts. With a Map. Price 7s. 6d. cloth extra. Forming the cheapest and most popular Edition of a work on Arctic Life and Exploration ever published.

Christian Heroes in the Army and Navy. By Charles Rogers, LL.D. Author of "Lyra Britannica." Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

The Black Country and its Green Border Land; or, Expeditions and Explorations round Birmingham, Wolverhampton, &c. By Elihu Burritt. Second and cheaper edition, post 8vo. 6s.

A Walk from London to John O'Groats, and from London to the Land's End and Back. With Notes by the Way. By Elihu Burritt. Two vols. price 6s. each, with Illustrations.

The Voyage Alone; a Sail in the "Yawl, Rob Roy." By John McGregor. With Illustrations. Price 5s.

Also, uniform, by the same Author, with Maps and numerous Illustrations, price 5s. each.

A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe, on Rivers and Lakes of Europe. Fifth edition.

The Rob Roy on the Baltic. A Canoe Voyage in Norway, Sweden, &c.

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.



WILD Life under the Equator. By Paul Du Chaillu, Author of "Discoveries in Equatorial Africa." With 40 Original Illustrations, price 6s.

"M. du Chaillu's name will be a sufficient guarantee for the interest of Wild Life under the Equator, which he has narrated for young people in a very readable volume."—Times. "M. Du Chaillu proves a good writer for the young, and he has skilfully utilized his experience for their benefit."—Economist. "The author possesses an immense advantage over other writers of Adventures for boys, and this is secure for a popular run: it is at once light, racy, and attractive."—Illustrated Times.

Also by the same Author, uniform.

Stories of the Gorilla Country, 36 Illustrations. Price 6s.

"It would be hard to find a more interesting book for boys than this."—Times. "Young people will obtain from it a very considerable amount of information touching the manners and customs, ways and means of Africans, and of course great amusement in the accounts of the Gorilla. The book is really a meritorious work, and is elegantly got up."—Athenæum.

Cast Away in the Cold. An Old Man's Story of a Young Man's Adventures. By the Author of "The Open Polar Sea." With Illustrations. Small 8vo. cloth extra, price 6s.

"The result is delightful. A story of adventure of the most telling local colour and detail, the most exciting danger, and ending with the most natural and effective escape. There is an air of veracity and reality about the tale which Capt. Hayes could scarcely help giving to an Arctic adventure of any kind. There is great vivacity and picturesqueness in the style, the illustrations are admirable, and there is a novelty in the 'denouement' which greatly enhances the pleasure with which we lay the book down. This story of the two Arctic Crusoes will long remain one of the most powerful of children's stories, as it assuredly deserves to be one of the most popular."—Spectator.

The Silver Skates; a Story of Holland Life. By Mrs. M. A. Dodge. Edited by W. H. G. Kingston. Illustrated, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

The Voyage of the Constance; a tale of the Polar Seas. By Mary Gillies. With 8 Illustrations by Charles Keene. Fcap. 3s. 6d.

Life amongst the North and South American Indians. By George Catlin. And Last Rambles amongst the Indians beyond the Rocky Mountains and the Andes. With numerous Illustrations by the Author. 2 vols. small post 8vo. 5s. each, cloth extra.

"An admirable book, full of useful information, wrapt up in stories peculiarly adapted to rouse the imagination and stimulate the curiosity of boys and girls. To compare a book with 'Robinson Crusoe,' and to say that it sustains such comparison, is to give it high praise indeed."—Athenæum.

Our Salt and Fresh Water Tutors; a Story of that Good Old Time—Our School Days at the Cape. Edited by W. H. G. Kingston. With Illustrations. price 3s. 6d.

"One of the best books of the kind that the season has given us. This little book is to be commended warmly."—Illustrated Times.

The Boy's Own Book of Boats. A Description of every Craft that sails upon the waters; and how to Make, Rig, and Sail Model Boats, by W. H. G. Kingston, with numerous Illustrations by E. Weedon. Second edition, enlarged. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"This well-written, well-wrought book."—Athenæum.

Also by the same Author,

Ernest Bracebridge; or, Boy's Own Book of Sports. 3s. 6d.

The Fire Ships. A Story of the Days of Lord Cochrane. 5s.

The Cruise of the Frolic. 5s.

Jack Buntline: the Life of a Sailor Boy. 2s.

The Autobiography of a Small Boy. By the Author of "School Days at Saxonhurst." Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s. [Nearly ready.

Also now ready.

Alwyn Morton, his School and his Schoolfellows. 5s.

Stanton Grange; or, Life at a Tutor's. By the Rev. C. J. Atkinson. 5s.

Phenomena and Laws of Heat: a Volume of Marvels of Science. By Achille Cazin. Translated and Edited by Elihu Rich. With numerous Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. price 5s.

Also, uniform, same price.

Marvels of Optics. By F. Marion. Edited and Translated by C. W. Quin. With 70 Illustrations. 5s.

Marvels of Thunder and Lightning. By De Fonvielle. Edited by Dr. Phipson. Full of Illustrations. 5s.

Stories of the Great Prairie. From the Novels of J. F. Cooper. Illustrated. Price 5s.

Also, uniform, same price.

Stories of the Woods, from the Adventures of Leather-Stocking.

Stories of the Sea, from Cooper's Naval Novels.

The Voyage of the Constance. By Mary Gillies. 3s. 6d.

The Swiss Family Robinson, and Sequel. In 1 vol. 3s. 6d.

The Story Without an End. Translated by Sarah Austin. 2s. 6d.

Under the Waves; or the Hermit Crab in Society. By Annie E. Ridley. Impl. 16mo. cloth extra, with coloured illustration. Cloth, 4s.; gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

Also beautifully Illustrated:—

Little Bird Red and Little Bird Blue. Coloured, 5s.
 Snow-Flakes, and what they told the Children. Coloured, 5s.
 Child's Book of the Sagacity of Animals. 5s.; or coloured, 7s. 6d.
 Child's Picture Fable Book. 5s.; or coloured, 7s. 6d.
 Child's Treasury of Story Books. 5s.; or coloured, 7s. 6d.
 The Nursery Playmate. 200 Pictures. 5s.; or coloured, 9s.

Adventures on the Great Hunting-Grounds of the World. From the French of Victor Meunier. With additional matter, including the Duke of Edinburgh's Elephant Hunt, &c. With 22 Engravings, price 5s.

"The book for all boys in whom the love of travel and adventure is strong. They will find here plenty to amuse them and much to instruct them besides."—Times.

Also, lately published,

One Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe. By John Macgregor, M.A. 5s.
 The Rob Roy on the Baltic. By the same Author. 5s.
 Sailing Alone; or, 1,500 Miles Voyage in the Yawl Rob Roy. By the same Author. 5s.
 Golden Hair; a Tale of the Pilgrim Fathers. By Sir Lascelles Wrayall. 5s.
 Black Panther; a Boy's Adventures amongst the Red Skins. By the same Author. 5s.

Anecdotes of the Queen and Royal Family of England. Collected, arranged, and edited, for the more especial use of Colonial Readers, by J. George Hodgins, LL.B., F.R.G.S., Deputy-Superintendent of Education for the Province of Ontario. With Illustrations. Price 5s.

Geography for my Children. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c. Arranged and Edited by an English Lady, under the Direction of the Authoress. With upwards of Fifty Illustrations. Cloth extra, 4s. 6d.

Child's Play. Illustrated with Sixteen Coloured Drawings by E. V. B., printed in fac-simile by W. Dickes' process, and ornamented with Initial Letters. New edition, with India paper tints, royal 8vo. cloth extra, hvelled cloth, 7s. 6d. The Original Edition of this work was published at One Guinea.

Little Gerty; or, the First Prayer, selected and abridged from "The Lamplighter." By a Lady. Price 6d. Particularly adapted for a Sunday School Gift Book.

Great Fun and More Fun for our Little Friends. By Harriet Myrtle. With Edward Wehnert's Pictures. 2 vols. each 5s.

BELLES LETTRES, FICTION, &c.



THE LOG OF MY LEISURE HOURS: a Story of Real Life. By an Old Sailor. 3 vols post 8vo. 24s.

"If people do not read 'The Log' it will have failed as regards them; but it is a success in every sense of the word as regards its author. It deserves to succeed."—Morning Post.

David Gray; and other Essays, chiefly on Poetry. By Robert Buchanan. In one vol. 1cap. 8vo. price 6s.

The Book of the Sonnet; being Selections, with an Essay on Sonnets and Sonneteers. By the late Leigh Hunt. Edited, from the original MS. with Additions, by S. Adams Lee. 2 vols. price 18s.

"Reading a book of this sort should make us feel proud of our language and of our literature, and proud also of that cultivated common nature which can raise so many noble thoughts and images out of this hard, sullen world into a thousand enduring forms of beauty. The 'Book of the Sonnet' should be a classic, and the professor as well as the student of English will find it a work of deep interest and completeness."—London Review.

Lyra Sacra Americana: Gems of American Poetry, selected with Notes and Biographical Sketches by C. D. Cleveland, D.D., Author of the "Milton Concordance." 1emo., cloth, gilt edges. Price 4s. 6d.

Poems of the Inner Life. Selected chiefly from modern Authors, by permission. Small post 8vo. 6s.; gilt edges, 6s. 6d.

English and Scotch Ballads, &c. An extensive Collection. With Notices of the kindred Ballads of other Nations. Edited by F. J. Child. 8 vols. 1cap. cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, LL.D. Popular Edition, 1s. Illustrated Edition, choice printed, cloth extra, 6s.

The Professor at the Breakfast Table. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, Author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." Cheap Edition, 1cap. 3s. 6d.

Bee-keeping. By "The Times" Bee-master. Small post 8vo. numerous illustrations, cloth, 5s.

"Our friend the Bee-master has the knack of exposition, and knows how to tell a story well; over and above which, he tells a story so that thousands can take a practical, and not merely a speculative interest in it."—Times.

Queer Little People. By the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." 1cap. 1s. Also by the same Author.

The Little Foxes that Spoil the Grapes, 1s.

House and Home Papers, 1s.

The Pearl of Orr's Island, Illustrated by Gilbert, 5s.

The Minister's Wooing. Illustrated by Phiz, 5s.

The Story of Four Little Women: Meg, Joe, Beth, and Amy.

By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations. 16mo, cloth 3s. 6d.

"*A bright, cheerful, healthy story—with a tinge of thoughtful gravity about it which reminds one of John Bunyan. Meg going to Vanity Fair is a chapter written with great cleverness and a pleasant humour.*"—*Guardian*.

Also, Entertaining Stories for Young Ladies, 3s. 6d. each, cloth, gilt edges.

Helen Felton's Question: a Book for Girls. By Agnes Wyld.

Faith Gartney's Girlhood. By Mrs. D. T. Whitney. Seventh thousand.

The Gayworthys. By the same Author. Third Edition.

A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life. By the same Author.

The Masque at Ludlow. By the Author of "Mary Powell."

Miss Biddy Frobisher: a Salt Water Story. By the same Author.

Selvaggio; a Story of Italy. By the same Author. New Edition.

The Journal of a Waiting Gentlewoman. By a new Author. New Edition.

The Shady Side and the Sunny Side. Two Tales of New England.

Marian; or, the Light of Some One's Home. By Maud Jeanne

Franc. Small post 8vo., 5s.

Also, by the same Author.

Emily's Choice: an Australian Tale. 5s.

Vermont Vale: or, Home Pictures in Australia. 5s.

Tauchnitz's English Editions of German Authors. Each volume cloth flexible, 2s.; or sewed, 1s. 6d. The following are now ready:—

1. On the Heights. By B. Anerbach. 3 vols.

2. In the Year '13. By Fritz Reuter. 1 vol.

3. Faust. By Goethe. 1 vol.

4. Undine, and other Tales. By Fouqué. 1 vol.

5. L'Arrabiata. By Paul Heyse. 1 vol.

6. The Princess, and other Tales. By Heinrich Zschokke. 1 vol.

7. Lessing's Nathan the Wise.

8. Hacklander's Behind the Counter, translated by Mary Howitt.

Low's Copyright Cheap Editions of American Authors. A thoroughly good and cheap series of editions, which, whilst combining every advantage that can be secured by the best workmanship at the lowest possible rate, will possess an additional claim on the reading public by providing for the remuneration of the American author and the legal protection of the English publisher. Ready:—

1. Haunted Hearts. By the Author of "The Lamplighter."

2. The Guardian Angel. By "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

3. The Minister's Wooing. By the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

To be followed by a New Volume on the first of every alternate month. Each complete in itself, printed from new type, with Initial Letters and Ornaments, and published at the low price of 1s. 6d. stiff cover, or 2s. cloth.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

English, American, and Colonial Booksellers and Publishers.

Chiswick Press:—Whittingham and Wilkins Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

University of Toronto
Library

DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET

Acme Library Card Pocket
Under Pat. "Ref. Index File"
Made by LIBRARY BUREAU



